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MICHAEL ANGELO BUONARROTI.

SCULPTOR, PAINTER, AND ARCHITECT.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

FROM A PAINTING

IN THE POSSESSION OF M. CHAIX D'EST-ANGE.

ETCHED BY ALPHONSE FRANÇOIS.

"MICHEL PIÙ CHE MORTAL, ANGIOL DIVINO"

MICHAEL ANGELO BUONARROTI

SCULPTOR, PAINTER, ARCHITECT

THE STORY OF HIS LIFE AND LABOURS

BY CHARLES CHRISTOPHER BLACK, M.A.

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PREFACE.

THE following pages have been advisedly entitled a "Story," in order to imply that they lay no claim to the higher and graver title of a Biography. Considering, indeed, the fact openly proclaimed that the Italian government has determined to honour the "quatercentenary" of Michel Angelo by an official Life of the artist, supported by all the *pièces justificatives* which can be obtained by a careful scrutiny of the archives of the house of Buonarroti, the warning "Guai che socca" seems to have been pronounced against any presumptuous intruder on the same field.

To this objection the author can only plead that his object has been to record the usually (and probably correctly) accepted facts of the artist's life as hitherto known, and to commemorate the impressions produced by a reverential study of his works during a lengthened residence in Florence and Rome.

He can merely trust that his general statements may not be chargeable with unmeaning vagueness, and that the expression of his sincere admiration will not be found to have degenerated into rhapsody.

C. C. B.

THE ARMS OF THE BUONARROTI.

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MICHAEL ANGELO BUONARROTI.

THE STORY OF HIS LIFE AND LABOURS.

MICHAEL ANGELO BUONARROTI

SCULPTOR, PAINTER, AND ARCHITECT.

CHAPTER I.

His Birth and Early Life.

ON the sixth day of March, 1473—or, as would now be reckoned, 1474—Michael Angelo Buonarroti was born. A contemporary biographer informs us that a learned astrologer had calculated the horoscope of the infant, and found the positions of the chief planets eminently favourable to its future fame; and without reposing much confidence in a prophecy probably remembered, and possibly made, after its fulfilment, the period of his birth may be safely pronounced to have been eminently propitious to the full and free development of the artist's mighty and varied talents.

The rapid growth of civilization in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries was by no means the result of tranquil leisure; the Aphrodite of Art rose out of a troubled and dangerous sea. Relieved from the continued struggle for absolute existence,

which for centuries had been the main condition of life to the principal communities of Europe, men's minds naturally turned to the cultivation of those arts which rendered existence enjoyable. The process of cultivation was however to be carried on under no ordinary difficulties. Society was but slowly settling down into permanent forms of government, fierce contests for political ascendency, nay, even for personal security, occupied the minds of chiefs and princes, and little of time or of wealth could be devoted to the humanizing and purifying arts of peace. Under such circumstances many a bright intellect must have been quenched in the petty wars of neighbour princelings, many a lofty thought mouldered under the cowl which alone protected the life of its wearer. Even when the artist found a protector among the potentates of his neighbourhood, it might well happen that his patron's necessities called on him rather for aid in warlike matters, or, at best, bid him devote to the ordering of some ephemeral court masque the powers which, duly employed, should have enriched and elevated minds yet unborn.

A notable instance of the truths above declared will be found in the career of the great contemporary of Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci. Renowned even in his own lifetime for the universality of his genius, singularly gifted with talents fitted to please and propitiate the great, how much of his career was devoted to works alien from or unworthy of his highest and best faculties; how little has he left to vindicate his title to that lofty eminence on which the common consent of ages has placed him. *Stat magni nominis umbra.*

It requires but little imagination to conceive Michael Angelo, such as contemporary biographers have pictured him to us, in youth, stern, reserved, as though conscious of high powers entrusted to him, sometimes even betrayed by this very consciousness into arrogance, most unlikely to conciliate favour from the dispensers of power; or, if by some happy chance allowed to compete for princely favour, finding, with the bitter indignation of Dante, at the court of Can Grande, that the jester was a far more congenial associate of princes than himself. Better fates were in store for Buonarroti. The twoscore years that had intervened between the births of the two great Florentine artists had been unprecedently fertile in the history of art; crowds of painters, unfamiliar enough in the days when Goldsmith prescribed the use of Perugino's name as a proof of deep research, but now well known to the merest tiro in criticism, poured forth their treasures under the auspices of wise and refined nobles, and there could be little cause for wonder that the young Buonarroti soon proclaimed his innate desire to join that glorious company of aspirants after fame of whom Nature had destined him as one of the chief leaders.

His wishes, however, were not to be accomplished without remonstrance and serious opposition on his father's part. The Buonarrotis, though not of the highest rank among nobles, were clearly of "the valued file," and had never stooped to aught like mechanic labour. They were hereditary counts of Canossa, the fortress in which Gregory VII. had compelled the German emperor to wait barefoot in the snow ere he would grant him audience. The heraldic white dog of the Buonarroti now shone

in gold and azure at the mandate of one high potentate, and was enriched by another with an accompaniment of red lilies. The artist's father himself was at this very time Podestà of Chiusi, the old Etrurian Clusium of Porsenna, and of Caprese, a small town as yet ennobled by no association, but which had now given birth to one whose fame was destined to outlast that of either Pope or Lucumo.

True it is that the increasing expenses of a numerous family had compelled Maestro Lodovico di Lionardo to allow some of his sons to be trained to commerce, nor in truth was the necessity so very hard at a period when the Italians were the money-dealers of the civilized world, and Florence in particular had imparted to England the monetary arithmetic which we still continue to use, and which our instructress has but recently relinquished. To the merchant's desk, therefore, or possibly to one of the so-called learned faculties, Michael Angelo was destined, but he was clearly not one to whom

> "red-lined accounts
> Were richer than the songs of Grecian years,"

and the instincts which he himself used laughingly to derive from his fostermother being a mason's wife, but to which posterity will assign a nobler origin, appear to have revolted against the dignity resident in the robe of the lawyer or physician. One thing seems undeniable, that the arguments of the boy, urged very probably in no very conciliating language, provoked a resort on the parent's side to the *argumentum baculinum*, and

that when blows proved unavailing—little chance indeed had they against the indomitable spirit of Michael Angelo!—the victory remained conclusively with the son, who, with the hard-won assent of Lodovico, was placed for three years in the studio of Domenico Ghirlandaio.

Well, indeed, may we rejoice that Michael Angelo could not be thwarted in the high and noble task to which he felt himself called; for the times had need of him. Art, which had emerged from her long imprisonment to delight the world, had shown that she possessed debasing as well as purifying impulses. The heavenly aspirations of Fra Angelico and the less commonly known Sano of Siena, whose works still extant approve themselves to be the devout thankofferings which biographers tell us they were, were succeeded, or rather accompanied, by the energetic compositions of Filippo Lippi, which unhappily testified in equally unmistakeable character to the well-known profligacy of their author. Little availed it that the subject should be an Assembly of the Blessed, or a Coronation of the Virgin, when Virgin and saints were copied from the features of the artist's mistresses and boon companions. The age was not indeed yet so far forgetful of the true and worthy ends to which God's gifts should be dedicated as it afterwards became, but the downward road was already far entered on when the libertine monk received the constant and unfailing protection of Cosimo de' Medici, and could even cynically refuse to endue the convenient cloak of marriage, kindly proffered for his use by Pope Eugenius.

It must not be assumed that all patrons offered, still less that

all painters yielded to the temptations which humiliate genius; many a noble name can be cited whose works still extant show solemn purposes worthily carried out; but there can be no room to doubt of the unbridled luxury of that age which called forth the indignant denunciations of Savonarola, or of the character of the costly objects which, in obedience to his commands, his converts cast into the flames, the most amazing voluntary holocaust to virtue ever recorded. In this death-struggle betwixt vice and virtue it is not easy to over-rate the value of the allegiance of a strong and active mind like that of Michael Angelo. Little resistance to the graceful luxury of the age could be expected from the joyous, self-indulgent Raphael, or the kind but weakly uxorious Andrea del Sarto, but Michael Angelo's soul was from his earliest years wedded to true art, and on him the blandishments of the false Florimel whose wiles lured away many of his contemporaries were utterly wasted.

One would like to know more of Francesco Granacci, to whose sympathy, shown by lending him drawings, introducing him to art collections, and generally aiding him in the contest between distasteful obedience and unconquerable instincts Michael Angelo and the world stand so largely indebted. But the records of the short time which they passed together in the studio of Ghirlandaio are very scanty. An accusation, based as it seems to us upon very insufficient grounds, against Ghirlandaio of having treated his pupil with jealous neglect, and an anecdote of the young Buonarroti having corrected the outline drawing of a fellow student so well as to excite his own commendation sixty

years afterwards, are well nigh the only facts as yet known to the public respecting the two years of Michael Angelo's apprenticeship. In the third year came a change. Lorenzo de' Medici proposed to Ghirlandaio to allow some of his pupils to draw after the antique, among the rich collection of marbles in the Medicean gardens, and we find Granacci and Buonarroti availing themselves of the privilege.

The former of the two friends was independent in means, and, owing possibly to that circumstance, his paintings are rare. A keen and judicious critic finds in them a fulness of outline and a grandiose character which may have been derived from his early companionship with Michael Angelo. To this latter the introduction to Lorenzo's garden must have been a source of unmixed joy. Ever inclined to worship the sterner and less seductive of the sister arts, he turned from the more commonly attractive graces of painting to devote himself assiduously to modelling from the marvels of Grecian sculpture, and it is to this period that the well-known anecdote of the faun's head belongs. In the gallery of the Uffizj is still preserved the head, or rather mask—for the small size of the marble admits of nothing more—in which the dawning talent of the sculptor was chronicled for future ages, and the gap from which a tooth has fallen still records the willingness of the lad of fifteen to adopt the suggestion of his princely critic. We do not find the artist at all times so patient of criticism.

Conscious of the growing powers which must now have been vigorously struggling for development, he was not improbably

more domineering than courteous to his fellows, and it is perhaps to this period that we must refer the unfortunate quarrel with Torrigiano, in which the latter, stung as he tells us by a sarcasm of Buonarroti, dealt him so violent a blow in the face as to break the nose. The pleasant gossiping pages of Vasari to which, of course, all who write about Michael Angelo must resort, if not accurate as to special facts, may be safely trusted as to general assertions, and it is thoroughly consistent with Michael Angelo's unceasing efforts for self-improvement to find him engaged for months in copying the frescos of Masaccio in the Carmine at Florence; nor is it wonderful that in the chaste, refined drawing, the grave, harmonious composition of that great painter Michael Angelo may have seen the safest and most trustworthy guide to his own upward aspirations.

The death of Lorenzo de' Medici in 1492 deprived the young sculptor of a powerful patron and judicious adviser; and although the feeble-minded Piero seems to have continued the liberal treatment shown to the artist by his father, he could have felt but little sympathy for a spirit like that of the young Buonarroti. More blame than needful, perhaps, has been ascribed to the patron who wasted the energies of so great a genius upon making a statue of snow. From the nature of the material the time devoted to the task cannot have seriously impoverished the world, and it is even probable that the artist himself delighted in the novel labour and unusual substance on which his art was employed. Buonarroti wisely withdrew himself from the destruction which soon overtook the incompetent son of Lorenzo, and a journey

to Bologna and Venice happily preserved him from being involved, as by his connexion with the court might easily have happened, in the contemptuous banishment of Piero.

The kneeling angel bearing a candelabrum, with which he adorned the shrine of S. Domenico at Bologna, is a pleasing memorial of his residence in that city, where he seems to have met with much kindness, except from the authorities of the passport office, who, along with their brethren of the customs, have even in present times wrought woe to the harmless pilgrim, albeit, like the giants Pope and Pagan of Bunyan, they are now either dead or decrepit.

It was shortly after his return to Florence that we find Michael Angelo involved with another class of "evil beasts," the race of which was probably as rampant then as at any period of the history of art, namely, the dealers in mock antiques. In extreme youth he had already amused himself by substituting for drawings lent to him for the purpose of copying, fac-similes which he had himself produced. He was induced to give a false semblance of antiquity to a statue of Cupid asleep, which he had just executed, and the marble being conveyed to Rome had been carefully buried, disinterred, and palmed off upon the Cardinal Riario of S. Giorgio as one of the numerous statues, the *turba deorum* of the Roman satirist, which excavations among the ruins of the ancient city were continually bringing to light. Though the circumstances are not quite clearly narrated by Vasari, there seems little doubt that the trick practised by the artist in sheer sport, was perverted by others to the purposes

of pecuniary fraud, and to the investigation which followed upon the discovery of the cheat, Michael Angelo owed his first introduction to the Eternal City.

The *corpus delicti* of this affair, the Cupid in question, seems to have found its way to Mantua, but has now disappeared; but another Cupid executed at Rome for a certain Sig. Galli, has been plausibly identified with the youth kneeling in act to bend his bow, which is now in the South Kensington Museum. The statue though bearing marks of injury, and those rather of wanton mischief than of casualty, is happily unmutilated in limb or feature. To this period also belongs the Bacchus of the Uffizj at Florence, a statue of the highest interest as evincing the workings of the sculptor's mind. Differing from the Greeks who set themselves the task of clothing with ideal beauty, ennobling, and thereby deifying the ordinary phænomena of nature, the untrained impulses of the human mind, Michael Angelo has represented the power

> "Who first from out the purple grape
> Crushed the sweet poison of misused wine."

In the last adjective is to be found the key to the whole question at issue. That the limbs of the wine-god should be rather effeminate than manly would have been conceded by the best Greek sculptors, but the uncertainty of eye, hand and foot clearly visible in Michael Angelo's statue is rather that of an incipient Silenus than of the youthful lord of the vine, taming even savage beasts through the rich bounty of nature. The stern and solemn mind of the artist could not be content with

II.

CUPID KNEELING.

FROM THE MARBLE STATUE, FORMERLY IN THE

GUALFONDA GARDENS,

NOW IN THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

calmly rejoicing in the gifts of nature without at the same time recording a warning against those who became enslaved by their enticements.

Near to the Bacchus in the Uffizi gallery is a dead, or possibly only dying, Adonis, the positions of whose limbs are wonderfully true to nature and totally regardless of grace. Little notice has been taken of this figure by critics, and it would be difficult to find any one who could conscientiously term it a pleasing statue. That it is highly important in an æsthetic sense appears unquestionable. The influence exercised over the minds of the newly created schools of art by the masterpieces of Greece and Rome which were at this time emerging from the ruins under which they had for centuries been concealed was, with justice, very great. It might easily become excessive. Whether in truth classic influence, particularly in sculpture, has not preponderated unjustly in after ages, may be well questioned, and whether artists whose minds under free culture might not have given something real to the world, have not wasted their energies on feeble imitations of Greek friezes, or pale shadows of deities whom they certainly did not worship, is needless to be discussed in these pages. Certain it is that in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries no original thinker could advance ever so little beyond his fellows in any direction whatever, without finding his path barred by some Greek or Roman phantom who either forbid entirely farther progress, or, at best, insisted on laying down stringent rules, in accordance with which all efforts were to be made.

Ptolemy claimed sway over the heavenly bodies, Aristotle controlled the whole field of physics. Nor was literature less enslaved; Petrarch rested his title to fame upon his tedious epic of Africa simply because it was written in Latin; and our own Spenser was with difficulty persuaded from deserting his Faerie Queen in favour of some of the most ludicrous hexameters ever perpetrated in English. When such an over-weening devotion to the old was everywhere prevalent, it was of some moment to find one who was willing to try a struggle with classic art, even in its stronghold of sculpture, and to throw the limbs of Adonis into the convulsions of death without disposing his mantle with the decorum of a dying Cæsar. If, as Vasari tells us, Michael Angelo praised and often imitated Fra Filippo Lippi, it was assuredly the energy and the determination to render faithfully what he saw, which are so obvious in this painter's works that could alone have induced the ascetic sculptor to tolerate the wild and dissolute monk.

Michael Angelo, however, was by no means disposed to set himself forth as an inveterate opponent of the few but glorious works which have happily survived countless disasters to enrich the present time, and many evidences exist in his works to show the reverential care with which the master works of antiquity were studied by him. The fragment in the Vatican Museum, known by the title of the Belvedere Torso, and reasonably supposed by Winckelmann to represent the deified Hercules, was a special object of his admiration, and connoisseurs pretend to trace in the varied groups of his Last Judgment a continual

recurrence of this beautiful torso. The notion appears singularly unfounded, that anything beyond general influences, anything like slavish imitation, could be traced in the fertile brain which has bequeathed to the world such infinite variety of anatomic studies.

Were it worth while to speculate on a matter so incapable of proof, we should be more inclined to see the delicate idealism of the torso reproduced in the figure of the dead Saviour in the work which we now propose to notice, namely the Pietà group in St. Peter's. This group, which was executed by direction of the French Cardinal de S. Denis, is, though certainly not the grandest, perhaps the most pleasing of all the artist's works. The form of the dead Christ, admirably modelled and bearing in its graceful lines no trace of the too great development of force which has at times been quoted as a fault in other of Michael Angelo's works, lies in the lap of the Virgin Mother. The form of the Virgin offers the most agreeable representation of female beauty that the sculptor has left us. With features in which overwhelming sorrow is nevertheless tempered by resignation, the mother of our Lord sits enduring the weight of sorrow which has been assigned her to bear; and it says much for an artist whose tendencies in no degree guided him to delight in the delineation of female loveliness, that the only unfavourable criticism recorded against this noble figure is the trivial remark of one of the cardinal's suite, that he would be glad to know where could be found a mother younger than her son? The artist drily answered, "In paradise." The reply was some-

thing more than a witticism, as implying that in dealing with subjects beyond the range of reason, and which of necessity soar into the highest sphere of faith, the artist has a right to be freed from the trammels of mere worldly hypercriticism. The youthful loveliness of her to whom was given the high lot of bearing the earthly form of our Lord is as strictly admissible as are the grey hairs and venerable features of Him in whom age and decay are impossible.

It is satisfactory to learn that the criticism of the cardinal's courtier was not approved by his contemporaries, and that several copies of this group were made both in marble and in bronze. The best of these is the bronze in the church of S. Andrea della Valle, in Rome, executed under the superintendence of the sculptor. Another proof of his statue's renown was afforded to Michael Angelo, by overhearing the authorship ascribed to another. The whole anecdote, as recounted by Vasari, is full of national colouring; the readiness with which the stranger gentry accept for their own city the merit of the work, as also the familiar nickname, implying no tittle of disrespect, of "our hunchback of Milan," applied to Solari, give to the story a stamp of truth. Michael Angelo, however, vindicated his right by carving his name upon the girdle of the Virgin.

Not long after this we find that Michael Angelo returned to Florence, now settling into something like tranquillity under the judicious administration of Pier Soderini, who, though not yet confirmed for life in the office of Gonfaloniere, had for some

time been practically the executive head of the republic. From him, whether directly or through his influence with the authorities of the Cathedral, Michael Angelo obtained the grant of a large piece of marble, about seventeen feet in length, which had been much injured about a century before by a sculptor of Fiesole, in an unsuccessful attempt to carve out a giant. This block appears to have become a torment to the soul of Soderini, and ideas were entertained of sending it to Leonardo da Vinci, or intrusting it to the skill of Sansovino. What the latter artist might have achieved we have no means of judging, but as Da Vinci was at this time well past the *mezzo cammin della vita*, besides being seriously occupied in military duties, it may be fairly doubted whether his design, sure to have been a noble one, would ever have been executed, or would not rather have passed away into oblivion with so many other ideas of the great but unpractical inventor.

The youthful imagination of Michael Angelo, now in his twenty-eighth year, must have found a glorious field in contemplating the long-coveted block, albeit sadly crippled in its capacities by the blunders of Maestro Simone. The "fury" with which, as we are told on a later occasion, he was used to work, must have been kept well within bounds in a case where not an inch of space could be wasted, and where in fact certain faults had been committed, which passed even his skill to do more than palliate. With no other aid, however, than a wax model—and that, as we shall see hereafter, of wondrous disproportion to the huge marble—the sculptor, in the space of little more than

eighteen months, gave to the world the colossus of David with his sling, a figure of great dignity and simplicity, and bearing surprisingly little evidence of the awkward circumstances with which its maker had to contend. The anecdote of the Gonfaloniere Soderini, criticising the nose of the colossus, and being satisfied by the artifice of the sculptor who, pretending to reduce the offending feature, in reality only let drop a small quantity of marble dust concealed in his hand, is a bit of gossip, dignified by the authority of Vasari, but which one would not willingly hold as proved against so active and judicious a man as Soderini. The statue was erected in the Piazza della Signoria in three years after its commencement, and it is with more sorrow than surprise that we find evidence of the jealousy excited by the rising fame of Michael Angelo, in the fact that several attempts were made to injure the statue during its three days' progress through the streets. Finally elevated to its post at the entrance of the Palazzo Vecchio, it remained, as doubtless many travellers will remember, down to the year 1862, its noble outline contrasting strangely with a huge and ugly group of Hercules and Cacus on the other side of the doorway, by Bandinelli. The David did not escape the perils of street warfare in the turbulent city of Florence, the left arm having been broken into three pieces by a stone flung from the palace above, and restored by the joint care of Francesco Salviati and Giorgio Vasari. A more insidious yet more fatal enemy appeared in the eaves-droppings from the tower *suspended*—to use the proud vaunt of the Florentines—above the Palazzo Vecchio, which were gradually wearing away

the colossus to such an extent that after various ineffective attempts at protection, it was determined to remove the David to the shelter of the Loggia de' Lanzi. Previously, however, to the actual change of place it was thought prudent to have ocular proof of the suitability of Orgagna's loggia to the great statue, and for this purpose a full-sized plaster cast was formed and placed in the spot designated for the statue. The effect not being deemed satisfactory, the scheme was abandoned, and the David remained for many years in its original locality, protected from the weather by a frightfully ugly wooden penthouse, nor was it until very recently that this noble product of youthful genius attained a home of befitting dignity in the Accademia delle Belle Arti.[1]

The cast above mentioned was courteously presented by the late Grand Duke of Tuscany to the British Government, and it now forms a conspicuous ornament of the Italian Court in the South Kensington Museum. Before quitting this subject, attention may be drawn to a somewhat remarkable instance of the way in which the whirligig of Time brings about odd coincidences. In the year 1862, a very small but extremely interesting pur-

[1] Not even yet (1874) can the colossus be considered to be permanently lodged, for although a railroad was laid down from the Palazzo Vecchio to the Academy, and the transit effected with such consummate skill that, according to our informant, a spirit level placed upon the figure was not found to deviate (*credat Judæus*), the statue still is lodged only in a wooden chamber to which a side light is admitted. Whether the destined structure is intended to be completed by the date of the projected festival the author has no present means of ascertaining.

chase was made for the above-mentioned museum, of sundry small wax and clay models of the human form, torsos, limbs, and the like, under circumstances which left no doubt of their being, as professed, part of the furniture of Michael Angelo's studio. Among these are two legs in wax, which, brought into juxtaposition, exactly represent the huge limbs of the David, and it needs no over-curious consideration of the matter to warrant the belief that in these small models we possess actual remains of the "modello di cera" mentioned by Vasari, the first idea from which were evolved the limbs of the marble giant. There exists an often-quoted passage descriptive of Michael Angelo's method of work as observed by an eye-witness, which, although it refers to a period thirty years later, gives so vivid a picture that a translation of it may nowhere better appear than here, the rather because, if the phraseology appear in any degree exaggerated, it may be accepted as probably less so when applied to the man of thirty than to one over whose head twice the number of years had past. Blaise de Vigenère, a French writer, who was in Rome about 1546, says "I have seèn him, although turned of sixty years of age, and by no means a very strong man, scatter more flakes of a very hard marble in a quarter of an hour than three young marble-cutters would do in more than thrice the time, a thing hardly credible had one not seen it. He attacked the marble with such force and fury as made me think that the whole work must needs go to pieces. With a single blow he would strike off scales three or four fingers broad, and this so exactly to the line traced that

III.

THE HOLY FAMILY.

PAINTING IN TEMPERA

IN THE GALLERY OF THE UFFIZI, FLORENCE.

FROM THE ORIGINAL.

HOLY FAMILY.

had he driven off ever so little more of the marble he ran a risk of spoiling all." To this period of the artist's life is ascribed a marble statue of S. Matthew, intended for the Duomo of Florence, which offers perhaps the most striking instance of the rapidity with which Michael Angelo impressed his thoughts upon the marble. Not so much unfinished as barely begun, the S. Matthew nevertheless stands out, full of unmistakeable originality, the mind of the poet manifesting itself clearly in the limbs just emerging from their marble prison.

We have now to look upon Michael Angelo as a painter, and in connection with the only undoubted easel picture from his hand. So accurate is Vasari's description, that we cannot doubt but that in the panel painted in tempera, now in the Tribuna at Florence, we possess the actual work commissioned by Angelo Doni, respecting which the painter, with Sibyl-like haughtiness, rebuked the bargaining propensities of the otherwise judicious patron of art. Great as the merits of the group undoubtedly are, they may fairly be pronounced somewhat esoteric, not obvious to the ordinary gazer; and if Doni missed in the energetic attitude of the Virgin the calm celestial beauty to which Raphael had accustomed him, or wonderingly asked what might be the meaning of the various nude figures, totally unconnected with the subject, which occupy the background, surely the offence was small. But most unwise was the method adopted by Doni to express his discontent; and the patron's proposal to lower the price was responded to by an immediate doubling on the part of the imperious artist.

We now come to what, had harsh fate permitted, should have been a permanent landmark on Michael Angelo's path to fame. Soderini, the ever judicious and liberal encourager of noble art, gave commission to Michael Angelo and to Leonardo da Vinci to paint battle pieces for corresponding positions in the Great Hall of the Council at Florence. The pleasure and instruction which must needs have resulted from a contest between the Entellus and Dares of pictorial art were not, however, destined to exist. Neither picture was ever completed, and even the cartoons, themselves works of the highest interest, which the painters had prepared, have entirely disappeared. Of the elder artist's work, nothing now survives but an engraving after Rubens, known as the Fight for the Standard, in which the chief group of Leonardo's cartoon is preserved, and contains a poetic, almost an extravagant, presentment of the current of a heady fight, doubtless in no degree diminished by the vigorous medium through whose intervention it has reached our hands. Of Michael Angelo's cartoon the history is somewhat more distinct, no less melancholy. Though never completely finished, enough had been executed to be placed in the Sala del Papa, where it excited, we are told, for many years universal admiration. Removed afterwards to an upper chamber, the carelessness of its custodians, and the deliberate dishonesty of one who stole what he could not utilize, completed the destruction of the work, and the piecemeal distribution of its various groups;[1] so that

[1] An old copy of part of the cartoon, painted in oil in chiaroscuro, is in the possession of the Earl of Leicester at Holkham. This was engraved by Schiavonetti. (*See Illustration.*)

L.156.

the present age may well be considered fortunate in possessing an accurate idea of the principal composition, although a cavalry combat, and many other incidents described by Vasari, are no longer existent.

In tracing out the fate of his great work we have somewhat preceded the story of the author's movements. Political changes now influenced the movements of Michael Angelo. In 1503, the infamous Spaniard who has rendered the name of Borgia a synonym for the foulest vices, and inflicted on the Holy Chair the worst disgrace from which it has ever suffered, perished worthily by the poison he had mixed for a guest. After the short reign of Pius III., one of the powerful house of Della Rovere succeeded to the Apostolic throne, and the accession of Julius II. was soon followed by an invitation to our artist to repair to Rome, accompanied by a liberal sum for his travelling expenses. For some months nothing seems to have resulted from the migration, but at length the Pope's wishes took the shape of a projected mausoleum to himself, of so magnificent a plan, that in the improbable event of its being completed during his life—and after his death the chances of completion were greatly lessened—the star y-pointing pyramid of Mausolus himself would scarcely have borne comparison with the tomb of Julius the Second.

The artist's plan of the edifice, with its niches, angles, and allegoric virtues, was, like his historic painting, never to be thoroughly carried out, nor, perhaps, has the world lost very much thereby. The Pope has, as it is, a quite sufficiently grand sepulchre in the solitary grandeur of S. Pietro in Vincoli,

and the sculptor's mind had freer scope, and produced richer fruits for the world, than if it had been confined to the limits of one task, even so noble and self-imposed a one as this.

". . . data sunt ipsis quoque fata sepulcris,"

says the Roman satirist, and the fate of this one was remarkable. The Pope, on seeing the design, enquired as to its probable cost, which the sculptor estimated at a hundred thousand crowns. Julius, accustomed possibly to the wide difference between estimate and expenditure, suggested that the double of that sum would probably be nearer the mark, but did not recoil on that account. He sent for Giuliano di S. Gallo, the great architect. If any one appreciated the works of Buonarroti, San Gallo was the man. He quickly convinced the Pope that the only fitting site for so important a monument would be the Basilica of S. Peter; that a chapel of sufficient size would, nevertheless, be out of all harmony with the lines of the ancient building; and that, to avoid the known warning against patching an old garment with new cloth, the safest plan would be to rebuild the whole Basilica. To this wonderful piece of bad logic, Julius appears to have felt no repugnance: possibly the gigantic character of the scheme stimulated the fiery spirit of the warlike chief, yet one cannot but wonder at the ease with which all associations, whether of imperial dignity or Christian sanctity, were brushed aside; the suggestion of one architect, the fertile genius of another, and the uncontrolled will of the pontiff, all worked to one common end, the half of Constantine's basilica

was thrown to earth, and the "grandissima e terribilissima" fabric of S. Peter's was begun. Those who care to trace among numerous converging rivulets one to which it pleases them to assign the title of the river's source, have deduced, that the expenses of the new building which drained the papal treasury brought about the world-wide scandal of the sale of papal indulgences; and that the quarrel of Tetzel and Luther, the burning of the Pope's bull, and the whole of the mighty and incurable schism, is referable to the intended tomb of Julius the Second.

In these matters, however, Michael Angelo bore, for the present, no immediate part, having been dispatched by the Pope to Carrara, to superintend the quarrying and shipping of the marble necessary for the proposed monument. Here he remained eight months, often short of food and of money, says Vasari, though the assertion is hard to reconcile with the known liberality of Julius, and with the fact recorded by the same biographer, that he had credit on a Florentine banker for a thousand gold crowns. The results of his journey were soon manifested in large quantities of marble which crowded the square in front of S. Peter's, besides stores of the same which he accumulated at Florence, in wise provision against the fatal season of malaria at Rome.

The prospects of Michael Angelo had never seemed fairer than now. At the best period of manhood, entrusted with a task worthy of his powers, and capable of absorbing the whole of his time and energies, working for a liberal and thoroughly appreciative patron, with as much probability of permanence as

in so troubled a country could be assured to any one, it may be doubted if ever fortune seemed more propitious to the mighty artist. His studio was situated between the papal palace of the Vatican, near to the long covered corridor which, connecting the two buildings, gloomily testifies to the continual insecurity in which the holders of power felt themselves to be living. Not many years were destined ere the corridor was to be put to use by Clement VII., in his hurried flight from the fierce mercenaries of Bourbon and Frundsperg, as they ravaged the halls painted by Raphael and the rising magnificence of S. Peter's.

At this time, however, under the shrewd and energetic Julius, something like tranquil sunshine pervaded the Holy City, and the Pope could indulge himself in constructing a drawbridge leading from the corridor to the studio, by means of which he easily dispensed with state and satisfied his ever impatient spirit as to the progress of the works, which not even Michael Angelo could produce with sufficient rapidity to content him.

It is not difficult to imagine the joy with which the Pontiff contemplated the mighty limbs of Moses gradually emerging from their marble shroud; and it is pleasing to think that the marvellous undercutting in the folds of the garments, in several parts of which the spectator may hide his open hand, has been achieved not by the patient scraping of a Chinese, but with the "furie" above cited from Vigenère, stimulated by the actual supervision of a congenial spirit. The Captive Slaves also, strangely deemed to be fitting ornaments for the sepulchre of a Christian priest, were sketched out in marble at this time.

We have no detailed list of the other works on which the artist was engaged, but there can be no doubt that they were numerous, and, as before remarked, circumstances were probably never more favourable than now to the free embodiment of his ideas. Why then did this pleasing state of things terminate, and that at no distant date? We fear it must be stated that among the obstacles not smoothed away was the rugged mind of the sculptor.[1] There seems some uncertainty as to the proximate cause of the breach which took place between the artist and his patron. Vasari, no unfavourable biographer, recounts a refusal to admit Michael Angelo to the Pope's presence on two occasions, an act which, even on his showing, was so opposed to the special orders given by Julius in favour of the artist, that it may easily have resulted from the blunder of some subordinate official. Such was, however, not the interpretation put upon it by Buonarroti. With a haughty message to the effect that if the Pope wanted him again he should have to send for him, the fiery sculptor returned to his house, and giving directions to his two servants to sell all his furniture to the Jews, rode post at two hours after sunset, and, defying robbers or malaria, never drew bridle till he reached Poggibonsi, and felt himself once more on Tuscan ground.

He had good reason for his speed: a message from the Pope commanding him to return on peril of disgrace reached him in this frontier town; and, from the number of the messengers,

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[1] "Cuncta terrarum subacta,
Præter atrocem animum Catonis."

namely five, there seems little doubt that the indignant sovereign had intended, in case of need, to resort to the *ultima ratio regum*, and bring back the fugitive by force. From this, however, he was debarred by the prudent activity of Michael Angelo, nor was it without difficulty, and out of regard to the request of the messengers, that the artist condescended to send a written reply couched in anything but submissive language. Proceeding thence to Florence, he resumed work upon the cartoon of the war of Pisa, the unlucky fate of which has been already noticed.

This occupation was, however, interrupted by a letter from the Pope, which has been fortunately preserved, and appears worth citing—

"Beloved sons! health and the apostolic benediction to you. Michael Angelo, the sculptor, who left us lightly and inconsiderately, fears, as we have learnt, to return to us, with whom, however, we are not angry, as we know the temper of men of that stamp.

"Nevertheless, that he may lay aside all suspicion, we do desire of your devotion that you will promise him, in our name, that if he will return to us he shall be unharmed and inviolate, and that we will hold him in the same apostolic favour as he was held in before his departure.

"Given at Rome the 8th day of July, 1506, in the third year of our Pontificate."*

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* "Dilecti filii, salutem et apostolicam benedictionem. Michael Angelus sculptor qui a nobis leviter et inconsulte discessit, redire, ut accessimus, ad nos

We venture to consider the terms of this letter as unusually mild, considering the circumstances of the case as known to us; and those who may be disposed to see, in the friendly overtures of the Pope, a consciousness of some wrong done to Michael Angelo, must admit at least a manliness in admission, and a frankness in atonement, somewhat rare on the part of sovereigns towards their dependents. It availed, however, but little; Michael Angelo would not return to Rome: he would rather go to Constantinople, where, as certain Franciscans had assured him, the Grand Turk wished to construct a bridge between the city and the suburb of Pera. The idea of uniting two continents, of triumphing where the Persian monarch had failed, held out, we may feel sure, dazzling temptation to Michael's mind; but he was not destined to display his "wondrous art pontifical" in the service of an infidel. Julius was at length roused by so pertinacious a refusal of his proffers, and a second and third letters of increasing stringency induced the *gonfaloniere* Soderini to remonstrate seriously with the intractable artist. "He had

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timet, cui nos non succensemus, novimus huiusmodi hominum ingenia. Ut tamen omnem suspicionem deponat, devotionem vestram hortamur ut velit ei nomine nostro promittere, quod si ad nos redierit illæsus inviolatusque erit et in ea gratia apostolica nos abituros qua habebatur ante discessum.

Datum Romæ 8 Iulii 1506.

Pontificatus nostri anno III."

As royal letters should be treated with due regard, it has been thought well to subjoin the actual text of the papal brief, as given by Bottari. Julius had no reason to fear the rebuke addressed by an angel to S. Jerome, that he was more Ciceronian than Christian.

already," said the wise old man, "braved the Pope in such manner as a king of France would hardly dare to do, and the republic of Florence was not prepared to enter on a war with the Holy See on such grounds. Michael Angelo must make up his mind to return. However, the signory would send him to the Pope with the rank of ambassador, which would be sufficient to guarantee him against any act of personal violence."

With this understanding, willingly or not, Michael Angelo was forced to be content, and accordingly set out for Bologna, into which city Julius had made a triumphal entry on St. Martin's day, 1506, proud at having reduced the rebellious city to its lawful allegiance, and none the less so that Bentivoglio, the humbled aspirant after sovereignty, had been his own private foe during the pontificate of Alexander VI. To the warlike Pope then, who had actually taken the command of his army in person, with a staff of twenty-four cardinals, now proceeded the rebel with whose resistance we are more immediately concerned, likewise to tender his submission. Michael Angelo was to have been introduced to the presence chamber by Cardinal Soderini, brother of the Florentine *gonfaloniere*, but sickness compelled that dignitary to delegate the task to a bishop, by whom, accordingly, the sculptor was led to the presence of the pontiff. Two bodies, so highly charged with mental electricity, were little likely to meet without an explosion, and the Pope, looking askance, addressed his fugitive dependent,—"Soh! instead of coming back to us, you have chosen to wait till we came to look for you." Michael Angelo's reply,

although courteous and humble as befitted an apology addressed to a sovereign, probably appeared somewhat insufficient to the good bishop, who accordingly besought the Pope to pardon the sculptor, on the ground that persons of his class were necessarily ignorant of matters not immediately within the range of their own art. Hapless man! and incapable of comprehending

> "The stern joy which warriors feel
> In foemen worthy of their steel."

The wrath of Jove instantly burst upon his devoted head, and Julius, turning upon him, thundered forth, "Ignoramus! you are insulting him, which we did not do." The poor bishop was hastily thrust forth from the presence, and we will trust, for decorum's sake, that Vasari exaggerates when he asserts that personal violence, and even a blow from the Pope's staff, accompanied the expulsion. The Pope, his choler being thus appeased (*sfogato* is the expressive word of Vasari), bestowed on Michael Angelo his benediction, and shortly afterwards cemented their reconciliation by a commission for a portrait statue of himself, to be executed in bronze. It is much to be regretted that this work perished only a few years after its completion, as a statue so congenial to the artist's mind must needs have been a masterpiece. Some notion of its character, however, may be formed by the anecdotes relating to it which have been preserved. The clay model, nine feet and a half high, which Michael Angelo had completed with great rapidity —the whole work occupied the artist but sixteen months—was

inspected by the Pope previous to his leaving Bologna for Rome; and one may easily conceive the grim humour with which Julius, gazing on the stern presentment of himself, enquired whether he was supposed to be blessing or cursing his flock. The cautious reply of the sculptor that his holiness was admonishing them to take heed to their ways was followed by an enquiry whether a book should be placed in the left hand? "A sword, man," replied the old chief, "I know little of letters." A statue wrought under such auspices, and breathing the spirit of the man who had inscribed on a newly-built fortress, that it was meant to "curb the insolence"* of his subjects, was not likely, whatever its artistic skill, to be looked on favourably by the Bolognese, nor need we wonder that after it had stood for three years over the portal of S. Petronio, the faction of the Bentivogli, from whom Julius had captured Bologna, being now mounted on the top of Fortune's wheel, should have dislodged the effigy from its post of honour. The bronze, sold to Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, was cast (not inappropriately) into a cannon, and named La Giulia, and although the duke showed enough reverence for art to preserve the head intact, its subsequent fate is unknown. "Suddenly, as rare things will, it vanished," and future ages have to mourn the loss of what could not but have been a rare monument of the artist's power.

Before, however, the short life of this statue had terminated, in fact immediately after its completion in 1508, Michael Angelo

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* Ad coercendam audaciam Perusinorum.

IV.

MADONNA DELLA PIETÀ.

IN THE CAPPELLA DELLA PIETÀ, ST. PETER'S, ROME.

FROM THE ORIGINAL MARBLE.

A PIETÀ.

returned to Rome. The Fates just then were propitious to artists. Flushed with his success in war, Julius now addressed his never-wearying spirit to the arts of peace—where Bramante was busily at work developing his grandly-conceived plan of the new Basilica of S. Peter—where Raphael had already begun to fill the little room of the *Segnatura* with the infinite riches of his youthful genius—and where the more matured powers of Michael Angelo were, as their owner hoped, to be again at liberty to devote themselves to the completion of his *opus magnum*, the mighty sepulchre which he probably regretted ever to have left unfinished.

CHAPTER II.

In Mature Age.

THE grand conception of the tomb was in truth destined to long delay, from which, as we shall see afterwards, it was to emerge in a sadly dwarfed condition. Julius had now conceived the idea of painting the walls and ceiling of the chapel built by his uncle, Sixtus IV., and wished to confide the task to Michael Angelo. The artist, who doubtless saw already the vision of his youth rapidly receding into dim uncertainty, made many objections to the change of purpose, alleging, with much reason, his own inexperience in the technic art of painting, especially fresco-painting. To these Julius seems to have given little heed, and Vasari, the devoted admirer of Buonarroti, has no scruple in charging the Pope with acting under the influence of Bramante, whose counsels were dictated by the wish to involve Michael Angelo in a distasteful task, and thereby exalt the reputation of his own kinsman, Raphael. The disinterment of

buried scandals is no agreeable process, and it may be observed that Raphael, being already engaged in his noble paintings of the Stanza della Segnatura, had no need of underhand assistance to assure him a position; while the arguments which Vasari puts into the mouth of Bramante, as to the ill-luck of building one's own tomb, would probably have been treated by the brave old Pope with utter contempt. Nothing was more common than anticipatory care of one's memory: a shrewd old Tuscan lawyer of this time employed Stagio Stagi to design a beautiful sarcophagus for his bones, because, as his inscription tells us, "he could not trust his family" to do it; and a Pope, whose acknowledged lineage could not be direct, had the best of all right to provide for his own posthumous fame.

Passing, however, from useless speculations to ascertained facts, we find that—all objections, of whatever class, being borne down by the impetuous will of the old chief—Michael Angelo was soon definitively engaged upon the preparations for his new task. The roof was encumbered by the scaffolding of Bramante's workmen, and the architect seems to have raised difficulties as to removing the uprights which penetrated the ceiling. If these objections were really the result of personal ill-will, the offence brought with it a just retribution, for the painter, as for the time being Michael must be styled, read a lesson to the architect by at once supplying a design for a scaffold, which, without touching walls or roof, effected such an economy of timber as to form a marriage-portion for the daughter of the poor carpenter who constructed it. The vault being now clear, Michael set at once

earnestly to work on the cartoons for this mighty work, and, doubtless, in the rich outpourings of his imagination found solace for the disappointment relative to the sepulchre. Soon, however, came upon him the consciousness that his own unaided powers, especially when exercised in an untried field, would not suffice to satisfy the requirements of his always impatient taskmaster, and Michael resolved, not probably without some struggle, to summon aid from Florence.

Vasari has given us the names of several painters who, with an obedient start, set out for Rome at the summons of one under whom it was now an honour to serve, and it is gratifying to recognize among them that of the painter's old friend, Granacci. The result was, however, not satisfactory. The eagle spirit of the artist had attained by this a higher region,[1] to which those of his early associates could not soar, and one day, having taken counsel with himself, he destroyed all that they had done, closed the door of the chapel, and severed the connection with, it may be feared, scant ceremony. From this moment his resolution never varied; he must depend on himself alone: ideas, colour, design, mechanic labour, all should be his. By what may fairly be termed unparalleled energy, he threw himself into the work unaided, and, in the space of twenty months, has left an undying record of genius at its fullest and most bountiful flow. Nor may the triflers on the road to fame lay to their souls the flattering unction that to the lavish prodigality of nature

[1] "In den heitern Regionen
Wo die reinen Formen wohnen."

towards her favoured children are due such wondrous results. Goethe said well that nothing ever could be found in his pages but that he knew well how it came there; and none can study attentively the world of figures which the impatience of the Pope and the energy of the painter called into existence within so brief a space, without seeing everywhere marks of deep thought and untiring industry. Nor were extraneous annoyances wanting. The Pope was, as ever, anxious to inspect the progress of any undertaking in which His Holiness was concerned; Michael Angelo equally bent upon baffling all premature intrusion by whomsoever offered; and Vasari, with an apologetic "they say," tells us of an act of bribery practised upon the painter's servant, avenged on the part of the irate master by a shower of rubbish from the scaffold, destined, perhaps, for a less illustrious head than that which it actually endangered. Another time we find Julius, during Michael's temporary absence, ruthlessly stripping off the coverings from some frescos which, being only partially dried, broke forth, under the keen breath of a Roman *tramontana* wind, into an efflorescence of fine crystals, blurring, and at times totally obliterating, the artist's work. Here again the cup seemed full to overflowing, and it needed the friendly intervention of Giuliano di San Gallo, coming "tanquam deus ex machina," to explain how the surface could be cleaned, and persuade the reluctant artist to resume his work.

At length, yielding to the continual demands of the Pope, Michael Angelo removed one half of the scaffolding: all Rome

rushed to see the spectacle, the Pope at their head, trampling through the dust and timbers, with somewhat the same feelings of triumph, we may suppose, that filled his breast when he entered the humbled city of Bologna.

And now, when Fancy would fain associate herself with the ecstasies of an art-worshipping crowd gazing on future glories of their city, just disclosed in the first freshness of new creation, "surgit amari aliquid;" the reader must be called to contemplate the petty jealousies and underhand intrigues of contemporaries. Bramante, whom we have already had to consider unpleasantly connected with the Sistine paintings, now appears, on the joint authority of Vasari and Condivi, as urgently recommending that the remaining half of the roof should be entrusted to Raphael of Urbino. The inconsistency of this advice, coming, as it did, from the very man who had, so to speak, loaded the unwilling shoulders of Michael with this heavy burden, must have rendered it no easy task to maintain his cause by any fair arguments; nor was the painter disposed to treat his adversary leniently. Carrying war into the enemy's country, he charged Bramante with want of judgment, not merely in matters of painting, but likewise in his own special domain of architecture, and, to pass from so uncongenial a subject, finally succeeded in establishing his right worthily to carry on his great work, which was finally completed, sufficiently at least to enable the Pope to officiate at high mass on All Saints' day, 1512. The storms which had all along accompanied Michael Angelo's intercourse with his royal and priestly patron had by no means ceased.

On one occasion we find the Pope threatening to throw his unruly subject from the scaffold; on another, asking his usual question, "When will this chapel be finished?" and receiving, for all answer, "When I can," the wrath of the sovereign fairly boils over, and the cane (*cudgel* would be the more accurate rendering of the Italian), once used against the hapless prelate at Bologna, is now employed to emphasize his angry rejoinder to the painter. In fact, if we may trust the biographer, the *mazza* of Julius was used as unscrupulously as the cane of Frederick of Prussia, or the sceptre of Homer's Odysseus. The Grecian king, however, struck only Thersites, and the Italian priest, if he did at times yield to passion, was never easy till he had offered some visible atonement to the painter. They were, in truth, like Katharine and Petruchio, well matched "for a couple of quiet ones."

The rebuke of the Roman satirist, "Sepulchri immemor struis domos," might with justice have been addressed to Julius, though it is questionable whether the old chief, who, as he has himself avouched, "knew nought of letters," would have understood the allusion; but, at all events, as soon as the Sistine Chapel was opened Julius took up the postponed question of the sepulchre. Sending for the Cardinals of Quattro Santi and Agen (the latter his own nephew), he charged them to superintend the erection of his monument, which Michael Angelo was now about to design, upon a far less ambitious scale than the former.[1]

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[1] It should be observed that the names Santiquattro and Aginense (given in the text of Vasari) are not family names but titular designations. The Church of

Julius was none too early in his dispositions. On the 1st of November he had gratified his wish by officiating in the newly painted chapel of his uncle Sixtus; a childish fancy, some may say, but it was at any rate the childishness of a mighty man. On the 11th of February that restless spirit had found repose. Whatever his faults—and, whether as temporal prince or spiritual ruler, he had many—he was a true lover of his country, and his unceasing efforts to free her from foreign arms and to develop in all branches of art her native genius give him "just title to our admiration." To drive out the barbarians, a cry that has been heard, and loudly, during the present century, the old man spared no toil, shunned no personal danger. Scarce two years before his death he led his army in the field and marched, sword in hand, up the snow-covered breach of Mirandola. He had the gratification before his death of feeling his task so far accomplished that not a Frenchman remained south of the Alps; but Italy reaped little benefit thereby, and Swiss, German, or Spanish so-called auxiliaries still preyed upon the vitals of that unhappy land.

The powerful house of Medici had long made their preparations for the expected death of Julius, trusting that the result of the ensuing election would disperse the temporary eclipse under which they laboured. Nor were their hopes deceived; the conclave was unusually brief, and on the 11th of March

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Quattro Santi (or *Four Saints*) is a venerable edifice near the Colosseum, which gave his title to Cardinal Valentino. Leonardo della Rovere received the sign of his rank from the French city of Agen.

Cardinal Giovanni de' Medici ascended the papal throne under the title of Leo X. His election was generally welcome throughout Italy. Florence in particular gave herself up to the wildest excesses of joy. No Florentine had ever attained to the pontifical chair, and to find it filled by a member of their own great house in the prime of life—Leo was barely thirty-seven—produced one of those enthusiastic fits of rejoicing during which the power of reason seems wholly in abeyance. Bonfires blazed in every street, the very booths and pent-houses being torn down to supply fuel, and the red lily of the republican shield was all but hidden by unnumbered escutcheons bearing the celebrated balls of Medici. No longer in painted wood, but carved in stone, and richly decorated with supporters and scroll work, these badges of voluntary servitude were to be found everywhere, till even in the functions of holy church the arms of the new pope were placed over the head of the crucified Saviour: a significant collocation![1]

The well-known "Age of Leo X." sounds in the ears of everyone as that of an enlightened and judicious patron of art; but it is questionable how far this reputation was merited by the wearer. Leo X. was essentially a lover of pleasure, in pursuit of which he soon squandered the treasures accumulated by his hard-toiling predecessor, while aspirations after the freedom of Italy

[1] Giovanni Cambi estimates the cost of these escutcheons, many of which were designed by artists of eminence, at not less than 40,000 gold florins, and adds that "the arms of the republic were but little regarded, which was marvellous." The reader will probably not share the chronicler's wonder.

or the expulsion of foreign mercenaries never troubled the current of his luxuries.

His tastes, it is true, were refined, as became a Medici, and he was therefore liberal and even lavish to the ministers of elegant art whom he found already collected by the generosity of Julius; nor were the rising walls of St. Peter's or the glowing frescos of the Stanze likely to be discontinued through his parsimony. But the indecency of his life and language has been often and sternly denounced, and it was a matter of ordinary comment that no jest found so sure a welcome at the banquet of Christ's Vicar as one which was flavoured with impiety. Of his shameless traffic in indulgences, and of the mighty consequences to Christendom resulting therefrom, this is not the place to speak; nor should we have so far expatiated on the character of Leo save to point out how uncongenial to such a mind were likely to be the stern asceticism in art, and the proud, uncompromising demeanour of Buonarroti. Michael Angelo had, however, acquired a reputation which could not in common wisdom be totally passed over; he was moreover in some sense a retainer of the Medicean family; and it may be readily believed that Leo, in assigning to him the task of designing a façade for the Medicean church of S. Lorenzo at Florence, congratulated himself on removing from Rome one for whose society he would assuredly feel no inclination. No couriers were likely to come, "bloody with spurring, fiery red with speed," charged with lavish gifts or stern menaces to recall Michael to the presence of the new custodian of St. Peter's keys.

Bitter, in truth, was the disappointment of the artist when, anticipating eagerly a return to that branch of art which he had ever loved best, he saw the welcome vision, like the shade of Creusa, again escape from the hands stretched forth to grasp it. He remonstrated earnestly with the new Pope, pointing out the formal engagements with the two cardinals lately entered into by himself, and the discredit likely to rest upon his name by what would be deemed ingratitude to the memory of his late patron. Leo, in the flush of the excitement consequent on his recent election, was to the full as imperious as ever Julius had been, and, briefly assuring him that proper explanations should be made to the cardinals, he dismissed Michael Angelo to the task assigned to him. Various architects of high repute, San Gallo, Sansovino, and Raphael himself, were already competing for the honour of designing the church of S. Lorenzo; the addition of one like Michael would not tend to increase the chances of a satisfactory conclusion; and, although he is supposed to have executed a model, still preserved in the Academy of Fine Arts, the result is that the church remains to this day the roughest and ugliest of the many Italian churches that still lack the important feature, a façade.

Before, however, entering upon the uneventful chronicle of the dreary exile which the will of this overlauded patron of art inflicted upon Michael Angelo, then in the zenith of his powers, it may be not inappropriate to cast a glance upon his latest work, unwillingly undertaken, hurriedly accomplished, yet breathing

in every portion so much of energy and harmony as to crown its maker with undying glory.

Without proposing to enter upon an elaborate disquisition as to the decoration of the Sistine Chapel, it would be inconsistent to relate, however perfunctorily, the story of Michael Angelo's life, without some reference to the prevailing characteristics of one of his greatest labours. Looking upon the whole assemblage of mysteries there embodied, the first impression produced on the spectator's mind will be an overwhelming sense of power; the spaces left at his disposal seem to be all insufficient for the thoughts issuing from the mind of the artist; the irregularities resulting from the architecture which might have discouraged a timid mind, have been disregarded or compelled to yield to his will, till the result is a whole, strong, harmonious and perfect.

We are told that the subject of the Deluge was the earliest executed, and if so the adjoining compartments, in which are represented the Sacrifice of Noah,[1] and the Inebriation of the Patriarch, must have been part of the division first exhibited in obedience to the urgent orders of Pope Julius. To this fact may be ascribed the change of scale observable in the other compartments, anterior in subject but posterior in execution;

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[1] It should be remarked that, by a singular blunder which the slightest observation will serve to rectify, Vasari has described this picture as the Sacrifices of Cain and Abel, an error in which he has been followed by Italian authors, as likewise by Duppa. Mr. Harford describes it as the sacrifice of Noah *before* the deluge; he must surely mean *after*.

and on this hypothesis the world has reason to be thankful to the Pope's impatience, for the increased size and smaller number of figures adopted subsequently has been decidedly advantageous to the work. The Mystery of Creation has been treated by Michael Angelo in as satisfactory a manner as so impracticable a subject admits. Granting the impossibility of embodying, in any visible shape, the idea of a Creator, an impossibility fully discerned by the old Greek philosopher,[1] who remarked that "horses like unto horses, and oxen like unto oxen, would paint or carve their god-forms," granting, we say, this, the spirit of God as conceived by the mind of Buonarroti in these compartments is wonderfully original, energetic, and sublime. Nothing in the whole range of painting can surpass the Creation of Woman. The profound and superhuman sleep of Adam, the instinctive humility and wonderful newness of life apparent in Eve, and the simple dignity of the Deity, are, as a whole, unrivalled. The early acts of creation, which, from the nature of the subjects, admit only of the figure of the Creator, bear, however, the individual stamp of Michael Angelo's mind. Differing from those who represent the Maker as a venerable sovereign, producing all things by the calm exercise of unquestioned will, the artist has preferred to typify the creative power under the form of vigorous age and energetic action. Without entering on the question as to which of the two methods was best calculated to express, in form, an un-

[1] Xenophanes.

attainable idea, it may fairly be presumed that a working deity would be most congenial to the mind and taste of Julius II. The Creation of Man shows an admirable conception of a form perfectly ready for life, but not yet possessing that vivifying spark just about to be bestowed by its giver, in an attitude which singularly prefigures the ideas subsequently entertained of the intimate relations between life and electricity. In the panel which, by means of a double action, contains the Fall of Man and the Expulsion from Paradise, it is observable that Michael Angelo has not chosen to consider the temptation as effected by a subtle beast of the field. Mysteriously intertwined with the stem of the tree of knowledge rises the serpentine shape of the Tempter, soon developing into a female form, who, stooping from among the branches, offers to Eve the fruit already plucked, which she receives in a singularly easy and dignified attitude. It would seem as though the artist, rejecting the physical diction of the legend, has preferred to consider temptation to be the result of the spontaneous development within the female breast of thoughts arising from knowledge already received. The attitude of Adam does not represent him as "fondly overcome with female charm," but appears to indicate an independent transgression. These speculations will scarcely be considered too wiredrawn or fantastic by those who reflect on the highly metaphysic tendency of Italian thought at this period, many instances of which will be found in the sonnets of Michael Angelo himself.

Allusion has been already made to the ingenuity with which

V.

DAVID.

MARBLE STATUE NOW IN THE ACCADEMIA DELLE BELLE ARTI, FLORENCE.

FROM THE DRAWING BY RAPHAEL D'URBINO, IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

the painter utilized the numerous inconvenient spaces which the construction of the roof produced, and no further notice need be taken of them than to point out that those who study them carefully will find among the groups and single figures ample proofs that Buonarroti was by no means insensible to female grace and beauty, though his hand, as might be expected from the mind which guided it, was more frequently employed on the grave and terrible proportions of the male figure. The four corners of the coved roof, above all, presented difficulties in the way of harmonious composition, apparently insuperable, and probably nowhere can there be found a more daringly successful instance of foreshortening than that of Haman suspended, as it actually is, upon two divergent surfaces. Nor can anything be imagined more powerful than the Brazen Serpent in the Wilderness, the manner in which the group of suffering Israelites are hurled together testifying to the supernatural and irresistible nature of the plague by which they are afflicted.

The chief glory, however, of the Sistine Chapel, and that which stamps the deepest impress on the minds of those who study this wondrous work, is the magnificent series of figures occupying the coved part of the ceiling, comprising seven of the chief Prophets and five Sibyls. These last-mentioned mysterious beings, though originating in the remote legends of paganism, were at an early date reverenced and even welcomed as allies of Christianity. Fathers of the Church quoted their prophecies relative to the coming Saviour; in the solemn hymn of the "Dies Iræ" their predictions are alluded to as equally important with

those of David, and the early Italian painters had placed their effigies in posts of honour before the time of Michael Angelo. To him they could and did render valuable aid. They enabled him to obtain, in his great composition, that variety which, without the introduction of the female form, was scarcely possible, while at the same time their sex, hardly, if at all, more definite than that of the witches in Macbeth, relieved him from any necessity of dwelling long upon the elements of youth and grace, which, though not beyond his powers, were certainly not the subjects on which he most willingly exercised them. The vigorous Erythræan,[1] the noble Delphian, and the aged yet powerful Cumæan harmonize admirably with the tone of thought created by contemplating the sorrow-laden Jeremiah, the youthful energy of Daniel, and the wonderfully artistic Jonah, whose figure, just emerging from the cavernous mouth of a mysterious monster, cannot fail to demand the attention of the observer. Biographers have told how entirely without assistance Michael Angelo worked on this Herculean labour, and the truth of their assertions is visible in the work itself. Every idea, every figure, every minutest detail, is emphatically the product of one mighty mind, and the whole remains a poem as fresh in feeling, as individual, and as enduring as the Divina Commedia or the Iliad.

It is distasteful to contemplate the career of Michael Angelo for several years after his arrival in Tuscany. Superintending

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[1] To the Erythræan Sibyl, if we may trust the authority of St. Augustin, is to be ascribed the dubious merit of having invented acrostics.

the work of quarrying marble at Carrara or Serravezza, changing his scene of operations in obedience to the Pope's orders, and incurring thereby the enmity of rival proprietors, who, as usual, ascribed to the agent the faults of his employer, making sundry miles of road from the quarries to the sea, labours which resulted in the excavating of five, and the conveyance to Florence of one column destined for the front of S. Lorenzo—such are the benefits posterity owes to Leo's patronage of Michael Angelo. Not that official neglect or unworthy labours could quench his heaven-born thirst for creating: a few thoughts took form, many others doubtless perished unrecorded, and it may not be unreasonably conjectured that many of the numerous drawings now treasured in the various cabinets of Europe may have consoled the dreary leisure of their producer during his forced exile among the quarries of Serravezza.

In December, 1521, Leo X. died, and Michael Angelo might now look forward to resuming his labours upon the tomb of Julius, the task to which duty and inclination alike pointed; nay, he might even indulge hopes of recording for future ages his profound devotion to the great poet of Italy, and erecting at his own cost the monument to Dante which the Medicean ruler had forbidden him to undertake. In the former of these purposes he did indeed make some progress, by executing two statues, which, however, were never employed as intended: the latter was but a glorious vision, which may indeed have consoled the mind of the artist, but was not destined to enrich posterity. Adrian VI., the successor of Leo, chosen, as Guicciardini informs

us, by mistake, cared in truth little for art. The present shepherd of Christ's flock was a simple monk, ignorant of Italian politics, having never even seen the country, and remarkable only for his theological learning and piety; and these being qualities little valued at the Court of Rome, it is not surprising that his death, after a pontificate of only twenty months, was looked upon in that city as a cause rather for congratulation than regret.[1]

During the whole of this period Michael Angelo remained at Florence, occupied, under the orders of Cardinal Giuliano de' Medici, with the works of S. Lorenzo; but harassed by complaints from the Duke of Urbino, nephew of Julius II., regarding the ever-recurring delays in his uncle's sepulchre. These recriminations, involving as they did charges against the sculptor's honesty, were hard for an innocent man to bear, and upon their renewal, after the death of Adrian, it became necessary for Michael Angelo to repair to Rome and invoke the aid of Cardinal Giuliano, who had now succeeded to the papal chair under the title of Clement VII., to reconcile in some degree the conflicting duties which pressed upon him. The task was not well performed by the Pope, whose attention indeed must have been fully engrossed by the menacing political storms everywhere thickening around him. Postponing again his hopes of com-

[1] The death of Adrian VI. was superstitiously ascribed to his having neglected to change his name on his election to the papal chair, and a list was cited of other pontiffs whose neglect had been similarly visited.

pleting the tomb, the artist returned to his Florentine labours upon the library, new sacristy, and tomb-house of the Medici at S. Lorenzo. For the last-named building he designed a cupola, concerning which he declared that it was possible to differ from but not to improve upon that of Brunelleschi; a compliment which deserves to be recorded, as, according to his own confession, he mostly found fault with others' works. As no subsequent reference will be made to this building, it may be here stated that its heavy architecture, gloomy character, and gorgeous materials, which have provoked unfavourable criticism from good judges, are, in the opinion of the present writer, thoroughly appropriate to the sepulchral chamber of a royal race.

Less diversity of opinion, however, exists relative to the Nuova Sagrestia. Here stand, facing each other, the tombs of Lorenzo and Giuliano de' Medici, two individuals concerning whom a careful scrutiny of historic documents fails to extract any facts of interest at all equal to that with which they have been invested by the genius of the sculptor. The seated figures of the two dukes, and notably the solemn, contemplative statue entitled Il Penseroso, are known to all lovers of art, and the four recumbent giants affixed to, rather than resting upon, the sarcophagi have long excited wonder in the minds of the most casual visitor, reverential awe in those who study them with fitting respect.

Few can contemplate the four mighty statues which adorn these two sarcophagi, without an innate consciousness that they

are gazing upon the products of loftiest thought, and that to a proper comprehension of their greatness a preliminary feeling of reverence is essential. The critics who complain of the immeasurable strength in the figure of Day, who find the awful figure of Night overwrought and unfeminine, and proclaim as a great discovery that the whole series are far too heavy for the coffers to which they are affixed, need not be reasoned with, but passed over. They belong to the class who doubt whether Ajax could really lift a stone tasking the powers of ten degenerate men of modern days, or carefully calculate the latitude and longitude of Prospero's enchanted island.

Granting, as unworthy of contest, the petty objections to which we have alluded, the great fact remains undisputed, that in these figures we possess, and may well treasure, the outcomings of gigantic power, the embodiment of sublime contemplations.

Morning and Evening are the titles commonly given to the statues placed upon one of the sepulchres; the former represented by a female figure raising herself from rest somewhat unwillingly—an unwillingness, however, which results not from sloth of body but weariness of spirit. Twilight appears as a recumbent athlete in an attitude of mournful contemplation, a Hercules who, having completed his day's work, doubts with himself if all he have done avail aught. Day, upon the opposite tomb, is figured by a magnificent giant, the very incarnation of strength, refreshed by sleep and rejoicing to run his course. Admirably contrasted with this is the well-known Night, a

female form, but of no earthly woman; her limbs weighed down by the slumber, not of happiness but of exhaustion. Very mournful is the whole composition, the drooping poppy and mystic owl are fitting emblems of night, and a grand tragic mask adds solemnity to the group.[1] To this statue was addressed the complimentary quatrain of Giambattista Strozzi, preserved by Vasari, of which an English rendering is appended:[2]—

> "Night, whom thou seest in sweetest harmony
> Of deep repose, was by an angel wrought,
> And sleeping, lives; yet, if thou doubtest aught,
> Arouse her only, speak! she will reply."

These verses drew from the sculptor a reply, in which he shows himself aware that the deeper sense of the statue had been missed by the complimentary but not profound critic.

> "Grateful to me is sleep; stone cannot know
> How through our land sorrow and shame endure;
> From sights and sounds of woe I rest secure,
> Yet, lest thou break my slumber, whisper low."

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[1] In the all but toothless mouth of this mask we may trace a remembrance of the hint given by Lorenzo il Magnifico to the youthful sculptor.

[2] "La Notte che tu vedi in sì dolci atti
Dormire, fu da un angelo scolpita
In questo sasso, e benchè dorme ha vita;
Destala, se no'l credi, e parleratti.

"Grato mi è il sonno, e più l' esser di sasso,
Mentre che il danno e la vergogna dura;
Non veder, non sentir, m' è gran ventura:
Però non mi destar, deh, parla basso."

And here, before passing, as we must shortly do, into the stern realities of the outer world, may be a fitting opportunity to ask, are the Moses and the statues of the Sagrestia Nuova in truth of the very highest range of art, and is their author entitled to as full a wreath as encircles the temples of the sculptors of the Theseus, the Apollo, the Venus of Melos? We unhesitatingly reply, yes. The extreme diversity of the two styles is obvious to the most casual observer; and the long recognized dignity of Greek art, as likewise its uncontested superiority in physical beauty, gives the assertion somewhat the air of a paradox. Strange indeed would it have been had the Greek not succeeded in his representation of Beauty. The Beautiful was his sole God, pursued under a thousand varied forms, and all the passions of the soul, all the influences produced by mental action on the outward frame, were to be displayed, no doubt, but subject to the irrevocable canon, that the result should be harmonious and pleasing. The devotion to this fixed purpose of a race of singularly refined perceptions has left to after ages a legacy of such embodied grace, such exquisite idealism, that it is no wonder if early Italian artists, seeking for aid in their new-born quest of beauty, and finding themselves confronted by the rich products of Grecian art that were daily emerging from the ruined palaces of antiquity, should have bowed the head in reverence, and confessed that farther than the mighty men of old they could not hope to proceed.

Reverence was no doubt due to Greek art, not so idolatry; and that to this extremity admiration was likely to be pushed is

tolerably clear from the circumstances already related with regard to the Cupid sold to Cardinal S. Giorgio. But the spirit which, in after ages, animated Copernicus, Galileo, and our own Bacon to emancipate themselves from leading-strings, already burned in the bosoms of many Italians, and of none more than Michael Angelo. His exclamation upon seeing Donatello's St. George, "Guai alle statue antiche!" foretold his dissatisfaction with a school which allowed

> "no more play and action
> Than joy which is crystallized for ever,
> Or grief, an eternal petrifaction."

Painting had, happily for herself, escaped the dangerous though glorious tutelage of Grecian authority; the pictures of Polygnotus and Apelles no longer existed, and in the necessarily self-taught energies of Lippi, we recognize the spirit of independence characterized in the vigorous language of the poet we have already quoted—

> "Make the hopes shine through the flesh they fray,
> New fears aggrandize the rags and tatters.
> So bring the invisible full into play,
> Let the visible go to the dogs—what matters?"

With equal energy, but with aspirations as high and pure as those of Lippi were the reverse, Michael Angelo took his upward path. Truth, not Beauty, was to be his guide; and those who have read the noble words in which his mystic thoughts were often recorded will be at no loss to define under what guidance

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[1] Browning, "Old Pictures in Florence."

he was brought to tread those heights of the Sublime which have been wisely declared to include all minor excellences.

Michael Angelo had, through the lips of his own Night, uttered a mournful lament over the ever-accumulating miseries of his country; and the biographer of the artist may well rejoice that he is spared the duties of an historian, and need mention but briefly the events which broke in upon the sculptor's labour. The tortuous policy of Clement VII. had left him without any aid when the tumultuary army of the Constable Bourbon, turning unwillingly from the rich spoil of Florence, arrived on the 6th May, 1527, before the walls of Rome. If there were any who now remembered their joyful exultations over the death of their late pope, whose imperialistic politics might have warded off this blow, their remorse was useless. On the next day the city was taken by assault, Bourbon perishing in the attack,[1] and the horrors of the subsequent sack by the mixed horde of ruffians, who were then called an army, exceeded all yet witnessed in any city of this devoted land. To anyone who does not unravel the tangled web of conflicting interests at work, it may seem strange to find the pope who had with difficulty escaped from troops sworn to hang him, and had been for many months a close prisoner in the castle of S. Angelo, shortly afterwards able to direct against his own native city, the very troops and the very commanders by whom the metropolis of Christendom had been ravaged. Such, however, was the case;

[1] The readers of Benvenuto Cellini's amusing memoirs will not forget that he lays claim to having fired the shot by which Bourbon fell.

and no indignities to which Clement VII. had been subjected from any other quarter stung him so deeply as the insolence of the Florentines, in driving from their city the worthless descendants of a family whose merits, even when at their highest, had been fatally inimical to the liberties of their fellow-citizens. Unfortunately the means of vengeance were too easy, the weapons were ready to his hand.

Francis I., who was traditionally said to have lost at Pavia all but honour, was willing, in the hour of trial, to throw away whatever shred of that gaudy robe still hung about him; and the stipulations by which, in the treaty of Cambray, he professed to consider the interests of his faithful allies, the republics of Florence and Venice, were so obviously impracticable as to seem devised in heartless mockery. It is with the former of these states only that we are called upon to deal, and it is no wonder that, menaced with vengeance by pope and emperor, sickness raging within her walls, and the hydra-headed Medicean faction everywhere active, Florence should look anxiously around for the few brave hearts who still reverenced the lilies of the republic, sorely tarnished though they were. Among these Michael Angelo could not be overlooked, and, when summoned to give his aid in fortifying the high and broken ground which commands the city on the south side, he at once obeyed the call. The hill of S. Miniato, with its beautiful church hallowed by the touching history of S. Giovanni Gualberto, was obviously the key of the position, and to this Buonarroti devoted his first attention, surrounding it with

ditches and ramparts, many traces of which are still visible. The stiff clay of the hill was mixed with flock and tow so as to present a formidable resistance to the feeble artillery of those days, though the device would probably avail little against the terrible resources of modern warfare. Along the chain of eminences stretching towards the Porta Romana and the hills of Bellosguardo and Montauto stood many of the beautiful villas of the Florentine nobility, which had given rise to the boast that if all the buildings of Florence could be comprised within one wall, two Romes could not rival her. The necessities of war requiring such sacrifice, all buildings within a mile of the city wall were ordered to be destroyed, and it is easy to conceive the sorrow with which our artist, aided by his subordinates, Antonio and Francesco San Gallo, carried out this harsh decree. Bands of young citizens, wielding heavy battering-rams, demolished the walls of many a suburban villa of such value as would excite wonder even in our times, while others hewed down the pleasure groves and orchards, and converted them into fascines for the engineers' use.[1] The necessity of these preparations was not long in manifesting itself. Charles V. had shown clearly to the citizens who, on the part of Florence,

[1] Though not in the quarter of the city immediately under the command of Michael Angelo, we cannot refrain from recording the reverence for art shown by some of the Florentines, who, breaking down the wall of a convent refectory, were so struck by the beauty of a Last Supper, by Andrea del Sarto, as to violate, in its favour, the rule which doomed it to destruction. The fresco is fortunately still to be seen, in the desecrated convent of San Salvi, beyond the Porta alla Croce.

attempted negotiations, that her sole chance of safety lay in making terms with Clement; and an army under the command of Philibert, Prince of Orange, was directed to march upon the devoted city, and compel the restoration of the Medici, now represented by Alessandro, the child of a Moorish mistress of the Duke Lorenzo, and, not improbably, of Pope Clement himself. The troops of Bourbon were slow in executing these orders, and it was during their delay that Michael Angelo left Florence and repaired to Venice. Much has been said about this journey, the reasons of which are not clearly obvious, and Sismondi has, on what appear to us very insufficient grounds, charged the artist with personal timidity. Vasari, whose Boswellian devotion would not betray aught to the discredit of his idol, gives a very clear history of the transaction, bearing evident marks of truth. That Michael, accompanied by two friends, each of them wearing a doublet well stuffed with crowns, left Florence privately and not without some difficulty, is certain. On his way he and his party rested at Ferrara, where, somewhat against his will, he was brought before the duke of that city, Alfonso d'Este. The duke, however, treated him with all possible courtesy; showed him his collection of fine art, and insisted that he should promise to contribute somewhat towards it. When Michael refused absolutely the duke's urgent offers to receive him in the palace, he insisted upon defraying the expenses of the party while in Ferrara; and, offering still further aid, Michael Angelo, not to be outdone in courtesy, confided to the duke the secret of his costly burden, which he professed himself willing to place,

if desired, at the duke's disposal. He thence proceeded to Venice, where we find him, with characteristic dislike of intrusion, taking up his quarters in the remote quarter of the Giudecca, yet visiting the Doge, Andrea Gritti, and furnishing him with a design for the bridge of the Rialto, which, however, is not the one so well known to all travellers.

What may have been his chief motive for his sudden journey to Venice we shall probably never learn, unless the long-promised investigation of the Buonarroti archives afford any explanation. He may not improbably have been charged with some unavowed mission from the government, a hypothesis which his studied avoidance of publicity renders probable, and it is worthy of remark that in a proclamation issued by the Florentine authorities at this time, calling upon twenty-eight important absentees to return, Michael Angelo's name is omitted. Moreover we possess, according to the historian Varchi, the sculptor's own declaration that he left Florence because he had been assured, on what seemed to him good authority, that so rotten was the edifice of Florentine liberty that a few days, or even hours, might put the city into the hands of the Medici. If under these circumstances a man who had already given his personal and pecuniary aid to the Republic had really no other motive for departing than the natural wish to lodge his savings in a place of comparative safety, we have yet to learn that this is a fair ground of reproach.

His absence, however, was severely felt at Florence, towards which the storm of war was slowly but surely rolling, and

earnest remonstrances were addressed to him, offers of safe conduct tendered, and in the early part of October—the exact date is not recoverable—Michael Angelo was again at work, devoting all his energies to meet the coming foe, whose mercenaries, flushed with triumph at the surrender of Arezzo, were already calling on "Madam Florence" to get out her richest silks and brocades, as they were coming to measure them at the pike's length. Treason, moreover, was at work within the city: one man had even been hanged for declaring openly that it was better to admit the exiled family; and a Franciscan friar from the convent of S. Miniato met with a like fate, having been detected in an attempt to spike the guns of that fortress.

At length, everything appearing to be ready, at least on the part of the besieged city, it was deemed fit to offer a formal defiance to the besieging army, and the page of Varchi gives us a vivid picture of how Malatesta Baglione, at daybreak one morning, proceeded, with much pomp of military music, to sound a challenge to the camp of Philibert of Orange. A general salvo of artillery followed, to all of which demonstrations, however, the enemy made no reply. There seems to modern readers something of the ludicrous in this ceremonial, which however accorded with the general ideas of the time, and was prompted by a similar feeling to that which caused Nelson to raise his hat to the French admiral as he rounded to under Villeneuve's stern at Trafalgar.

Actual hostilities, however, soon began on both sides, and though considerable difficulties occur in fixing accurately the

dates of various occurrences, there seems little doubt that when Michael Angelo at length re-entered Florence, he found the strength of his fortifications at S. Miniato fully tested. Two guns, planted on the church tower, had been placed in charge of a celebrated artillerist, and, notwithstanding their necessarily small dimensions, caused much annoyance to the camp of Orange. Great were the efforts of the latter to destroy the tower, and special mention is made of the success attending Michael Angelo's device of suspending woolsacks from the parapet so as to deaden the effect of the hostile shot.

While it is difficult for a modern reader to restrain a scornful smile as he reads the records of such a miniature bombardment, it must not be supposed that there was any lack of individual heroism, any want of reality in the desperate hand-to-hand struggles for every outlying town or hamlet. In the end of November Orange's battering train was largely augmented by aid of the Duke of Ferrara, who now, in accordance with the pantomimic changes of Italian politics, appears as an ally of the Imperialists. On the 1st December the tower of S. Miniato took fire, and burned we are told, through the whole night; yet, immediately afterwards, it seems to have been repaired. On the 6th the Florentine writers admit a loss of two hundred citizens when the Imperialists stormed La Lastra: five days later precisely the same number of the besiegers are recorded to have perished by a fierce night-attack from the city.[1]

[1] But for the detailed circumstantial accounts from contemporary writers, the

VI.

THE MADONNA OF BRUGES.

MARBLE GROUP IN THE CHURCH OF

NOTRE DAME, BRUGES.

FROM THE CAST IN SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

A well-known modern author, after recounting the miseries of revolutionary France, observes that it seems difficult to believe that the ordinary operations of nature went on as usual during such horrors; and it is similarly strange to turn aside from the fierce struggles of war, and contemplate Buonarroti working calmly upon a tempera painting of Leda and the Swan, on which he was engaged in fulfilment of his promise to the Duke of Ferrara, or striving to obtain from the favour of the new *gonfaloniere*, a block of marble nearly eighteen feet long, which Pope Clement had promised to his old rival Bandinelli. He had designed for it a group of Samson and a Philistine, but on the termination of the siege the marble reverted to Bandinelli, who has left us the ugly Hercules and Cacus in front of the Palazzo Vecchio. This, however, is an anticipation; much had yet to come ere the end, which could scarcely be doubtful, arrived. Food was beginning to fail in Florence, as the numerous, though disconnected, forces of the emperor gathered round the devoted city. In January, 1530, symptoms of scarcity were increasing, though as yet the spirit of the people was good, and inscriptions "Poor but free" were written with charcoal on the walls, and borne out by the kindly demeanour of

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accurate correspondence of these events would render them liable to the incredulity with which we receive the legendary achievements of Camillus when Rome was taken by the Gauls.

We are even told that the men slain on the 11th December were all Italians, the attack having been directed chiefly against that division of the besieger's camp.

the citizens, whose former jealousies were now assuaged by the consciousness of common peril. Strange and mournful must, at this period, have been the thoughts of every Florentine, and of Michael Angelo among the rest. He, however, was spared from that worst of tortures, the helpless contemplation of slow but inevitable defeat. His office of chief engineer kept him continually on the walls, where he saw an old friend, Mario Orsino, struck down by a cannon ball; yet even at this time intervals of comparative slackness would occur, and these he always devoted to his art, to the picture for Alfonso d'Este, or to the unfinished statues in the Laurentian sacristy. The latter work had indeed to be carried on under much apprehension: it could hardly be expected that the citizens would look favourably upon work done in the service of their immediate enemies, and the sculptor himself, when at work on the effigy of Giuliano or Lorenzo, must have felt his mind loaded with dreary anticipations as to how short must be the time before his beloved city would be called to receive one of the spurious brood as her lord.

The letters of Carlo Capello, ambassador to Florence from the sister republic of Venice, give us most vivid descriptions of the increasing scarcity of provisions. On the 2nd February he informs his own government that meat will shortly be unattainable; on the 13th a body of German infantry, with twenty-two cannons, completed the investment of the city on the northern side, and when, on the 12th March, the ambassador committed to the stream of the Arno the bones of his favourite charger, it

may well be that the animal's life was unwillingly sacrificed to the pressing wants of his master's household.[1]

The imperialist army were thoroughly aware of the power of that fearful ally whom they had now summoned, and tauntingly refused the despairing challenge of the Florentines to meet them in the field. It is strange to find in combination with such stern and cold-blooded calculations upon the misery of their foes, more than one instance of formal adherence to the fantastic observances of chivalry; a single combat between two Italians in the opposing armies for the graces of a lady was solemnly permitted in the presence of both forces, and is described by Varchi with a particularity that seems a miserable mockery in the presence of such suffering as every day augmented.

Some hope for a time dawned upon the unhappy Florentines through the gallant achievements of a true son of the Republic, Francesco Ferrucci, a simple-minded brave soldier, whose deeds read more like the traditional exploits of Ruy Diaz or Wall than the proved facts of history. Returned, one of a miserable remnant, from the fever-stricken army which Francis had sent against Naples, Ferrucci had shown a special aptitude for gathering around him all outside the walls of Florence who still

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[1] On the river wall of the Arno, not far from the arcade of the Uffizi, is to be found a stone bearing the following inscription:—

OSSA EQUI CAROLI CAPELLI, LEGATI VENETI.
Non ingratus herus, sonipes memorande, sepulchrum
Hoc tibi pro meritis hæc monimenta dedit.
Obsessa urbe MDXXX. III. ID. MARTII.

remained faithful to the Republic, and where Ferrucci fought in person, there success surely followed his banner. In the end of March he had accumulated at Empoli a valuable store of provisions, and having put this important city, as he thought, into a complete state of defence, he marched in person against Volterra, which had surrendered to the allies, tore it fiercely from their grasp, and retained the prey which he had clutched against many a desperate effort of the enemy. On one occasion the contest was so obstinate that the banners of the dreaded Spanish infantry were four times planted upon the walls, and Ferrucci, stricken down both by wounds and fever, had himself borne on his litter to the breach, where, as ever, the victory belonged to him. For four months did this brave man hold Volterra against all the power of the allies, leaving it at length only in obedience to orders from Florence, and great must have been the aid to the cause produced throughout the whole of Tuscany by the sight of the red lily still floating above the gigantic walls of the old Etruscan city. But in the valley of the Arno events had occurred which more than counterfoiled Ferrucci's triumph. Empoli, which he had declared so safe that the women could defend it with their distaffs, had opened her gates to a Spanish corps, and her ample stores of grain and wine fell into the hands of the besiegers, whose needs almost equalled those of the beleaguered inhabitants.

As the summer advanced, the horrors of the siege grew to a frightful pitch. The ordinary phenomena of blockade need not be detailed, especially to those who have but lately seen a

faint reflex of them in the French metropolis: pestilence, the inevitable attendant on famine, was enhanced by the heats of July, and men, grown savage, called for frightful vengeance to be taken upon the person of Catharine de' Medici, then a child of twelve years old, who was in their power. Of these proposals the least horrible, and the truth of which is admitted even by Florentine chroniclers, was that she should be suspended from the walls as a mark for the imperialist artillery, in requital of similar outrages perpetrated on the women of Empoli by the ever brutal Spaniards. The child happily escaped with nothing more dreadful than the constant horrors of anticipated death; but it must be allowed that the woman who, in after years, urged her miserable son to the great murders of St. Bartholomew, had been educated in an apt school of cruelty.

Our object does not permit any further delay upon the particulars of this gloomy history: we pass over the details of more than one gallant effort to break the enemies, nor can we find time to speculate upon the precise motives which instigated the Captain-General Malatesta to lend, as he undoubtedly did, but a feeble and half-hearted support to the brave spirits who perilled their lives in these encounters. Florence, in the middle of July, recalled her bravest son from Volterra, to aid her in a last effort for victory, which, if unsuccessful, was to be followed by self-immolation of men, wives, and children. Ferrucci obeyed the call; but to approach the city was no easy task. He forced a passage to Pisa, in spite of the opposition offered by Maramaldo, an experienced soldier, and animated, it would seem, by

personal hatred towards the Florentine soldier. Here sickness again prostrated Ferruccio, and he lay in Pisa unable to move for fourteen days, every one of which was of vital importance. His active mind had never ceased to elaborate plans of singular daring, by which the very infamy of the mercenaries now closing like vultures round his beloved Florence was to be employed to secure her freedom. But it was too late. In a determined effort to break through the ranks of overwhelming numbers, Ferruccio, covered with wounds, was led into the presence of his old enemy, Maramaldo. The brutal Calabrian stripped and insulted the dying hero, and finally thrust a pike into his body, thus, in the words of his victim, "killing a dead man."

On the body of the Prince of Orange, who fell on the same night, was found a letter from Malatesta, the Captain-General of Florence, promising him that during his absence on the expedition to crush Ferruccio, no attack should be made on the imperial camp. This fact offers a significant comment upon the suspicions entertained long before by Michael Angelo's friend, Mario Orsini, which induced, it may be remembered, the sculptor's journey to Venice. With such a man in charge of a main gate of Florence, there was small chance that any bravery of her people could avail her. All her plans were regularly betrayed to the enemy, and even the desperate hope of making a holocaust of the city was denied to its defenders. At the time which suited best his purposes, Malatesta Baglione admitted a column of Imperialists within the walls, turned his own guns upon the city, and thus consummated the treachery

which there can be no doubt he had meditated from the first moment of his connexion with Florence.

There can be no good in lingering over the scenes of confusion, terror, and cruelty which followed upon the treachery of Malatesta. Society had reached that pitch of disorganization admirably described by a living poet—

> "No man can say he's safe;
> Not one of you so humble but that still
> The malice of some secret enemy
> May whisper him to death, and hark! look to it!
> Have some of you seem'd braver than the others?
> Their courage is their surest condemnation;
> They are mark'd men, and not a man stands here
> But may be so."

At such a time, the skilful engineer who had directed the fortifications, the indefatigable defender of S. Miniato, the man who, when free to choose, had deliberately returned to cast in his lot with the besieged city, was little likely to be spared by the triumphant Mediceans, and one cannot wonder that Michael Angelo should have consulted his own safety by lying hid. That he acted wisely is sufficiently proved by the rigorous search instituted at his house by the new authorities. He was concealed, some say, in the house of a friend, others in the bell-tower of S. Niccolo. It is a fact on which certainty is probably as unattainable as unimportant. After some time the courtly party, who needed his services, and may have shrunk from the barbarism of sacrificing to political vengeance a man of whose genius all were proud, caused promises of safety to be

held forth on condition of his returning to his labours at S. Lorenzo. He had, as we know, never totally discontinued them. They had probably served to withdraw his mind from the contemplation of evil he was powerless to avert, and no useful purpose could be served by an obstinate refusal of the victor's terms. The maxim of 'Woe to the conquered!' was being fully acted upon in Florence, and while exile, confiscation, torture, and death were being freely dealt out, Michael Angelo might well content himself with the light notice taken of his offences against the house of his old patrons.

Into the details of the severities exercised by the papal and imperial commissioners it is not our purpose to enter: one specimen may suffice for all. Benedetto da Foiano, a learned Dominican monk, probably a disciple of Savonarola, had preached energetically against the imperial and now papal party. Malatesta sent him a prisoner to Clement, by whom he was confined in the castle of S. Angelo. The governor of this prison, however, although a bishop and a Medici, failed to comprehend the spirit which animated his temporal and spiritual chief, and treated his prisoner with some degree of leniency. The personal and reiterated orders of the pontiff were required, until by a systematic and unrelenting diminution of food, and all means of cleanliness, the wretched prisoner died under the combined influences of hunger, thirst, and disease, as few, save princes and paupers, are wont to die. Still the spirit of Florence was not quite broken, and until that process were thoroughly accomplished Clement felt, and not without reason, that the

personal safety of any of the hated race hung by a thread. The proclamation of disarmament which, as a matter of course, had followed the entry of the imperialist troops into Florence, had, it was suspected, been but imperfectly obeyed, and laws of unexampled severity were enforced with such frightful violence as to be at length successful. Rich armour, jewelled poniards, were reluctantly surrendered, or cast by night into the streets, where none dared pick them up; nor was it until near two years after the surrender of the city that the title of duke was solemnly conferred on one whose mulatto features fully testified his right to the patent of illegitimacy lawfully descending to him on both sides. Alessandro de' Medici reigned in Florence, and Clement VII. was at liberty to be buried in consecrated ground, which he had vowed should never be the case till he had re-entered that city.

We have now to contemplate the mournful spectacle of the sculptor, sick at heart, his aspirations after liberty ruthlessly crushed, his mind, it may well be, oppressed with doubt whether his countrymen had ever really comprehended the abstract idea for which they had shed their best blood, toiling in the service of those against whose aggrandizement he had but lately struggled. He worked with speed unusual even for him, nor is this wonderful. What, save incessant, unremitting toil could be to him a refuge from sorrow, and he must have often blessed the wearied muscles which procured him the sleep of exhaustion. Yet, while his gloomy thoughts gradually took shape in stone, while the ineffable woe that pervades the four great figures—how

different from the commanding attitude of Moses—became more and more evident, it cannot be but that somewhat of joy accompanied this exercise of his unrivalled powers. Genius must, from time to time, be conscious of the finer clay wherewith she is tempered. Burns, whose ambition did not extend beyond singing a song at least "for puir auld Scotland's sake," and who records the warning given to him by the muse against aspiring to the fame reserved for Thomson, Gray, and Shenstone, nevertheless betrays elsewhere his conviction that the light which led him astray was "light from heaven;" Shakspeare, usually seeming as unconscious of the gifts he lavishes as the sun of heaven, nevertheless promises his ideal mistress that

> "When all the breathers of this world are dead,
> Thou still shalt live, such virtue hath my pen."

And the sculptor of the four immortal statues of the Sagrestia must have felt a proud conviction that on these rather than on the unimportant princes to whose tombs the figures are, without much appropriateness, assigned, would rest his title to undying fame.

To the ducal statues, regarded as portraits, we learn that he had not given much thought, and, when remonstrated with as to the features not being correct, replied, with haughty carelessness, that he did not suppose people, a hundred years later, would care much how the dukes looked. That his argument was sound has received a striking proof from the assertion of a late investigator, who believes that the statues have been all along wrongly named, and ought to be mutually interchanged. It is

a remarkable and somewhat ludicrous testimony to the insignificant character of the two dukes, if it be really true that their contemporary Vasari, in speaking of the "pensive Lorenzo," and "the proud Julian," had been guided in the selection of his adjectives solely by the effigies whose titles he mistook.

In the month of September, 1531, the health of Michael Angelo, never strong, seemed to be seriously giving way. A letter written at this time by one of his friends to Rome, probably with a view to its meeting the eye of Pope Clement, gives us a vivid and painful picture of his state. We see him no longer in his best strength—he was verging on sixty—crippled with rheumatism, unable to sleep from headache, still at work unceasingly in the cold damp sacristy, and needing to be absolutely forbidden by the pope to work there during the winter, "as he himself can come to no resolution, and does not seem to care about the matter." "There are," says the writer, "two evils which torment him, one in the head and one in the heart." His bodily sufferings we have seen; the evil at his heart was the ever-cankering sore of the mausoleum. This work, which had been the delightful vision of his youth, in labouring on which he had passed probably the brightest period of his existence, had been again and again pushed into oblivion, to return each time shorn of its fair proportions by its unwilling author, and now stood before him a mutilated remnant of its former self, like the few remaining books of the Roman Sibyl. With this difference, however, that whereas the Roman prophetess claimed and received the full amount of her original price, the Tuscan sculptor was continually harassed by charges

of bad faith, ingratitude, and misapplied funds by the relatives of Pope Julius, who, on the other hand, were naturally impatient at the small progress made in a work which had already lasted a quarter of a century. It is needful to bear in mind this sorrow of mind and suffering of body when reporting an event which now took place. Alfonso had written to Michael Angelo expressing the pleasure with which he had received information of the completion of the picture promised, it may be remembered, on the occasion of his visit to Ferrara. The letter, a copy of which will be found in the Appendix, is in terms of highest courtesy, beginning "Dearest friend," and requesting him to put his own value on the picture. It seems hard that any unpleasant result should follow so fair an opening; but so it was. The gentleman commissioned by the Duke of Ferrara to receive the painting, had the imprudence to speak of it as "una poca cosa," a small matter. We have seen how, long years ago, it fared with Angiolo Doni in like circumstances, and the ducal messenger met with no better fate. The irritated artist asked Signor Pisanillo what might be his occupation, and perceiving (with or without reason) fresh ground for offence in the answer, "I am a merchant," retorted, "This time you have made a bad bargain for your employer: leave me at once."

It is characteristic both of the haughty irritability of the man, and of his careless generosity when a mere question of money was at issue, that finding his pupil Antonio Mini at a loss to provide marriage portions for two of his sisters, Michael Angelo at once handed over to him the painting intended for

the duke, as also two chests of models and cartoons, including, among others, the one from which the painting was executed in tempera. The subsequent fate of this generous gift was unsatisfactory enough. The cartoons, many of which seem to have been of the highest interest, were stolen at Antonio Mini's death during a visit he made to France, and the Leda, having been sold by Mini to Francis I., was, in the reign of Louis XIII., "spoiled," says an annotator of Vasari, "from scruples of conscience." The damaged picture and its cartoon are both stated, on the same authority, to have passed into England, but if the accounts, given with apparent accuracy of detail, be correct, their present locality is unknown. If the phrase used by Vasari's annotator imply, as seems probable, an insinuation against the moral character of the design, we will in charity suppress the name of the Frenchman who is said to have entertained such feelings. Perhaps contempt would be the most fitting answer to the charge, but as the work still remains to us through the aid of more than one early engraving, it can be safely stated that of all renderings of this difficult subject, ancient or modern, Michael Angelo's is the most solemnly mythic. His Leda is a primeval giantess, strikingly similar in attitude to his immortal Night, the magnificent plumage of the disguised god recalls the rush of Tintoretto's Announcing Angel, while the introduction of the mythic egg on which two infant forms are faintly traced, and the appearance in the background of the twin Dioscuri themselves, all serve, and were doubtless intended, to withdraw the mind from the actual representation,

and fix it upon the recondite meaning of the mysterious legend.

The letter written by Mini about Michael Angelo's health had produced its intended effect, and a second letter of his is extant, in which he reiterates the urgent necessity of bringing about some settlement of the mausoleum question, which, he foresees, will, if not speedily terminated, bring the sculptor to the grave. This it is not difficult to believe. While nothing can be clearer than that the artist was in no sense responsible for the frequent delays in this business, still the fact remained that more than twenty years had gone by, advances of money had been made, and nothing was yet completed; and though the amounts mentioned by the duke's agent were childishly exaggerated, it did appear that upon an equitable adjustment Michael Angelo might be found a debtor to the extent of about two thousand ducats. To wipe off this debt was an ever-wearing care to him; to complete, however lamely, the work so long cherished, was a hope not yet abandoned; and some letters, translations of which will be found in the Appendix, will show how earnestly both he and his friends laboured to effect some settlement. Nothing could be done without the permission of the pope; his decision would overrule the common consent of all other parties in the transaction, and it was not long waited for. In a brief filled with courteous acknowledgments of the artist's merits, and kind condolence as to his failing health, the fact stood clearly out that under no circumstances could Michael Angelo undertake any other work than that commanded by

Clement. The claims of the Urbino family were alluded to in decorous phraseology, which was probably meant to be inefficient, and would assuredly have proved so but for a promise that Michael Angelo should adjust them at a personal interview in Rome. This clause, which had been inserted against Clement's wish, and solely in accordance with the urgent instance of the artist, produced at length the tangible result of a journey to Rome, undertaken by Michael Angelo, as it would seem, in the spring of 1532. Under careful investigation the sixteen thousand ducats which the Della Rovere asserted, and probably believed, to have been advanced to the sculptor by their great ancestor, shrunk to five thousand, and the works already completed being estimated at three, two thousand only were actually due to the heirs. The Duke of Urbino, however anxious to see the monument finished, was clearly determined to disburse no more money, and readily closed with the sculptor's proposal to complete it—of course on a reduced plan—by the addition of six statues from his own hand within three years, the pope engaging to allow him two months in each year for this purpose. It was, however, manifest that the pope intended to retain the lion's share of the commodity in dispute, namely, the body and mind of Michael. On the very day after the contract was signed, the sculptor left Rome for Florence to continue his work upon the sacristy.

And now occurred a fact significant of how far sickness and sorrow were beginning to tell upon the frame of Michael Angelo. He was no longer the same man who had determinedly locked the

door of the Sistine Chapel, and, unaided by even a colour-grinder, completed the glorious vault. He now brought with him from Rome a young priestly sculptor in whom the master's eye discerned good promise, Giovann' Agnolo Montorsoli, as likewise Raffaello di Montelupo, and finally a certain Niccolo, who from the energy and activity always noted in him, had early obtained the name of Il Tribolo, by which alone he is known to fame.[1]

With the aid of these three, Tuscans like himself, and ardently desirous to serve under the orders of their great countryman, there seemed good hope of progress. Tribolo's health, however, gave way, and although the copies of the Dawn, Twilight, and Day, in terra cotta, now in the Academy of Fine Arts at Florence, still testify to his reverence for his great master, these were not executed till several years later, after Michael Angelo had left Florence.[2] To Montelupo and Montorsoli was assigned the task of executing in marble two statues for which Michael furnished the clay models, the companion saints Cosmus and Damianus, who, as the recognized patrons of the healing art, were looked upon as the special

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[1] The family name of Il Tribolo is irrecoverable, having been entirely superseded by the above epithet. This fashion, well known to students of Italian history, is still very common in Italy, where nicknames, often based on some personal habit or defect, are good humouredly accepted, and cuckoo-like, oust the patronymic.

[2] Tribolo's copy of "Night" was given by the duke Alessandro to Vasari, but is now lost.

protectors of the great house of Medici.[1] The statues, though never placed in their destined niches, are to be found in the sacristy, on either side of a Madonna and Child by the master's own hand, a work which, though not equal in merit to the Pietà in St. Peter's, deserves far more attention than it has received. The work in the sacristy was now making rapid progress. In 1532 the number of workmen was doubled at the artist's request, and when we take into account the fact that much time must have been necessarily occupied in superintending the building of the Laurentian library, where wood-carvers and painters of eminence worked under his personal orders, it will be seen that his anxiety to satisfy one at least of his employers was unceasing. Nor was he less desirous to fulfil his compact with the Rovere family. In the very worst season of the year we find him journeying again to Rome with a view to complete his latest design for the tomb of Julius, the inundation of the Tiber having prevented access to his store of marble when he had visited the city during the previous spring.

Independently of his ever-present desire to complete—perhaps we may rather say *to have done with*—the sepulchre of Julius, personal considerations alone might well induce Michael Angelo to absent himself from Florence. Its present ruler, Alessandro, bore no good will towards the sculptor, and though

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[1] The choice of the above-named Saints clearly indicates the professional origin of the Medicean surname, and gives probability to the opinion of those who discern in the well-known "Palle" of their shield simply half a dozen pills.

Italians of that period took little pains to justify to themselves or others their feelings or their acts, he may have persuaded himself that good cause existed for his hatred. During the siege more than one villa of the Medici had been destroyed, obviously from motives of personal malevolence, as they lay far outside the range of buildings which were sacrificed to the harsh necessities of war. Alessandro may have easily supposed that the superintendent of fortifications was inculpated in this outrage. Moreover, a question had been mooted whether it would not be well to destroy the palace of the Medici within the walls, and convert the site into an open square, and with this proposal, which their spies soon made known to the exiled family, the name of Michael Angelo was unjustly connected. The insult was all the more bitter that in the proposed title of the new square, Piazza de' Muli, Alessandro could not fail to discern an allusion to his own impure blood.[1]

Michael Angelo seems to have resided, however, in Florence during the year 1533 and most part of 1534. We possess no records as to how his time was occupied, probably in the continuation of the Laurentian library and sacristy, but we find him refusing to help the duke in laying out the Fortezza da Basso, which was completed with extraordinary rapidity by Antonio di San Gallo, the nephew of the sculptor's early friend. Little comfort was there for Michael Angelo now in Florence, nor

[1] It is, perhaps, needless to say that this plan was never carried out, nor will anyone believe that the haughty mind of the sculptor would stoop to so contemptible an insult.

were his prospects there likely to be benefited by the favour shown to his inveterate and envious rival Bandinelli, whose ugly group of Hercules and Cacus was, on May 1st, 1534, elevated to the pedestal on which it now stands as a companion to the David. The proud spirit of Michael was not of a temper to derive pleasure from the torrent of ridicule which the exhibition of the Hercules brought upon Bandinelli, who, however, found ample consolation in the punishment inflicted by Alessandro on the satirists, and the estate presented to himself by the pope.

In September, 1534, Clement VII. died, and it is scarcely possible to imagine him regretted by any human being save those whose personal interests it might suit him to subserve. Michael Angelo, who had found in him a protection against the known ill-will of Duke Alessandro, must have rejoiced when a summons arrived from the new pontiff Alessandro di Farnese, now bearing the title of Paul III. It seems almost trifling with our readers' patience to detail the inevitable consequences of the sculptor's interview with the new Pope. Courteous language on the part of the sovereign, accompanied by proposals to employ the artist's talents, remonstrances on the other hand in respect of contract entered into, and the usual "sic volo, sic jubeo" argument which cuts short all further reply, all were again to be gone through. It has been said that Farnese owed his election, which was unusually speedy,[1] to the belief that a man so old as

[1] Paul III. was elected on the 12th October, 1534, after a debate of only one day in conclave.

he undoubtedly was, and sickly as he seemed to be, could not be long-lived, and that all were amazed at the mysterious accession of vigour in the newly-made pope. In his interview with Michael Angelo, he certainly showed a vehemence worthy of Julius II. "For thirty years," cried he, "I have had this desire, and now that I am pope, shall I not obtain it? Give me this contract. I will tear it, for in any way I am determined you shall serve me." Michael Angelo, feeling, doubtless, that he would have small chance of resistance in the immediate vicinity of so imperious a chief, bethought himself of retreat, and Aleria near Carrara, or the duchy of Urbino itself, were contemplated by him as spots where he might safely complete his engagement to the duke. But the pope, active, determined, and, after all, by no means an unworthy patron of genius, came in a few days to the master's studio, accompanied by ten cardinals, resolved to conclude the question then and there. He examined, with much pleasure, the drawings made in the late pope's time for the two end walls of the Sistine Chapel; and reviewing the latest of the many agreements made on the painful subject of the sepulchre, decided that three statues instead of six were all that the duke could expect from the master's own hands, the others to be completed under his guidance.

It was during the discussion of this matter that the cardinal of Mantua remarked that the statue of Moses only was amply sufficient to honour the tomb of Julius, a speech which proved prophetic, inasmuch as though some of the accompanying statues are from the master's design, and two at least were finished by

VII.

MOSES.

MARBLE STATUE,

IN THE CHURCH OF S. PIETRO IN VINCOLI, ROME.

FROM THE ORIGINAL.

his own hand, yet the colossal form of the lawgiver, not only in bulk but in grandeur, dwarfs all surroundings, and the work as now existing has been well termed a monument in honour not of Julius but of Moses. Set free, therefore, so far as papal authority could effect the object, from the responsibility of his previous contract, and with his own conscience tranquillized by his immediate payment to the Duke of Urbino's bankers of 1,580 ducats, to provide for the three statues which the present pope forbad him to execute, Michael Angelo, with no good will, as he himself informs us, made up his mind to begin steadily the task of covering the bare walls of the Sistine Chapel. Before, however, entering on the history of this work, which, as it proved, employed near eight years of the artist's life, it becomes needful to look back upon the Florence which he had so lately quitted, and which he was destined never to revisit.

We have seen how little the sculptor had to hope, nay, rather how much to fear, from the present worthless chief of the Medici, but in Rome there resided one of that house whose character, so far as his untimely death, at the age of twenty-four, permits us to judge, formed a striking contrast to those of his kinsmen generally. He was a cardinal of the Roman Church, but as he attained that dignity at the age of eighteen, and as his portrait by Titian shows us a noble youth in cap and plume, clad in a close-fitting doublet of red velvet, it may be assumed that his clerical rank—if he had any—sat lightly on him.[1] Poet,

[1] It may be well to note that the title of cardinal expresses secular rank, and is not necessarily combined with priestly or even diaconal orders.

statesman, head of a powerful party whose avowed object was to rescue Florence from the blighting grasp of Alessandro, he was a friend to Michael Angelo, and the only man from whom the artist ever vouchsafed to accept a present. A noble Turkish horse which the sculptor had admired, accompanied by an ample store of provender, testified to the mutual respect of the cardinal and the artist. It was probably at Ippolito's house that Michael Angelo met the Cardinal Ridolfi, for whom he sketched out the bust of Brutus, which, in a very unfinished state, is now to be seen in the Uffizi Gallery. It is not sufficiently advanced to warrant detailed criticism; thus much may be said, that it would not have been a tame copy of classicality, and that, like all his unfinished works, it compels the spectator to speculate upon its maker's intention, and fully carries out the idea expressed in words by the artist himself, of the statue existing within the block which it is his office to set free from its trammels. On the socle of the bust is engraved a distich by Cardinal Bembo—

Dum Bruti effigiem ducit de marmore sculptor,
In mentem sceleris venit, et abstinuit;

of which the elegance of the Latin must not blind us to the falsity of the sentiment. The choice of the subject was in truth significant: in that age, assassination was lightly esteemed, and nothing was easier than to cloak private revenge under the garb of political necessity. Neither Ridolfi nor Michael Angelo were likely to see criminality in the deed of Brutus, especially if the victim were half as worthy of death as Alessandro de'

Medici. For a while, however, the tyrant's agents served him well. Ippolito, with the other Florentine exiles, resolved to journey to Tunis and appeal to Charles V., who was then engaged on his Moorish campaign, against the monstrous rule of his intended son-in-law Alessandro, and for this purpose set out for Naples. At Fondi resided Giulia Gonzaga, a woman of extraordinary intellectual powers, and of such surpassing beauty as to have incited the Turkish corsair Barbarossa to storm the town of Fondi with a view of carrying her captive to Constantinople. The fascinations of this lady, long known to Ippolito, induced the gallant cardinal to delay his journey, a delay which proved fatal to himself. One day, after feasting at a palace of his in the mountain town of Itri, Ippolito and several of the party died suddenly, and, there can be little doubt, from poison, though so tangled was the web of Italian treachery that it is difficult to determine to whose agency the crime was to be ascribed, whether the pope, the Duke of Florence, or even some of the party with whom Ippolito was journeying. The appeal to Cæsar was fruitless, for it suited Cæsar just then to be blind to the crimes of Alessandro, to whom he shortly afterwards bartered away his daughter Margaret in marriage. Charles was magnificently received at Florence on his return from Tunis, in a manner to delight the heart of Vasari, who has left us a pompous detail of the festivities, of which he was supreme director, and in which the only fact interesting to us is that the emperor was taken to see the tombs in the sacristy of S. Lorenzo. His son-in-law was to visit the building shortly

afterwards. On the eve of the Epiphany, 1536-7, the career of Alessandro, which had been openly fatal to manly honour and female virtue, and in which poison had been the penalty for the young and noble women who dared to repel the insulting proposals of the tyrant, came to a worthy end. A scene of vice and domestic treachery culminated in a frightful murder, and the bleeding corpse of Alessandro, wrapt in a carpet, was thrust, till such time as it should suit his murderers to proclaim his death, into one of the sarcophagi erected by Buonarroti in memory of his ancestors.

It is characteristic of the utter confusion into which all questions of social morality had been thrown, that Lorenzino de' Medici, the murderer of his relative, published a full confession of the deed, in which, while justifying himself by a summary of Alessandro's worst outrages, and regretting that the act had not been so advantageous as he hoped to the cause of freedom, he shows not the slightest repugnance for the long continuance of daily deceit which he practised towards Alessandro till the moment came when the pander could conveniently become the murderer. He seems to have thought himself, and was in fact proclaimed by many as "the Florentine Brutus." No question here as to Bembo's "scelera Bruti!"

It is refreshing to emerge from the murky atmosphere of crime and return to the career of our artist, doomed though he were to a task from which his inclinations so strongly revolted. It is, however, no more than justice to take into account the sufferings of a mind from which the highest efforts are expected,

and those who will take the trouble to read some of the letters given in the Appendix may perhaps think that the terrors of even such a subject as the Last Judgment must have received an additional gloom from the wearing cares then preying on the artist's heart. His first task was to clean the walls from a preparation with which they had been coated by Sebastian del Piombo, his old pupil, now holding an office of dignity in the papal court, and always, as his letters show, a faithful guardian of his old master's interests. Sebastian, however, had a great wish that the walls should be painted in oil. Michael Angelo is known to have entertained a great dislike to that vehicle, which he pronounced fit for only women and children. The worthy "fratazzo," however, availing himself probably of the advantages which his position at court gave him, had, as stated above, prepared the walls for oil. He may have hoped that the result would be that the master, refusing to employ the obnoxious vehicle, would avail himself of his pupil's mechanical skill in colour, while confining his own efforts to the more congenial labour of design. They had, as we know, worked together in former years upon the Raising of Lazarus, now in our own National Gallery; and the partnership had been at once detected by Raphael, against whom it had seemingly been directed. If such hopes had been entertained by Sebastian, they were doomed to disappointment. The great artist, now in the very zenith of his reputation, for whose services, much to his trouble, princes had long contended, was not likely to admit a partner in the glory of what he must have felt was likely to be the last great

work permitted to him. He could truly say, with our own hero of Agincourt,—

> By Jove, I am not covetous of gold,
> Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
> But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
> I am the most ungracious soul alive.

The walls were accordingly cleared of all encumbrance, not without remonstrance on the part of Sebastian, and Michael Angelo was at length free to begin upon his great task. The subjects originally proposed for the two walls were the Last Judgment and the Fall of the Rebel Angels, but the latter of the two was never executed, nor have we any means of knowing what were the master's ideas as to the composition. This is greatly to be regretted, as the subject was one eminently suited to his genius. Whatever may be thought as to his powers to typify the calm serenity of the blessed, none can doubt how vividly his Dantesque spirit would have brought before us the utter defeat of sin, and the awful strength of heavenly virtue. We have, however, now to consider his labour on the Last Judgment, so far as the results are left to us.

It may be true theoretically that fresco painting possesses certain qualities which seem more accordant to the expression of the highest sentiment than can be attained by the use of any other vehicle. It is, however, certainly a very precarious casket wherein to trust great thoughts which ought to be the delight of future ages.

Of the numerous frescoes by great masters covering the walls

of Italian churches and cloisters, there are very few which do not show visible marks of deterioration by either time, damp, or violence, and of these few the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo is certainly not one. Nor is this the artist's fault. Aware by experience of the difficulties and dangers to which his work must needs be exposed, he had provided, so far as lay in his power, against them. A wall of fine bricks specially selected by himself was made to incline from above nearly a foot, in hopes to prevent, in a great degree, the lodgment of dust. Unluckily that very inclination favoured the deposit of smoke from the altar candles, and the amount of mischief due to this cause is scarcely credible, save to those who have personally examined the great altar-pieces in Romanist churches. Michael's paintings in the Cappella Paolina are barely discernible, owing to this misfortune. When to these we add the insertion of irons to support the papal throne, and the work which Daniele da Volterra was compelled to add in all parts of the picture, it will be obvious that severe demands are made upon the spectator's imagination and faith ere he can frame to his mind an idea of the work as it appeared, when on Christmas Day, 1541, it was finally exposed to the admiring eyes of the Romans. Twenty-nine years before the old Julius II. had been able to point triumphantly to the success achieved in the ceiling of the same chapel by the artist whom he had trusted, despite the urgent efforts of Bramante to put forward the claim of Raphael to at least half of the vault. No such rivalry was now possible. Michael Angelo was confessedly chief in all three branches of

art, and could afford to despise the false idol that by court favour, not by popular acclamation, had mounted to his vacant throne in Florence. Yet few judges will be disposed to set the Last Judgment above the sublime conceptions of the artist's earlier work. It is a painful, indeed a repulsive, picture. This is, no doubt, in part due to the subject. Pleasure, in the ordinary sense of the word, cannot be derived from the contemplation of a scene wherein hopeless and eternal suffering forms a prominent feature, and where the reward of the blest must be looked upon as an unmerited mercy, to be received rather with awe and amazement than with any visible sign of joy. Such at least is the spirit in which this great work seems to have been conceived. Nor is this at all wonderful. Michael Angelo's religious convictions, to which as yet we have made slight reference, were profound, but not tranquil. The earnest worshipper of Dante, the reverent admirer of Vittoria Colonna, could be no easy-going Epicurean philosopher. All the events of his life, all the changes through which the world was then passing, were to him stern realities; and it is not surprising that his indignant spirit, when called upon to portray the Supreme Judge, should have selected the moment when the awful sentence of condemnation was being uttered from which there could be no appeal.

The general composition of the Last Judgment is in no sense due to Michael Angelo, being common to all representations of the subject in that age, and, like several other peculiarities in early Italian pictures, so established by common

consent as to have acquired almost the force of a law. Thus, in the Nativity, the heads of the ox and the ass are recognized as so essential that no rendering of the subject, however small, fails to reproduce them.[1] In the birth of the Virgin, the washing of the new-born infant, and the vessel containing the water, stand out prominently in the foreground; and in the Presentation of Mary the steps of the temple form invariably an important feature of the composition. Similarly in the Last Judgment the central figure of the Judge, the encircling ring of prophets, apostles, and martyrs, the instruments of the Passion borne in triumph, and the general disposition of the lower groups into the Pardoned and Condemned, are common to Signorelli and Orgagna, to Italy and Germany.

While, however, the artist has confined himself to the disposition of groups long familiar to his spectators, his treatment of the subject within these limits is, as might be anticipated from his ardent inspirations, widely different from that of the early painter. The first thing which probably strikes the spectator is the marked absence of drapery, and this even after the labours above referred to of Daniele di Volterra, who was obliged to indulge sacerdotal prudery by adding garments to many of the figures. Michael Angelo, a reverent admirer of the beauty of

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[1] The ox and ass seem even to have belonged to pagan legends of ante-Christian date. In a bas-relief in the Vatican Museum, which represents Prometheus making man, these animals are introduced, and as each figure in the group has its name inscribed over its head, Bos and Asinus are duly marked. The child is entitled Serys.

the "human form divine," and, possibly, conscious of his own unrivalled skill in delineating it, appears to have considered that the unearthly nature of the subject would render all mundane attributes, all distinctions of worldly rank, out of place. "Naked came ye into the world, naked shall ye leave it," seems to have been the maxim uppermost in his mind, but to which, as we have seen, he was not permitted to adhere.

The awful figure of the Condemning Judge has been the subject of much comment. Not sitting, as Vasari has mistakenly asserted, but in the act of rising, the half turn of the figure towards the wicked (who are duly placed upon His left hand), the arm raised as though armed with thunder, and the stern lineaments of the face, leave no doubt as to the sentence He is pronouncing, which the dejected and hopeless attitude of the Virgin Mother, crouched at His side, and the terror pervading even the groups of the elect, sufficiently confirm. That such a conception of Christ is terrible, none will deny: that the idea is more Pagan than Christian, in the sense generally applied to that word, is equally clear. It must, however, be borne in mind that at this period the gentler and more humane attributes of the Man of Sorrows were rarely insisted on, and that the boundaries which separate Pagan mythology from Christian history were not uncommonly overleapt. "Sommo Giove" is an epithet used by Dante in reference to our Lord; on the high altar of the cathedral at Foligno He is called the Thunderer; and many similar instances may be quoted to show how faint in many minds was the distinction between the false and true religions.

Those who will refer to Orgagna's Last Judgment in the Campo Santo of Pisa will at once recognize the original from which the unusual attitude of Michael Angelo's Christ has been unconsciously borrowed, so identically disposed are the arms of the seated judge of Orgagna. Here, however, no idea of vengeance is meant to be conveyed, the right arm being elevated solely in order to render visible the wound produced by the spear of Longinus, which, with the child-like simplicity of artifice not unusual in early Italian art, is shown through a slit in the robe.[1] The adaptation of the figure to his own dread purpose is due to Michael Angelo.

Around the Judgment Seat are grouped in a circle many of the apostles and disciples of our Lord, chief among whom is the impressive form of St. Peter, offering to his Master the two massy keys which are the emblem of his office. Behind him the flowing beard and hair of St. Andrew are visible, but it must be owned that the total absence of drapery, and the comparative paucity of distinctive badges renders the task of identification far from easy. Vasari, if we read his text rightly, gives the title of Adam, father of mankind, to a noble figure on the right of Christ, in which Mr. Harford, more justly as it seems to us, recognizes St. John the Baptist. A shaggy mantle of skin hanging loosely from the figure lends probability to this hypothesis, while the very aged man who, followed by a female,

[1] Another instance of this method of displaying the wounds of the Saviour may be seen in a *rilievo* on the pulpit of Giovanni Pisano, a plaster model of which is in the South Kensington Museum.

advances from behind St. Peter, may not improbably have been intended for Adam.

The difficulties here cited will show how useless would be any attempt at detailing the infinite variety of subjects, the amazing display of anatomic knowledge to be met with in the regions of the Blest, and among the bearers of the Emblems of the Passion, who triumphantly carry the Cross, the Dice, the Column of Scourging into the upper regions of the sky. On the right hand of the Baptist are assembled a more than ordinary number of female forms, which, however, offer no clue for identification. A mother and daughter in the foreground remind us by their attitude of the Niobe of Scopas, and may possibly be due to some unconscious reminiscence of that group. Before quitting this part of the picture, it may be proper to refer to the suggestion that the kneeling figure behind St. Peter has been intended to represent Dante. The soiled condition of the fresco is too great to enable a distinct examination of the features, of which all that can be said is, that they have an intelligent, and, so to speak, portrait-like character, but there is no antecedent improbability in the suggestion. The poet had been already placed in a post of honour on Raphael's Parnassus; the enduring reverence in which he was held by Michael Angelo is well known, and the painter may have gladly indulged his hero-worship by placing the form of Italy's greatest poet in a far higher region than that already allotted to him. The humility of the attitude, and the earnest attempt to gain an imperfect

glance at the Divine Brightness sufficiently vindicate the painter from any charge of over-boldness, and Michael Angelo might rejoice that he had within his power a means of testifying his devotion; for this monument at least he had no need to ask, and be refused permission by a worthless master.

One would willingly identify some of the resuscitated dead who, sometimes by their own unassisted efforts, sometimes by the energetic aid of supernal powers, are attaining the region destined to the Pardoned, and cannot but speculate on the meaning of the two figures, one a monk and seemingly a portrait, whom a powerful angel lifts into safety by means of a rosary wound about their bodies. Few of the early painters of the Judgment have failed to introduce a combat between angel and devil for the body of some sinner whose fate hangs trembling in the balance, nor has Michael Angelo failed to avail himself of so congenial a subject. More than one such group will be found, in which the victims are rescued from the very jaws of hell, and where, as may be supposed, the struggles of the disappointed fiends are fearful in their intensity. In this part of the picture is given the awakening of the yet unjudged dead. No idealism is allowed: all is sternly, terribly materialistic. Ghastly skeletons sit yet unclothed with flesh, human corpses awake from the sleep of death, raise themselves out of the ground, or struggle from beneath the weight of superincumbent gravestones. Only in one corner a friar in his robes seems to offer comfort, though to whom the limit of the painting

leaves us in ignorance. The group of seven summoning angels and two who bear the fatal books of record is appalling. So gigantic is their strength, so fierce their energy, that the spectator seems to hear the unceasing, all-penetrating blare of their trumpets. Such beings seem fit to call a whole world to come forth and abide their doom, be it for weal or woe.

We have now to note an admirable piece of artistic composition. On the left of the picture the artist has introduced many martyred saints bearing, as is usual, the instruments of their martyrdom. The bearers are of course located among the saved, yet the display of torturing weapons, saws, harrows, the wheel of St. Catharine, the arrows of St. Sebastian, and, above all, the wonderful St. Bartholomew, whose stripped-off skin offers a ghastly mockery of life, terrify the spectator, and form a fitting introduction to the groups beneath wherein the fate of the irretrievably lost is typified. Powerful demons clutch and bear to perdition sinners, some in unresisting despair, others hopelessly struggling, the nature of whose sins is darkly hinted at by the varied attitudes of their tormentors. It is in this part of the composition that the influence of Dante makes itself most clearly felt. Several of the groups seem to be painted illustrations of particular stanzas in the "Inferno," and the figure of Charon, with eyes of demoniac fire, beating with his oar the reluctant wretches whom fiends are tearing from the bark and plunging into the unseen abyss, is to be found, word for word, in a stanza of Dante, which, as Vasari and most other narrators of the scene have quoted, has attained, we presume, a prescrip-

tive right to appear below.[1] Here also stands the gigantic Minos, another personage whose office, as all readers of the classics know, is borrowed from heathen sources, and who is connected with a story too amusing to be suppressed. Biagio da Cesena, the papal master of the ceremonies, being asked his opinion of the newly-finished picture, flushed with virtuous indignation at the academic *nude*, declared the composition fitter for a tavern or a bagnio than for a papal chapel. Swift retribution was at hand. When the papal train had left the chapel, the offended artist seized his brush. A few touches transformed the features of the infernal judge into a speaking likeness of the unfortunate official; by the addition of asses' ears Minos was converted into Midas, and a huge serpent coiled around the giant's body savagely intimates the artist's opinion of the feelings which had given birth to the unwise criticism.

The unfortunate master of the ceremonies, informed, no doubt, by some good-natured friend, of the painter's vengeance, carried his mournful complaint to the pope, prayed for redress through his Holiness's intervention, and received a reply which savoured strongly of the spirit then in vogue at the head-quarters of sacerdotalism; one which would have pleased Leo, or possibly Clement, though not the despised Adrian. "Where has he placed you, then?" asked the amused Farnese. "In

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1 Caronte demonio, con occhi di bragia,
Loro accennando, tutte le raccoglie,
Batte col remo qualunque si adagia.

hell, your Holiness!" answered Biagio. "I am sorry to hear it," was the grave reply; "had it been in purgatory only, our power might doubtless have availed, but '*ex infernis est nulla redemptio.*'" "Thou seest what has come upon thee, thou naughty varlet: thou art to continue, thou knave, thou art to continue!" is the dire threat of Master Constable Elbow to Froth, and Biagio da Cesena continues to this day to show the world an unmistakeable profile portrait, respectable and harmless, but whose feeble jaw and retreating forehead testify to a plentiful lack of wit.

Objections to the daring nudities of the Judgment were, however, by no means confined to old priests: there were many critics who could not tolerate the obstinate rejection of drapery which the painter seems to have deemed essential to so awful a subject, and one of these demands a somewhat detailed notice, as his power was great and matched only by his malice. To no man can the sentiment, that God had intrusted him with good talents and the Devil had taught him the application of them, be more justly applied than to Pietro Aretino. His perceptions were keen, his powers of language unrivalled, and all classes dreaded his hostile pen: sovereign princes paid hard cash to escape from the poisonous satire of a man whom no feeling of honesty controlled, and who openly boasted of his power to levy contributions when and wheresoever it pleased him. His letters to Titian, with whom his residence in Venice made him very familiar, prove him to have possessed a considerable feeling for art, as indeed there were few subjects on which he could not

write with facility. He had even dared to compose a religious treatise, while of the depths of infamy to which he could descend we have evidence in the fact that Marcantonio the engraver was imprisoned for his share in a shameful book of which the text was written by Aretino.[1] This man was an art-collector, so was the proconsul Verres: so also was Marshal Soult. But none of them dreamed of paying in cash for what could so easily be obtained by threats, and ample evidence exists of the barefacedness of Aretino's exactions and the terror with which artists yielded black-mail to this literary free-booter. Vasari, among others, had presented to Aretino two drawings and a clay head by Michael Angelo. What has become of them now is not known, but they were highly valued by Aretino, who shortly afterwards contrived to enter into correspondence with the great artist himself. His letter is a rare compound of fulsome laudation, insinuations as to his own powers to make or mar a reputation, and overweening vanity. There were many kings, only one Michael Angelo. Nature herself could not, at least she never did, attain to his dignity. Phidias, Apelles, Vitruvius, were all eclipsed. Yet even Aretino, not all unworthy—at least so princes thought—would venture to detail how he thought the Last Judgment ought to be painted; and he goes on with many counsels as to this work, which must have been bitterly offensive to the haughty and pure spirit of the

[1] Aretino of course escaped all punishment, and Marcantonio was soon freed from jail by Clement XII., at the bidding of his powerful associate.

painter. His reply is couched in a spirit of refined irony. He regrets that his picture is so far advanced that he cannot profit by the advice of one who could not have described the scene more perfectly if he had been actually present. He solicits favour from one whose praise emperors and kings value so highly, and will gladly offer anything of his which Aretino will accept, and concludes by begging him not to think of visiting Rome for the sake of seeing his paintings,—"that would be indeed too much." The professed satirist, the practised manipulator of words, could not fail to penetrate the scarcely hidden contempt which shone through the courtesy of Michael Angelo's reply, and we may feel sure that Aretino secretly registered a vow of vengeance against the haughty rebel who seemed careless of his censure, and scorned his artistic counsels. But Aretino was a careful man, and could bide his time. Nor did he disdain a small present advantage in anticipation of a subsequent and more perfect retribution. His answer was gracious, and he begged for some very trifling sketch from the hand of the great artist. This request seems to have been neglected, and, if so, added no doubt another item to the bead-roll of offences conned by rote to be hereafter cast into the teeth of the offender. Six years, however, elapsed before any further correspondence took place, and when it recommenced, Aretino's expressions were as ever most honied. Shortly afterwards the promised sketch is again alluded to, and when nothing, or something of no great value, was sent, Aretino shows clearly the thoroughly mercantile view he takes of the whole transaction, and assumes the tone of a

long-suffering and indignant creditor, threatening forcible measures for the recovery of a just debt.

In the year 1545 Titian, being commanded by Paul III. to paint his portrait, visited Rome. The two great artists, the master of colouring, the acknowledged autocrat of design, were now to meet, and as their domains were totally divided and scarcely even conterminous, an interchange of high esteem unaffected by jealousy might be anticipated. The result was otherwise. Though Michael himself could dread no interference on the part of the great Venetian, to other artists his presence in Rome was objectionable. He was a dangerous and might be a successful rival in the continual labours of the Vatican palace. His stay in Rome was not rendered agreeable by their ill-concealed alarm, nor did the estimate of his powers expressed by Michael Angelo suffice to make him oblivious of minor annoyances. It was laudatory, no doubt, but qualified with regret as to his deficiency in drawing, which may have more than counterbalanced the high praise bestowed on his skill in colour. Whether Titian's correspondence with Aretino may have in any degree influenced that writer to break his long and ominous silence, or whether the snake having long crawled and coiled felt that the time had at length come to erect its crest and strike, we know not. Certain it is that in November, 1545, Aretino addressed to Michael Angelo a letter unmatched perhaps for insolent hypocrisy. The "scourge of princes," as he—and, it must be admitted, with some show of reason—named himself, takes upon him to rebuke the painter for having "introduced

men into the highest temple of God," which he describes in pompous language, pardonable in a devout believer, grossly offensive in one so notoriously vicious as Aretino. More than this, the foul apostle of vice, the worthy colleague of a licentious engraver, is "ashamed, as a Christian having received holy baptism," at the freedom which had shocked the feelings of poor Biagio da Cesena. Having no delight in contemplating the devil quoting scripture for a purpose, we will gladly pass from the dignified rebukes, which, as he takes care to state, have not been drawn forth by the non-receipt of the present so often and so vainly asked for. By an easy transition he passes to the calumnies respecting the sepulchre of Julius, the "heaps of gold" which had been embezzled, concluding that part of his discourse with the pious reflection that what had happened was through God's will, that so bad a man might not be honoured by building the tomb of so good a pope: not that Michael Angelo was a bit less culpable on that account. Finally appears the great, the unpardonable crime of the artist. Had he but adhered to the scientific instruction vouchsafed him by the writer, then indeed Nature would not have had cause to be ashamed—as now, we presume, she had—that she had so misapplied her gifts as to bestow them on so unworthy a recipient as Michael Angelo.

CHAPTER III.

In Old Age.

IT was necessary, in the latter part of our story, to lead the reader through the repulsive details of Aretino's intercourse with the artist, seeing that this bad man possessed, as he well knew, a dreadful power of slander, and his poisoned fangs rankled long in the wounds which he inflicted. We gladly, however, turn from this painful episode in the life of Buonarroti, and revert to one comfort, and that a great one, which had for some time cheered his now declining years, namely, his friendship with Vittoria Colonna. This noble lady was the childless widow of the Marchese Pescara, who died in consequence of wounds received at the battle of Pavia, and her palace in Naples had long been the centre of a highly intellectual circle of both sexes, among whom was numbered the lovely Duchess of Fondi, Giulia Gonzaga, whose charms of mind and person had been fatal to Ippolito de' Medici. Around these high-born dames were gathered the noblest thinkers of Italy and Spain, men whose really catholic

minds had conceived and strove to bring about a healing of the grievous wound the scandalous reign of Leo X. had inflicted upon the Church of Christ. The task was, as we know, beyond their powers, but to attempt the impossible is not necessarily a proof of rashness, and is often the result of noblest aspirations. In 1536 Vittoria Colonna removed her residence from Naples to Rome, where she stayed till 1541, highly honoured by Paul III. notwithstanding the ill-will which that pontiff bore towards her family, and which eventually fell with crushing violence on the great house of Colonna.

The gulf which yawned between Luther and Rome was not at that time utterly impassable, or at least was not so considered by many Italians, and Pope Paul looked with favour upon any efforts at reconciliation. The road to peace, little as might be expected, seemed to be opened from the City of Naples, where Occhino, a Venetian monk,[1] preached the doctrines of pure life and of loving union between brothers with unequalled fervour. Charles V. had attended the sermons of Occhino and testified to their eloquence. Paul had summoned him to become his confessor at Rome. But another party in the Church was sternly opposed to all attempts at conciliation with heretics, and was the more likely to prevail, seeing that the Reformers on their side stood sternly aloof, while the priestly body themselves had long deplored the corrupt state of the Church of Rome, which

[1] We have given to this good man the title by which he is usually designated in the histories of the time; but to students of ecclesiastical history he will be better known as Fra Bernardino of Siena.

they conscientiously strove to regenerate through honest self-restraint and unflinching discipline. Caraffa, bishop of Theate, a man of rigid morality, fiery zeal, and shrinking from no amount of severity, was the leader of this party, which received from him the title of Theatines, and which proved eventually strong enough to drive away from Rome the dangerous body of liberal-minded ecclesiastics, who united to their own learning and benevolence the potent aid of female courage and beauty. Renée of Ferrara, Giulia Gonzaga, Margaret of Navarre, and Vittoria Colonna, were dangerous foes to narrow-minded and conscientious bigotry.

During the five years of Vittoria's residence in Rome her friendship for Michael Angelo was open and unrestrained. When she was obliged to retreat to Viterbo their correspondence gave joy to his waning years, and her death in 1547 was the severest blow fate had yet power to inflict upon his old age. The healing influence of a mind like that of Vittoria Colonna upon a reserved unsocial temperament such as, notwithstanding various instances to the contrary, we must conceive Buonarroti's to have been, can hardly be over-estimated. In his younger days he had declared that he neither had nor wished to have any friends, and though totally devoid of envy, and willing to acknowledge the merits of others, as many of his recorded sayings prove, he nowhere appears to have sought, hardly even endured, the society of his celebrated contemporaries. In one of his letters he distinctly accuses Bramante and Raphaèl d'Urbino of envy, and though we are warranted in deeming the charge ill-

founded as regards the painter, there can be no doubt that the intriguing spirit of his uncle Bramante must have placed Raphael himself in an unfavourable position towards Buonarroti. It is pleasant, while on this subject, to think of Michael Angelo, at a later date, visiting Raphael while the latter was engaged on the Farnesina frescoes, and leaving, by way of a good-humoured challenge to the absent artist, the gigantic head in chalk which still remains in one of the compartments of the ceiling. But to the softer female influences, above all, he was at all times impassive. With Hamlet he might with truth say, "Man delights me not, nor woman neither," and although to this limitation of his sympathies may be due that concentration of his mind upon highest themes to which much of his sublime conceptions are due, it cannot be doubted that his works would have gained in grace, his manners have lost somewhat of asperity, had he been in a degree pervious to the charms which held but too much sway over many of his contemporaries.

To a proud, solitary, much-worn spirit such as that of Michael Angelo, the happy accident—we know not what it was—which brought him into the society of this refined woman and of the great spirits whom she had gathered round her, seemed a special grace of Providence. In a very charming account of one of their interviews, written by a Dutch miniature painter then in high favour at Rome, and which bears more evidence of genuineness than is usually found in such *memoranda*, the hostess is represented as saying that she knows Michael Angelo already. Of their rapidly-increasing intimacy

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there is sufficient evidence. All the time which could be spared from his labours at the Sistine chapel was devoted to intercourse, either personal or by letter, with the new, and indeed first, object of his admiration. Indeed, so continual were his letters or verses—for the fashion of recording feelings in rhyme was a recognized form of courtesy—that the lady at one time offers a remonstrance, couched in gracious terms, on the ground that the correspondence trenches upon hours which ought to be devoted by both of them to more serious duties.

It would be a gross misconstruction of the nature of the attraction which drew Michael Angelo towards Vittoria Colonna, were we to conceive the old man of sixty-four falling now for the first time under the spell of female loveliness, and finding in a noble dame of eight-and-thirty, well known to be devoted to the memory of the husband for whom she always wore weeds, aught analogous to the object of youthful love. Nothing seems more certain than that to love, in the sense in which that word is usually employed, Michael Angelo was, through his whole life, a stranger. That among his sonnets some may be found containing phrases of an amatory turn is true; but the metaphysical, self-analyzing poetry of that age must not be taken as actual revelations of hard facts. The sonnet had become the essential form in which men of refined minds recorded their thoughts, the being to whom the author offered homage was frequently less a reality than an idealism, and in Michael Angelo's case may be safely pronounced a mere abstraction. In his numerous poetic offerings which he laid on the altar of

his actual living goddess, no single expression can be found referring to her personal charms; she was to him as a messenger from a higher sphere commissioned to raise his thoughts above the smoke and stir of this dim globe, and it is easy to imagine how, after a day spent in toiling among wet lime, bandying recriminations with papal officials—for his temper had not lost its original fire—or, worst of all, struggling against the incubus of Julius' tomb, he must have rejoiced to devote some few minutes to one whom he regarded with chivalrous devotion. Little probability was there that even one of those minutes would be wasted on the thankless task of corresponding with an Aretino!

This period of Michael Angelo's life was probably the happiest he had ever enjoyed, but it was destined to receive a rude shock. The liberal party to which Vittoria belonged, notwithstanding that it numbered among its members Contarini the Venetian cardinal, and the English cardinal Pole, either of whom might reasonably hope at the next election to attain the tiara, felt themselves under the present pope gradually losing ground. The shrewdness of Cardinal Caraffa detected afar off the danger to Rome of the new doctrines which were fast gaining ground through all Italy, and with unceasing energy he pressed upon the unwilling Paul III. the establishment at Rome of the Inquisition. Although this dreaded tribunal was not formally sanctioned by the pope until April, 1542, keen enquirers had already been busy as to the opinions prevalent in Vittoria's circle, and her retirement from Rome, in 1541, may have been

dictated as much by apprehension of Caraffa's enmity as by the act of her brother Ascanio, who, by heading a formidable riot against an oppressive salt-tax, necessarily compromised the safety of his sister's residence in the capital. She withdrew to Viterbo, and took with her much of the sunshine of Michael Angelo's life.

It was about this time that the painting of the Last Judgment was completed. A serious accident occurred to the artist, who, falling from a high part of the scaffolding, injured his leg. In Vasari's account we trace the fierce intractable temper that from time to time flashes out in Michael Angelo's story, still burning unquenched by age. He shut himself into his room, and refused all medical aid. A kind Florentine physician, probably made aware of the disaster, called at his house, could gain no admission, and, forcing himself, in some irregular fashion, into the sufferer's room, insisted on staying there, nor would he leave the refractory patient till he had effected a cure. It does not seem difficult to imagine the sombre thoughts that dictated this unreasonable obstinacy of the artist. Why should he care much for the injury? He was no more wanted in the world: his favourite brother, his venerable father, had long ceased to need the help which, while they lived, he had ungrudgingly afforded; he had done the state good service in more than one line of art, and what had been his reward? Accusations of dishonesty and immorality from the very parties who quarrelled as to their claims upon his service; and now the only friend whose kindness had cheered his declining years was taken from him.

Was it worth while to patch up his bruised frame? All thanks be given to the good Baccio Rontini, whose medicaments and the loving care with which they were administered, healed, we may feel sure, more than mere bodily injuries.

Paul did not vouchsafe much leisure time to the artist. No sooner were the works at the Sistine Chapel terminated, than the pope, who had caused Antonio di San Gallo to construct, at the other end of the large hall, a smaller chapel destined to bear his own name, insisted that Michael Angelo should decorate the walls of this chapel also. To hear was to obey, and with the aid of Pierino del Vaga, to whom the roof and architectural decorations were entrusted, Michael Angelo set to work to plan two large frescoes for the new building. He was not allowed to work long at them. The pope was anxious to fortify the Quartiere del Borgo, the portion of the city immediately adjoining the Vatican, and although plans had been drawn out, and work commenced under Antonio di San Gallo, now generally considered the best authority on military architecture, Paul, who always seems to have held Michael Angelo's talents in high esteem, insisted on his passing judgment on San Gallo's work. Some people, it has been said, seem destined to be always clashing with each other, and this was eminently the case with Buonarroti and San Gallo. When the former unexpectedly left Florence for Venice, San Gallo had continued the fortifications of San Miniato; when he absolutely refused to help in designing the Fortezza da Basso, which he rightly regarded as the tomb of Florentine freedom, San Gallo had actively com-

pleted the obnoxious building; in the Farnese Palace, Paul had preferred Michael Angelo's design for the noble cornice which crowns the elevation, and now the same hated rival was brought forward to criticize the fortifications of the Borgo. High words passed between the artists, San Gallo maintaining that a painter was no good judge of military works, and Michael Angelo vowing that fortification had been his special study, in which he felt himself more than a match for San Gallo and all his house.[1] The result was a series of sketches made by Michael Angelo, which, though Vasari's language is somewhat obscure, seem to have greatly modified San Gallo's plans, and caused a noble gateway of his to remain incomplete.

In 1546 San Gallo died. He had been for ten years chief architect of the great basilica of St. Peter's, which was gradually taking the place of the venerable edifice so long the main glory of Christian Rome; but the new building had undergone so many changes of plan that its ultimate character was yet undecided, and its success, as a work of art, very dubious. Bramante, the original architect, had determined that a central cupola should be a distinctive feature, and had proceeded so far with the four main supports that no change in that matter was possible. But his plans seem not to have been thoroughly known to his successors; his own nephew, Raphael

[1] We have translated Vasari's words, "casa sua," literally, but it is more probable that they referred to the partizans of San Gallo, who were numerous and active in depreciation of Buonarroti. Giuliano di San Gallo had been his early and constant friend.

d'Urbino, deviated from his ground plan: Baldassare Peruzzi, who on Raphael's early death was appointed chief architect, had also his own ideas, classic and graceful, but which San Gallo, in turn, rejected as unworthy. Meanwhile, so much additional strength had necessarily been given to Bramante's original supports, that San Gallo at his death left little more completed than the four enormous masses with their connecting arches. It may give those who have not seen, and even perhaps many of those who have seen, this wondrous pile, an idea of the toil expended on those main elements of the construction, to state that each of the solid masses occupies the area of a moderately large church.

A successor in this great work was imperatively needed, and Pope Paul urgently desired that Michael Angelo should be the man. How great must not have been the sense of power with which this wondrous man inspired others, how firm their conviction that in him was contained an almost superhuman energy, when so laborious a task was thrust on one already past the Scriptural term of life! Michael himself was unwilling to accept the office, and consented at length to do so with the express stipulation that he should receive no salary. This was thoroughly in accordance with the character of the man, and is in itself a sufficient answer, were any needed, to the calumnies so industriously propagated against him as to misappropriation. We have ever seen him modest in demanding,—"pusillanimo a richiedere" was the phrase used by one who knew him well,—carelessly liberal of his own labour, and anxious for no better fate than to

work hard, and maintain, in some comfort, his aged father and his less capable brothers. He had now none to labour for, the frugal habits of a life were not to be changed when death was drawing near, and the refusal of payment for the glorious services he was yet to render to the world, cost him, we may feel sure, not a moment's consideration.

It must not be supposed that his time was devoted to St. Peter's alone, vast as must have been the amount of actual business, the necessary consumption of time which the office of chief architect of so large an undertaking inferred. Besides his own private engagements, his labours in the Cappella Paolina, his hand is to be found everywhere in Rome, her palaces, churches, statues, all bear witness to his unceasing labours.

The first and most urgent duty of the chief architect of St. Peter's was, however, to decide upon the most important features of the edifice, and carry them out, if possible, so far as to render subsequent deviation impracticable. Michael Angelo lost no time in taking up the subject. A model of unusual dimensions and completeness, which had cost four thousand gold crowns,[1] showed distinctly the intentions of the late architect. With these, however, Michael Angelo showed no sympathy whatever, and those who have studied the model, still preserved in an upper chamber of St. Peter's, will feel no cause to regret its rejection. None will deny the engineering skill of the man who planned and carried out the terrible well of Orvieto, the fortifications of

[1] About £1,700.

Civita Vecchia and Nepi, and combated successfully with the ever-recurring difficulties of the river Velino, in which last labour he lost his life. But his artistic taste was less eminent, and his model of St. Peter's, above all, would, if carried out, have resulted in a building of enormous size and littleness, overcharged with pyramids, obelisks, and spheres, incapable of conveying any single or simple idea to the bewildered spectator. The deceased architect had, however, many admirers or, at all events, adherents, and bitter were the recriminations of what Vasari calls "la setta Sangallesca," when a new model—produced in the short space of fifteen days and at the incomprehensibly small cost of twenty-five crowns—showed that Michael Angelo proposed to revert in all chief features to the original plan of Bramante. The last-named artist, it may be remembered, had not been on friendly terms with Michael Angelo, by whom he is distinctly charged with envy. This recollection, however,—for we do not claim for our artist the facility of forgetting the injuries he might forgive,—weighed as nothing with him when the interests of art were in question. He has left on record his opinion that Bramante was the equal of any architect whether of ancient or modern times, that he laid the first stone of the new St. Peter's not at random but with clear and distinct foreknowledge, and that in proportion as any diverged from Bramante's plans—as San Gallo had done—in so much had he diverged from truth. Perfect consistency is rarely to be found in human acts, those at least which take long in completion; nor was Michael Angelo an exception to the rule. Bramante's plan, as preserved through

the medium of Raphael, unquestionably was in the form of a Latin cross, the form most employed in the Christian cathedrals of Europe, though the breadth both of nave and transepts was greater in proportion to the length than in the masterpieces of Gothic architecture. The highly cultivated taste of Baldassare Peruzzi had made him select the Greek cross, in which the length of the opposite limbs are of equal length, and to this form, which gives more external symmetry and is better fitted to display that cupola which he felt was to be the crowning glory of the edifice, Michael Angelo inclined. The Church of S. Maria degli Angeli offers another instance of his predilection for the Greek cross. Availing himself of a magnificently simple hall in the baths of Diocletian, which has, by singular good fortune, preserved nearly all of its red granite monolith columns, its roof, and even the sockets of the lamps which lighted the imperial banquets, Michael Angelo by the addition of transepts at half the length of the hall had produced a church of rare grandeur. Its beauty may be still appreciated by the visitor who will place himself at the south-eastern end, where the architect designed the entrance to be. Unfortunately after his death the plan was altered, a circular vestibule was added to one transept which now represents a nave, its companion does duty as a choir, and the grand hall consequently has become a pair of most disproportionate transepts. But to return to St. Peter's.

The body of the building, as designed by Michael Angelo, was to have been surrounded by a single Corinthian order of 108 feet in height, surmounted by an attic of 32 feet, and the effect

of such noble dimensions, admirably proportioned to the cupola above, which the Greek cross would have displayed in full perfection, would have been far superior to that of the actual building. Carlo Maderno, after the death of Buonarroti, was allowed to revert to the original scheme of the Latin cross, and the dome is thereby in a great measure concealed by the façade.

There were two other important advantages resulting from the adoption of Michael Angelo's plan, which are rarely combined, namely, a saving of both time and money. About £140,000 of our money, and fifty years of labour, represented, according to the artist's computation, the difference between his design and that of San Gallo.

The form of the cupola was, of course, of primary importance, and to this Buonarroti at once addressed himself. Bramante had proposed to surround his cupola by a peristyle of columns, an arrangement the beauty of which will be at once comprehended by a glance at the Pantheon of Paris, and our own St. Paul's. Michael Angelo, however, having in view the requirements of lighting, felt himself obliged to depart from the original idea, and, by the insertion in the drum of sixteen windows, with coupled columns between each, has secured to this gigantic edifice an amount and distribution of light truly wonderful.

But a yet more serious objection to Bramante's cupola was its structural defects, it being admittedly unable to support a crowning lantern. This fault, which no doubt would have been discovered and remedied by the author, had now to be guarded

against in the new dome, and Buonarroti looked back in thought to the mother church of his own beautiful Florence. The cupola of Filippo Brunelleschi was an object of wonder to all later artists, and to none more than Michael Angelo. When on a previous occasion it had been suggested to him to produce a dome different to that of the cathedral, he had replied that it was easier to differ from than to surpass it, and tradition now ascribes to him a rhyming distich stating that he would produce a sister dome, larger perhaps but not fairer. His declaration proved singularly and happily incorrect. The dimensions of the two cupolas are virtually identical, in beauty that of later date is far superior. That of Brunelleschi is rather wonderful than beautiful, and a just idea of the boldness of the man who, when the low covering of the Pantheon of Agrippa was as yet the greatest object of emulation to architects, ventured to lift into air so spacious an expanse, is perhaps best realized by a partial view of the ribs, as seen from the narrow streets around it. The dome of St. Peter's, on the contrary, acquiring dignity from the drum on which it is elevated, lightness from the pendentives on which it is placed, and unity from its circular plan, so far superior to the angular form of its Florentine rival, carries out far more closely the object avowedly aimed at, to raise the dome of the Pantheon, and sûspend it in air. Once seen, the dome of St. Peter's is never forgotten, and the traveller recalls it to his memory in all its varied aspects, whether as forming the magnet of attraction, as seen from the hills surrounding the historic plain of Latium, or echoing to the silver trumpets which

announce the presence of the Sovereign Priest, or glowing in the robe of fire with which, on nights of high festival, the devotion of worshippers have clothed it.

To the skilled mind of the architect, however, Brunelleschi's cupola possessed merits not obvious to the eye of an ordinary spectator, and his assertion that it could not be surpassed must be taken as referring rather to its admirable construction. The double dome, the outer and inner shell, with intervening space, is due to the genius of Brunelleschi, and those who have felt the strange sensation of being suspended in air which accompanies an ascent over the inner cupola of St. Peter's ought not to omit visiting the earlier triumph of architectural skill on which Michael Angelo avowedly framed his own more perfect model.

It has been the lot of most great benefactors of the world to see little or none of the fruits of their genius. Beethoven never heard his own matchless compositions; Columbus scarcely saw, and never comprehended, the new world which he had given to the old; and Buonarroti died before a single limb of his cupola was raised to its place. In his mind's eye, however, the aged architect nevertheless clearly foresaw that which, for our good fortune, was really executed according to his design; and few things can give a more vivid idea of his ever-enduring powers than the beautiful model of the cupola which, complete in its minutest details, even to the very ladder still employed for access to the more difficult places, still exists in a chamber of the building, to show what such a man could do at the age of eighty-seven. Sophocles triumphantly refuted the charge of

enfeebled intellect by declaiming before his judges his yet unpublished Œdipus Coloneus; the reply of Michael Angelo to his calumniators was equally practical and satisfactory.

It is needless to attempt a chronologic detail of the order in which Michael Angelo's architectural works in Rome were carried on, inasmuch as materials for accuracy are wanting, and many undertakings were doubtless carried on simultaneously. It was, however, during the reign of Paul III. that he was charged with the task of giving somewhat of dignity to the Capitoline Hill, the cradle of the infant city. The buildings which occupy three sides of the Piazza are favourable specimens of his architecture, and must have presented a far more imposing effect when charged with the numerous ancient statues for the display of which they were specially designed, but which a truer reverence has now transferred to the various museums of Rome and other capitals. The companion statues of the Tiber and the Nile, the central figure of Jupiter, Marforio, the comrade of the witty Pasquino, have all left the open square, and taken shelter from the inclemency of even a Roman sky. But on the terrace facing the main ascent from the Piazza below still stand the Colossi commonly known as Castor and Pollux, the military trophies which tradition associates with the name of Marius, the massive column which marked the first mile on the Appian Road: and the location of these noble remnants of imperial grandeur took place under the direction of Michael Angelo. Above all, it was he who gave its present resting-place to the celebrated equestrian bronze statue of Marcus

Aurelius, almost the only survivor of imperatorial bronzes, and owing its preservation, through the various perils of the dark ages, solely to the happy ignorance which mistook the rider for the Emperor Constantine. The admiration of the sculptor for the marvellous vitality of the horse is well known,[1] and nothing can exceed the judicious manner in which he has placed the statue. It stands on an elliptic pedestal of moderate height in the centre of the square, which slopes gently downwards from the three sides, thereby affording to the spectator an admirable view of both horse and rider, and differing greatly from the heavy effigies prevalent in most capitals, whose elevated positions seem to be intended for the convenience of blacksmiths and veterinary surgeons.

We turn aside for awhile from the public labours of the artist to contemplate the inner and more private life which goes on in all men, but of which the curtain is rarely raised to allow the outer crowd even partial glimpses of what is passing. In 1542 Vittoria Colonna returned to Rome. During the six years of her absence Michael Angelo had not ceased to correspond with her, and her continued esteem for him may be judged of by the fact that she had, at various times, sent him forty of the noble and vigorous sonnets in which she recorded feelings, the faith and charity of which might have, but did not, absolve her from the suspicion of scattering abroad the seeds of false

[1] Among the rather numerous collections of *ana* relating to Michael Angelo is recorded his admiring exclamation of "Cammina!" (go on!) to the horse, whose spirited action is obvious to the most unpractised eye.

doctrine. She returned to Rome broken in health and spirits. Her family were disgraced, their estates confiscated, which could not but be a severe blow to one whose religious aspirations had never entirely crushed the pride belonging to a princess of a noble house; while of the bright band who once gathered round her with high and holy aims, the members were scattered and dismayed by the active measures of the Inquisition, newly established in Rome, but already full of vigour in its fearful action. Occhino, summoned to Rome, had been warned that his obedience would be surely followed by his death, and when, before finally quitting Italy, he addressed to Vittoria a justification of his conduct in openly joining the ranks of the Reformers, Vittoria consulted her own safety by enclosing the packet to the cardinal who afterwards became the successor of Paul III.

Throughout these mournful days Michael Angelo's devotion to the lady of his thoughts was unceasing. His labours were now engrossing, his health failing, for in 1544 he lay for weeks in great suffering at a friend's house, yet his communications with Vittoria were so frequent that, as she gently assured him, they prevented her from fully discharging the duties she had now taken upon herself, that of instructing young girls in the convent of S. Anna dei Funari. This happy communion was soon to cease for the old man. In 1547 Vittoria, whose health had long been decaying, died at the palace of a relative, whither she had caused herself to be conveyed, probably that she might enjoy, more freely than conventual rules would allow, the sad society of her few remaining friends. Among them came the

solitary old man to whom, for eleven years, she had been the incarnation of all his life had ever known of grace and beauty. He kissed her hand reverently ere he withdrew to battle with his great grief, and in his confession, long years afterwards, that he deeply regretted not having ventured to press his lips to her cheeks and forehead, we have the sole evidence of the influence of aught like love over the mind of the ascetic and lonely Michael Angelo.

Another blow fell in this ill-omened year upon the hopes of Michael Angelo, and one not the less sore that he was unable to give his sorrow words. Though he never appears as an ardent demagogue, Buonarroti was, as we know, a sincere adherent of the Republican party. Notwithstanding the crushing defeat they had sustained, hope had not quite deserted the vanquished, and rather than gaze despairingly on the subjection of their beloved city, they turned their eyes towards Francis I. Nothing can show more clearly the straits to which they felt themselves reduced than their consenting once again to lean upon the broken reed which had so sorely pierced them; but so it was. Secret negotiations were opened with the French king, and it is difficult to restrain a mournful smile when we find Michael Angelo offering to Francis the artistic bribe of an equestrian bronze statue which he pledges himself to execute when he shall see the king in Florence. Francis, on his part, had shown high courtesy, a brilliant varnish in which his words were never deficient, and by a letter written in his own person to the artist, he informs him that a messenger will wait on him, charged to purchase any

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IN THE SACRISTY OF SAN LORENZO AT FLORENCE.

FROM THE ORIGINAL MARBLE.

works which he may have disposable, and particularly to obtain from him a cast of two statues which he names.[1] All these plans were, however, terminated by the death of the French monarch in the early part of 1547, and with him vanished the last faint aspirations still cherished by Florentine patriots, among whom Buonarroti must be classed, to free their country from the hated rule of the Medici.

After such deep deprivations, it seems almost childish to record other deaths which at this time affected the artist. His brother Giovansimone, and his old pupil Sebastian del Piombo, both died in the same year as Vittoria Colonna. With the former, though united by the ties of birth, his intercourse had not been always cordial; but increasing age softens the asperities of youth, and in a letter to his nephew Leonardo, he expresses great regret that he and his brother should not have met before their deaths, as he had often hoped, and inquires earnestly as to the circumstances of his death. Sebastian had been an early and highly favoured pupil of Buonarroti, and although when he obtained the office of *piombatore*, or bearer of the pope's leaden seal, he had in a great measure relinquished the practice of art, yet his death could not have been a matter of indifference to his old friend and adviser. Before his death Fra Bastiano had recommended to Michael Angelo a young priest as capable of restoring for the pope many antique statues which were in the Farnese palace, and for this youth,

[1] See Appendix.

known as Guglielmo della Porta, the artist, now powerful in court favour, obtained the succession to the office left vacant by Sebastian's death. It was to Guglielmo that Michael Angelo entrusted, among other things, the restoration of the colossal statue found in the Baths of Caracalla, and known as the Farnese Hercules. The fragments of the colossus had been strangely dispersed, and the lower limbs were entirely lost. Della Porta produced a pair of legs with which Michael Angelo was so well pleased, that when the originals were afterwards found near Gabii he insisted on retaining the restorations.[1]

In 1549 died Paul III., and Michael Angelo lost in him a kind friend and protector. The new pope, Julius III., seems, however, to have been equally well disposed towards him, and to have taken his part in the various disputes in which his office of architect frequently involved him. One of these occurred not long after the accession of Julius III., and sprung out of the unceasing rivalry of the priests for the best situations in the new basilica. It may be remembered that this mighty fabric owed its origin to the desire of Julius II. to find a worthy locality for the splendid mausoleum projected for him by the young Michael Angelo. This plan had long been relegated to the limbo of unfulfilled schemes, but the great church was at length assuming something like definite shape, and Cardinal Farnese was anxious to seize a commanding position for a monument to

[1] The original limbs were subsequently restored, when the statue was transferred to Naples.

his late relative, the deceased pope. Guglielmo della Porta had been selected to execute this task, and when Michael Angelo positively refused to mar the symmetry of the building by assenting to the cardinal's unreasonable proposal, the remembrance of former kindnesses did not prevent Della Porta from maintaining that the refusal sprang from envy. It is, however, satisfactory to learn that he afterwards acknowledged his error, and that the sepulchre, a work of considerable merit, now occupies a conspicuous site at the extreme end of the building.

In the year 1550 Buonarroti seems to have found time to bring to conclusion the long, long task of the tomb of Julius II. The intention of placing it in St. Peter's had been abandoned for many years, and in the church of S. Pietro in Vincoli, of which Julius had been cardinal, Michael Angelo had at length the comfort of seeing the sepulchre finally erected. The spot is well known to tourists. In one of the most desolate parts of the extensive quarter of Rome ravaged by the great conflagration caused by Robert Guiscard, stands this melancholy church. Not a house is visible from the terrace in front of the building. A few shapeless masses of the Baths of Titus, and an unequalled view of the huge Flavian amphitheatre, looking from this point well nigh as perfect as it did 1800 years ago, alone testify to the vicinity of the great city. Within the church the attention of the visitor is concentrated on one object alone. The tomb is at length complete, the number of statues, so bargained for and limited, has been duly furnished according to the last of all the contracts, but the speech of the

cardinal of Mantua has proved true: Moses is enough to do honour to the tomb of Julius. The guide-books duly record the names of the sculptors employed upon the other statues, and even tell us that two of them are from the hand of the master himself; but the visitor on leaving the spot carries away but one preponderating and all-sufficing idea, that of the great Lawgiver. Much criticism has been wasted, and some of a very feeble kind, upon the peculiar treatment of the statue. The drapery of the lower limbs offends one critic, the marvellous length of beard another, a third is puzzled by the mysterious pair of horns which the custom of the age assigned to the Lawgiver of the chosen people.[1]

The highest aim of art is not to produce a counterpart of nature, but to convey by a judicious employment of natural forms, and a wise deviation where required, the sentiment which it is the artist's object to inculcate. That aim has been fully attained; none can leave the lonely church of S. Pietro without a deep and abiding sense of the power, the dignity, the holiness breathing forth from the features of him to whom a divine mission has been just assigned. Moses takes rank with the Prometheus of Æschylus, with the highest and noblest conceptions of Dante and Shakespeare.

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[1] The origin of the horns, so common in the representations of Moses, whether paintings or statues, has been the subject of many disquisitions. The most commonly received explanation derives it from the Vulgate rendering the Hebrew epithet by the word "cornuta," but others have sought in the Greek mythology the reason why Pan lends his pagan horn to Moses.

At this time Michael Angelo had been for some time employed, as his scanty leisure allowed him, upon a Deposition from the Cross, which is yet to be seen behind the high altar of the cathedral of Florence. That it is, like so many of his works, unfinished, was not in this instance due to the interference of others, but to the nature of the block of marble which he had selected. Besides containing a great flaw which had almost decided him to abandon the work, the stone proved of a singularly intractable nature, and the vivid picture of the old man's fury of work described by an eye-witness, which we cited in the first chapter, was the indignation of an aged monarch against the rebel who dared dispute his power. Meanwhile his authority as chief architect, painter, and sculptor did not protect him from continual attacks by the San Gallo faction, who complained to the pope that he was spoiling the works at St. Peter's. At a meeting held in presence of the pope, Buonarroti explained fully his plans for obviating the faults of which he was accused, not without a haughty counsel to the two cardinals whom he considered the leaders of the movement to confine themselves to their own duties, and leave the building of St. Peter's to one who was in no way bound to tolerate their interference. This independent spirit did him no injury with the pope, by whom he was always highly esteemed, and who shortly afterwards, Vasari tells us, compelled him to sit down beside him, in the presence of twelve cardinals. A few weeks afterwards the appointment as chief architect conferred on him by Paul III. was officially confirmed by Julius.

Of worldly honour Michael Angelo had in truth more than enough: Cosimo de' Medici was unceasing in his efforts to allure back to Florence the artist, now approaching his eightieth year, and employed to that end the good offices of his old friends, Tribolo and Giorgio Vasari. During one of these visits, Vasari had an opportunity of seeing how active and unceasing were the attacks of the "setta Sangallesca." A certain Monsignor Tantecose (or Busybody)—for he may as well retain the title bestowed on him by the irritated artist—seems to have been a continual torment to the old man, and some of the machinations of his party were at times successful, little to the advantage of the city. A noble bridge of imperial date had shown symptoms of decay, and the ample preparations which Michael Angelo had made for its restoration were taken out of his charge and handed to an incompetent rival, who, selling the materials provided with so much care, and supplying their place with rubble, produced a bridge which the indignant Buonarroti protested he could feel trembling under his feet. The assertion was scarcely exaggerated, for it stood for a few years only, and the Ponte Rotto which all visitors remember as stretching its ruined arches towards the eternal masonry of Tarquinius Priscus, remains to witness what was the power of intrigue against science and honesty.

The glimpses we get from time to time of his domestic life are pleasing enough. Fate had denied him the calm pleasure of old age in seeing his own offspring around his hearth, but he endows with a marriage portion the daughter of a tradesman

in his neighbourhood, and learns with pleasure that his nephew Leonardo's son is to bear the name of Buonarroto,[1] though the saddened thoughts of age are discernible in the remark that it were wiser not to rejoice so much over a new birth, but to reserve our joy for the death of one who has lived well.

In 1555 died Julius III., in whom, as we have seen, Michael Angelo lost a kind and manly friend, who was not afraid of openly manifesting his high esteem for the artist, careless if in so doing he offended the crew of detractors who never ceased from their machinations against his fame. Julius was succeeded by Marcello Cervino, now Pope Marcellus II., "who knew not Joseph," or rather knew him too well, having been, in fact, one of the two cardinals to whom the artist had administered the sharp rebuke recorded above. The Grand Duke Cosimo, who probably supposed that Michael Angelo's position under the new sovereign was likely to be unpleasant, thought the opportunity favourable for renewing his invitation to him to fix his residence at Florence, and return to his interrupted labours upon the sacristy and library of S. Lorenzo, but without success. Had Buonarroti really dreaded annoyance at the hands of the new pope his anticipations were soon set at rest, for Marcellus, after a reign of only a few weeks, followed Julius to the tomb, and the papal chair was now occupied by the stern Caraffa, who took the title of Pius IV. The stern old bigot signalized his accession to

[1] Not, be it observed, the name of the artist himself, but that of the brother he had loved so dearly.

Michael Angelo by depriving him of a rental assigned to him by Julius, an act for which the artist cared little, and by a subsequent communication to which he attached equally little importance. This referred to the draping the figures in the Last Judgment; and the indifferent reply of the painter that it was a trifling matter, and that if the pope would but set the world to rights it would be easy enough to arrange the picture, was much of a piece with the careless permission accorded by Milton to attach rhymes to the glorious blank verse of "Paradise Lost"—"Ay, you may tag my verses if you will." Daniele di Volterra was accordingly charged to attach drapery to many of the subordinate figures, and we can but rejoice that sufficient reverence was shown to the work of a great man to leave the main features of the painting untouched.[1]

A far more serious sorrow than could be caused by the meddling of priests with his pictures now befell Michael Angelo. His old servant Urbino, who had served him faithfully and well for twenty-six years, died in September, 1556. Their relations had been those rather of intimate friends than the ordinary ones of master and domestic: Michael Angelo, indifferent as we have seen to his own pecuniary advantages, had taken care of those of Urbino, and during his last illness the aged artist, himself enfeebled by a painful and increasing disease, nursed with

[1] Daniele di Volterra, however, whether from respect to his old master, or disgust at a task which had earned for him the title of Bracchettone (breeches-maker), did not go far enough to satisfy his employers, and the work was continued by Girolamo da Fano under the orders of Pius V.

womanlike tenderness the sufferer, not even undressing at night that he might be more ready to attend to the wants of his dying companion. His letter to Vasari on the subject is inexpressibly touching, and its perusal will testify to the deep well of love which filled the breast of the childless old man. A few days after this great blow had fallen on him Michael Angelo was in the mountains of Spoleto, and as his absence coincides with an expected attack on Rome by a body of Spanish troops under the formidable Duke of Alva, it has been suggested that his departure from the city was dictated by apprehension for his personal safety. There appears no special reason why Michael Angelo should dread any outrage from the Spaniards, and we should seek a far simpler reason in the natural wish to recover some serenity of mind in change of scene. This hypothesis derives confirmation from a letter to Vasari, dated the 18th of September, in which he speaks of the pleasure he has derived from the society of the hermits, and his conviction that peace is to be found nowhere but in the woods. It is striking and significant that this is the only admission anywhere made by Michael Angelo of the calming influences of nature, the only instance in which he has turned from the harsh realities of life to indulge in those pleasures which are within the reach of all. The joys of spring, the glories of sunset, above all, the graces of youth and beauty, were strangers to that solitary soul. In his numerous sketches no trace is to be found of the beautiful foliage or landscapes so frequent in the works of other artists; and Vasari has noted, with his accustomed eulogy, the absence

of such accessories in his latest designs for the Pauline Chapel. Man had been his proper, his only study, and of this he was now beginning to grow weary.

He had left more than half himself at Spoleto, he wrote, yet we need not doubt that with the old scenes the old habits of work returned, and that when again in Rome he was as energetic as ever in combating the new intriguers who were rising up, hydra-headed, around the chair of Pius IV.

Cosimo was unceasing in his offers to Buonarroti, and in 1557 wrote to him with his own hand, urging his return to his own city, promising that no sort of labour should be asked from him; and Vasari, in an accompanying letter, strongly advised his acceptance of the grand-duke's offer. But the mind of the artist revolted from the proposal. He was now too old to shape for himself a new career, and he felt his fate inextricably bound up with that of the great basilica; he determined not to leave Rome till the building was too far advanced to allow of injurious alterations, and to guard this child of his age "from the knaves[1] who had tried to revert to their old habits of plunder, and were still waiting to do so." The terms of this last quotation seem to refer to official peculations rather than to questions of art, in which his supremacy was now fully acknowledged. His correspondence shows that he had frequently to refuse inferior materials which were sent in for his approval. The fall of the Ponte

[1] "Ladri" is the expressive word more than once employed by Michael Angelo on this subject.

Rotto was occasioned by the substitution, on the part of Nanni di Baccio Bigio, of rubble for the good hewn travertine provided by Michael Angelo; and it is highly probable that the insolent complaints that he was falling into second childhood proceeded from men who found the eyes of their octogenarian chief far sharper than was desirable. In his eighty-third year he completed the wonderful model of the dome to which we have already alluded, and which Vasari describes with affectionate minuteness of detail. This labour served him as a good (because true) excuse for refusing Cosimo's reiterated proposals, but he refused, wrote the duke's messenger, with tears, and, as we know, willingly gave his valuable advice upon all matters, such as those of the Laurentian library, respecting which the duke frequently consulted him. In the same year, also, he sent to the duke a valuable series of designs for the church of S. Giovanni dei Fiorentini. This church, being situated in a comparatively uninteresting quarter of Rome, is little visited by tourists, who seldom see more of it than the noble cupola which is visible from the Ponte S. Angelo. In its fate the church bears a singularly close resemblance to the great basilica, having been begun by San Gallo and other architects, owing its general form and its dome to Michael Angelo, and being finally transferred to the tender mercies of Maderno.

To enumerate the many labours in which this old artist was engaged, at a period when most men have long claimed the repose due to them, would far transcend the limits of this sketch. Suffice it to say, that whatsoever his hand found to do, he did

it with his might. It is painful to add, moreover, that, like the Hercules of the Roman poet, he found, when all his labours were achieved, all his enemies subdued, there remained one immortal, unconquerable foe, envy. We will not drag the reader through the details of the attempts continually made by his calumniators to injure him in the mind of Pius IV., and which drove him on one occasion to beg leave to be allowed to return to Florence and die in his own house, and on another to forward to Cardinal da Carpi a written renunciation of all his offices. Caraffa, to the praise of his good judgment be it said, was the constant defender of Michael Angelo, and Cosimo I. never ceased to evince towards him a respect equally profound and disinterested. It is not surprising that this feeling, so flattering to himself personally, should have combined with the conviction that resistance to the established government was practically impossible, and that the acquiescence of the Florentines to the present order of things, however obtained, was now an unquestioned fact, to effect a friendship between Cosimo and Buonarroti, equally honourable to both.

In the month of November, 1560, Cosimo visited Rome, and insisted on Michael Angelo sitting beside him, while the duke detailed to him all the works going on in the city from which he had been so long absent. A new method of working in porphyry had been discovered at Florence, and the duke presented a specimen to the old sculptor;[1] while his son Francesco,

[1] Porphyry, though used by the Græco-Roman sculptors, had hitherto, from

with a pleasing sense of the reverence due to age and genius, would never speak to him otherwise than with cap in hand. One or two years thus passed away, during which the machinations of his opponents at Rome, though not discontinued, seem to have been disregarded by their object, while all that Florence could devise of honour was lavishly bestowed to cheer the fast declining years of the lonely man. The end was not far off.

In the early months of 1564, Michael Angelo was attacked by a slow fever, and although his nephew Leonardo was summoned from Florence, he arrived too late. On the 18th of February, 1564, Michael Angelo Buonarroti died, within a few weeks of completing his eighty-ninth year. His last moments were tranquil, and his testamentary dispositions remarkable for their brief simplicity: "I leave my soul in the hands of God, my body to the earth, my property to my next of kin." With these words passed away a great spirit, leaving his friends to recall, and act, if they could, on his advice, to rejoice at the death of one who had lived well.

All honour was shown to his remains while yet in Rome, and it was even supposed that opposition would be made to their departure for Florence, to avoid which the body was packed up as merchandize. In his own city it was borne with all decorous pomp, amid a vast crowd of mourners, to the Church of Santa

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its extreme hardness, defied the chisel of the sculptors of the Renaissance. Several busts of the members of Cosimo's family, executed in this material, are to be seen in the Uffizi Gallery, and a medallion of the duke himself is in the South Kensington Museum.

Croce; and there is evidence of great affection in the minute details Vasari gives of the appearance of the body, when, twenty-five days after death, it was exposed to the reverent gaze of the bystanders. Death seemed to have dealt lightly with the remains of the frugal and abstemious man, who, save for some change in the complexion, appeared to be resting peacefully in sleep. On the 14th of July, all preparations having been made, the remains of the great master were deposited in their final resting-place, the people and the rulers uniting in gorgeous ceremonies, described by his biographer with loving care, homages gratifying to those who rendered them, though useless to him who had now become, what his countryman Ariosto had long before called him, "more than mortal man."

IT is not necessary to enter into details of Michael Angelo's private life, in a work devoted professedly to his career as an artist. Those who seek for such information will find it in more than one biography, and nowhere so fully as in the pages of his friend and reverential admirer, Giorgio Vasari, who has accumulated a more than ordinary collection of anecdotes, many of which are strikingly illustrative of his peculiar disposition, and greatly soften the darker shades which, in the stormy scenes of his troubled life, are apt to receive undue prominence. It is, however, needful to allude to some of

X.

THE PROPHET JOEL.

ON THE CEILING OF THE SISTINE CHAPEL, ROME.

FROM THE ORIGINAL FRESCO.

his minor works which, in the course of our narrative, have been either omitted or but slightly referred to.

Chief among these is the so-called Christ of the Minerva, a work executed in the prime of his life, and, as appears to us, bearing its character fully stamped on it, though it has met with comparatively small praise from critics. The figure, which is undraped, stands in an attitude of much dignity, holding in his arms a massive cross somewhat raised from the ground. No particular event in the history of our Lord is sought to be represented; we have simply Him who died to save mankind holding up, it may be as a warning against forgetfulness, the instrument of the sufferings by which our salvation was assured. This single and grand idea is to our minds magnificently rendered. The features may not be of the usual type sanctified by tradition—when was Michael Angelo other than original?—but they are fully equal to any other representation of an unapproachable perfection. The statue, when placed in the Dominican Church of S. Maria sopra Minerva, was greatly admired, and the devotion of the crowd, as manifested by kissing the foot, as they do to the statue of S. Peter in the Vatican basilica, was found so detrimental that a gold sheath had to be fitted to the great toe. Francis I., in a letter to the artist, speaks of it, by hearsay, as an admirable work of art, and expresses a wish to possess a cast of it. A translation of his letter appears in the Appendix.

A small bas-relief in the Albergo de' Poveri, at Genoa, is far less frequently visited than its surpassing beauty demands.

The subject is a Pietà, and though rendered by merely half-length figures of the Virgin and our crucified Lord, so vivid is the contrast between the deep sorrow of the living, and the calmness of the dead, that a group of solid statuary could not convey an idea of the deed more fully than this small bit of marble.

The authenticity of two tempera paintings now in the National Gallery has been questioned, but surely on insufficient grounds. Some circumstances connected with the picture of the Entombment may be recorded here. The picture was discovered during the carnival of 1847, by the late Mr. Macpherson, in the shop of a Roman picture dealer who had purchased it at the Fesch sale. It was then in a frightful state of dirt, having been entirely daubed over in oil, so that not a trace of the original work was visible. Moreover, when the outer coating had been carefully removed, the *intonaco* was visible in literally scores of spots, the board having, as was said, served at one time as a counter in a barber's shop in Pesaro. Being brought to England in 1849, not without much opposition on the part of the Papal government, the painting was exhibited to a few connoisseurs, and to the authorities of the National Gallery, at the house of a gentleman in St. John's Wood. The writer, who had more than one opportunity at that time of seeing it, cannot conceal his opinion that the repairs, however needful, to which it had been subjected, when twenty years later he saw the picture in the National Gallery, had seriously impaired the beauties of the work.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

LETTERS TO BUONARROTO,—No. 6.

BUONARROTO,—You shall know how we have cast my statue, in which I have not had too great success, and this happened through Messer Bernardo, who, either from ignorance or misfortune, had not well melted the material. It would take long to write: it is enough to say that my statue has come out as far as the waist, and the rest of the material—that is, the half of the metal—has remained in the mould, where it had not melted; so that to take it out I must destroy the furnace, and so I am doing, and will have the mould put together again this week, and I trust that the bad business will go well enough, but not without the greatest care, fatigue, and expense. I should have thought Messer Bernardino able to cast without fire, so great faith had I in him. All the same, it is not that he is not an able master, or that he has not worked with energy; but he has made a failure, he has failed grievously to my cost, and to his own as well, for he has got himself blamed so much that he no longer dares lift his eyes in Bologna.

Without signature.

LETTERS TO BUONARROTO,—No. 8.

He himself wishes to return home far more urgently than they can desire it—"because I remain here with the greatest inconvenience and extreme fatigue, and I think of nothing but my work day and night, and I have suffered so much labour and fatigue, that had I to make another I do not think my life would last me, for it has been an immense undertaking, which if given into the hands of another he would have succeeded but badly in. But I consider that the prayers of some person have helped me, and kept my judgment sound, for it was against the opinion of the whole of Bologna that I could ever have conducted the work. After the casting, and even before, there was no one who believed me capable of ever casting it. It is enough for me that I have conducted my work to a good end, but I shall not have entirely finished it this month as I had thought, but in the next it will certainly be finished and I shall return.

MICHELAGNIOLO, in Bologna.

LETTERS TO HIS FATHER,—No. 31.

I am in a dilemma, because it is already more than a year since I have received a penny (*grosso*) from that pope, and I will not ask for it, because my work does not seem to me to advance in a manner that deserves payment; but this is the difficulty of the work, and also its not being my profession. And yet I am losing my time fruitlessly. May God help me. If you have need of money, go to the governor of the hospital and tell him to give you as much as fifteen ducats, and let me know how much remains.

Your MICHELAGNIOLO, in Rome.

The twentieth of January (1509?). Written by another hand.

LETTERS TO BUONARROTO,—No. 18.

I have heard from Gismondo, as he is coming here to forward his own affairs. Tell him from me not to count upon me in any way. It is not that I do not love him like my own brother, but because I am unable to help him in any way. I am bound to take care of myself more than of others, and can barely furnish myself with necessaries. I live in great anxiety and in extreme bodily fatigue; I have no friends of any sort and wish for none, and I have not so much time that I can afford to waste it. At the same time do not give me any more annoyance, for I could not support even another ounce.

LETTERS TO HIS FATHER,—No. 26.

DEAREST FATHER,—I went on Tuesday to speak with the pope, of which I will tell you more when convenient. It is enough that Wednesday morning I returned, and he has paid me four hundred gold ducats, of which I am sending you thither three hundred broad gold ones, and for three hundred broad gold ducats which I pay into the house of Altoviti here you will be paid the same by the Strozzi in Florence. At the same time give them a receipt so that they may feel satisfied, and take it to the governor of the house, and let it be prepared like the others, and remind him of the farm, and, if he gives you many words, turn your energy towards buying from others, when you see your way clearly, and I give you permission to spend up to the sum of one thousand four hundred ducats. Take Buonarroti with you, and beg the governor to help us. Try if you possibly can to buy from him, because it is more safe.

Your MICHELAGNIOLO, sculptor in Rome.

LETTERS TO HIS FATHER,—No. 28.

DEAREST FATHER,—I have had a letter from you to day, September the 5th, which gave and still gives me great anxiety, as it tells me that Buonarroto is ill. I beg of you, as soon as you have read this, to let me know how he is, because if he is really very ill, I will come by the post (mail) to you during the ensuing week, although this would be the greatest hindrance to me, for this reason, that I am to be paid five hundred ducats when I have earned them; this is the agreement I have made with the pope, and as many more he will give me when I have begun another part of my work. But he has gone from here, leaving me no orders whatever, so that I find myself without money, nor do I know what to do if I go away. I should not like him to despise me and lose me my earnings, in which case I should be badly off. I have written him a letter, and am waiting the answer. Yet if Buonarroto be in danger let me know of it, because I shall leave everything. Make arrangements for his comfort, and do not let him want for money to help him.

Your MICHELAGNIOLO, sculptor in Rome.

LETTERS TO HIS FATHER,—No. 35.

There are certain ducats in small coin, which I wrote to you about, that you should claim them. If you have not taken them, ask for them at your leisure, and if you have need of more, take just what you may require, for as much as you want so much will I give you, even should you spend all. And if it be necessary that I should write to the governor of the hospital let me know. I have heard from your last how affairs are going on. I am anxious about them. I cannot help you in any other way, but do not, on this account, alarm yourself, and do not give yourself an ounce of melancholy. Because, if goods are lost life is

not lost. I will do so much for you that it will be more than what you may now lose. But do not look forward to it too much, as it may fail. Nevertheless, do your best, and thank God that as this sorrow had to come, it came in a time when you were better able to help yourself than in times past. Think only of your life, and sooner let the things go than suffer inconvenience, for it is more precious to me to have you alive and poor than all the gold of the world if you were dead; and if those chatterers, either there or elsewhere, reproach you, let them talk, for they are ignorant men and without compassion. The fifteenth of September.

Your MICHELAGNIOLO, sculptor in Rome.

DEAREST FATHER,—I have had, within the last days, a letter from a nun, who says she is an aunt of ours, and begs me to take compassion on her. She says she is very poor and in the greatest want, and that I should give her alms on that account. I send you five broad ducats that you should, for the love of God, give her four and a half, and of the half which remains I beg you will tell Buonarroto that he should buy me either from Francesco Granacci, or from some other painter, an ounce of lac, or as much as he can get for the said money, that it should be the best that can be found in Florence, and if there is none to be got of a fine colour, let it be. The above-spoken-of nun, our aunt, I think, must be in the monastery of San Giuliano. I beg you to watch and find out whether it is true that she is in such want, for she writes to me by a channel which I do not like, and which makes me suspicious as to its being some other nun, in which case it should not be given her. So that if it should not be true, keep them for yourself, and these said monies will be paid to you by Bonifazio Fati.

Your MICHELAGNIOLO, sculptor in Rome.

LETTER FROM MICHAEL ANGELO.

MY LORD,—Your Excellency sends to tell me to paint and to fear nothing; I answer that a man paints with his brain and not only with his hands, and whoso cannot bring his mind to bear on his work is angry with himself; therefore unless I can carry out my plans I can do no good thing. The rectification of the last contract has not reached me, and the force of the other one made before Clement is always tormenting me. I say that the contract which I heard read before Pope Clement was not like the copy I afterwards received, and the reason of that was, I was sent off the very same day by Clement to Florence: Gianmaria di Madonna, the agent, was with the notary, and made him draw it up in his own way, so that when I returned home and verified it I found a thousand more ducats had been put down as paid to me than was really the case; I found the house in which I live had been put down to me, and several other things which would nearly ruin me; Clement would never have allowed it, and Fra Sebastiano (del Piombo) begs me to let the pope know of this and have the notary hanged, but I do not wish it, because I do not consider myself bound by a contract which I should not have agreed to had I been left to myself. I pledge my word that I am not aware of ever having had the money which the said contract speaks of, and which Gianmaria says he finds I have received.

But let us suppose I have received them because I have so acknowledged it, and cannot go from the contract; and not only that, but other money as well, if other can be found, and add up and see that which I have done for Pope Julius at Bologna, Florence, and Rome, in bronze, marble, and on canvas, and see what I deserve. I say, with a clear conscience and according to what Pope Paul allows me, that I ought to receive five thousand scudi from the heirs of Pope Julius.

I also say that I have had such rewards for my labours from Pope Julius, partly through my own fault for not being able to control myself, that if it had not been for what Pope Paul has done for me, I should

to-day be dying of hunger; but, according to the agent, it appears as if I had become a rich man, and even gone so far as to rob the Church; they make a great noise over it, and I might, I daresay, find means to hush them, but I am not equal to it. After the contract before Clement was made, and I had returned from Florence and commenced work on the sepulchre of Julius, Gianmaria, agent to the old Duke (of Urbino) told me that if I wished to give the duke a great pleasure I would go about my business, that he did not care anything about the tomb, but my serving Pope Paul vexed him sorely. Upon that I began to see why my house had been put into the contract, to make me go away, and pin me down to my bargain with all their strength; but one can easily see what they are wishing for, and even those who are not friends of their master's would be ashamed of them.

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I find I have lost all my youth tied to this sepulchre with the prohibition of Pope Leo, and my too great faith in not wishing to know with regard to Clement has ruined me. Such is my fate: I see around me many men with two or three thousand scudi live in clover, while I with the greatest toil only succeed in impoverishing myself.

But to return to the painting: I can deny nothing to Pope Paul, but I shall paint in bad spirits and shall do no good work. I have written to your Excellency, for I thought, when occasion served, you could better tell the truth to the pope. I should be glad to know that the pope was aware of it, to know the grounds of the quarrel, and what has been done to me: "Let him that readeth understand."

Your Excellency's servant, MICHELAGNOLO.

TO MAESTRO GIORGIO VASARI.

MY DEAR M. GIORGIO,—I can write but badly, still I will send you something in answer to your letter. You know that Urbino is dead, wherein I have received great goodness of God, but with heavy loss and

infinite suffering to myself. The goodness has been that, whereas in life he held to me living, in his death he has taught me to die not with sorrow, but with a wish for death. I kept him for twenty-six years, and have found him of most rare fidelity, and now that I had made him rich, and hoped he would be the staff and rest of my old age, he has gone from me, nor remains to me any other hope than to meet him in Paradise. And of this God has given us assurance in the happy ending which he made, for his regret was far less in dying than in leaving me in this treacherous world with so many sorrows, so that the better half of me is gone with him, and nothing left to me but sorrow without end. I recommend myself to you.

M. A. B.

FRANCIS THE FIRST TO MICHAEL ANGELO.

S. R. MICHEL ANGELO,—Seeing that I have great desire to have some specimens of your work, I have charged the abbot of St. Martin de Troyes, bearer of the present, whom I send to visit you, begging, if you have any of your excellent works done at his arrival, to be so good as hand them to him, on his paying you well, according as I have given him charge. And, moreover, to take the trouble, for love of me, that he should mould the Christ of the Minerva, and Our Lady of Fever, so that I may decorate with them one of my chapels, as being things which I am assured are among the most exquisite and excellent in your art. Praying God S. R. Michelango (*sic*) that he hold you in his keeping. Written at Sainct Germain en Laye the 8th day of February m. v. x. l. v.

FRANCOYS. DELAUBESPINE.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE PRINCIPAL EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE PRINCIPAL EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF MICHAEL ANGELO.[1]

1475.

ON Sunday, March 6th of this year (1474, according to the Florentines, who dated the commencement of the year from March 25th), Michael Angelo was born at Castello di Chiusi e Caprese, of which place his father, Ludovico Buonarroti Simoni, was at that time chief magistrate. His mother was named Francesca Rucellai. Soon after his birth he was put in charge of a nurse, who was the wife of a stone-mason at Settignano.[2]

1488.

On the 1st of April, Michael Angelo was apprenticed to Domenico Ghirlandajo;[3] and in the same year executed a painting after an engraving of THE TEMPTATION OF S. ANTHONY, by Martin Schön. M. de Triqueti, the designer of the beautiful gates of the Madeleine, found

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[1] Translated from an historical chapter of the work by M. Charles Clément, on "Michel-Ange, Léonard de Vinci et Raphael."

[2] Vasari (vol. 12, p. 159); all references to this author relate to the edition of his works by Felix le Monnier, published at Florence, in 1846-1857, in 13 volumes.

[3] Vasari, vol. 12, p. 160.

at Pisa a picture of the latter part of the fifteenth century, which is a reproduction of the engraving by Martin Schön, and agreeing perfectly with Vasari's description. It is painted on wood on a green ground, and presents this very remarkable feature, that while there is a complete resemblance with regard to the figures, the fishes are not the same as those of the engraving, but belong to a species peculiar to the Arno. Vasari tells us that Michael Angelo, when painting this picture, went into the market to seek for fishes, which he copied with extreme care. There is, at Bologna, a painting very similar to this, attributed to Michael Angelo, but it appears less authentic than the one in Paris. Mr. Morris Moore possesses a picture, also on wood, in tempera, and with a green ground, representing the Virgin with two children. Some parts of this work are very remarkable, and entirely in the style of Michael Angelo. If the authenticity were established, it would probably be found that they belonged to the very earliest period at which the young Buonarroti was capable of anything of the kind; the first would probably, in spite of the conclusions to be drawn from Vasari's account, belong to a time a little anterior to 1488, and the second to the same year, or even later.

1489.

In this year Michael Angelo studied the antique models in the gardens of the Piazza de San Marco, and sculptured a HEAD OF A FAUN, which is still preserved in the Uffizj Gallery.[1] Lorenzo de' Medici, having remarked the beauty of this work, was induced, by his admiration of it, to take the young sculptor to dwell in his own palace, and share the education of his son.

1490-1492.

BATTLE OF THE CENTAURS AND LAPITHÆ; or, The Combat of Giants. A bas-relief of twenty-six figures in marble: now in the Buonarroti collection, at Florence.

THE VIRGIN AND THE TWO HOLY CHILDREN, with two other

[1] Vasari, p. 164.

children in the background. This bas-relief, in which, according to Vasari, Michael Angelo has sought to imitate the style of Donatello, was given by Lionardo, a nephew of Michael Angelo, to Cosmo I., after a bronze cast had been made of it. Restored to the family of the sculptor by the Grand Duke in 1617, it is, together with the bronze copy, to be found at the present time in the Buonarroti Collection.

HOLY FAMILY. A bas-relief, roughly sketched in marble, in the Campana collection, afterwards known as the Musée Napoléon III. The Virgin pauses, in her study of a book, to contemplate the child who is lying on her knees; to the left is the little St. John, whose hands are crossed upon his breast, and who is in half-kneeling posture. Behind is St. Joseph, who is but slightly indicated; above, an angel raises a curtain. This very remarkable work seems to me to be ascribed to Michael Angelo on good grounds.

1492.

STATUE OF HERCULES. In marble. This statue, after having been in the possession of Agostino Doni, was purchased by Giovanni Battista della Palla on commission from Francis I., and taken to France in 1529. It is now lost.

1493.

A CRUCIFIX in wood for the church of San Spirito in Florence, where it still remains. Size, a little less than nature. The authenticity of this work is very doubtful.

1493-1495 ?

THE VIRGIN WITH THE TWO CHILDREN AND FOUR ANGELS. The two angels on the left side are only sketched in outline. Figures, half life-size. This admirable picture, painted in tempera, was for a long time attributed to Ghirlandajo; it is of incontestable authenticity and of great interest. But I believe that, remarkable as was the precocity of Michael Angelo, they deceive themselves who assign the date of this work to either of the years 1491 or 1492. It is the product of a mature mind, and in other respects more characteristic than the

Madonna in bas-relief of the Buonarroti Collection.[1] It was formerly at Stoke Park, the residence of Mr. Labouchère, by whom it was lent to the Manchester Exhibition of 1857. It is now in the National Gallery. (*See Illustration.*)

1495.

In this year Michael Angelo went to Bologna and Venice, returning to the former place, where he remained for at least a year. Whilst there, he executed a figure of an ANGEL HOLDING A CANDELABRUM, which may be seen to the left of the shrine of St. Dominick, at Bologna. On his return to Florence, he made a statue in marble of the little St. John for Lorenzo di Pier Francesco de' Medici, which has been lost.

CUPID ASLEEP, a statue, life-size,[2] of a child about six or seven years old, was sold to Cardinal San Giorgio as an antique belonging to the Duc d'Urbino, afterwards to Isabella, Marchioness of Mantua,[3] in 1502. De Thou saw it still in Mantua in 1573. It is possible that this may be the "Cupid sleeping with two Serpents on his Breast," now preserved in the Academy of Fine Arts at Mantua.

1496.

On the 25th of June in this year Michael Angelo arrived at Rome;[4] on the 2nd of July he wrote thence to Lorenzo di Pier Francesco de' Medici on the subject of the statue of CUPID.

1497.

He made a figure of CUPID in marble for Jacopo Galli. It may be that this statue, which was believed to have been lost, is that which the authorities of the South Kensington Museum have recently bought with

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[1] Rumohr, "Italiänische Forschungen," vol. 3, p. 96; and Dr. Waagen's "Treasures of Art in Great Britain," vol. 2, p. 417.

[2] Ascanio Condivi, "Vita di Michelagnolo Buonarroti," p. 67. Florence, 1746.

[3] Gaye's "Carteggio inedito d'artisti dei Secoli xiv. xv. e xvi.," published by Molini at Florence, vol. 2, pp. 53, 54.

[4] Vasari, vol. 12. "Prospetto Cronologico," p. 339.

the Gigli Collection. It is life-size, representing the God of Love at the age of sixteen or seventeen. This work, which is of great beauty, appears also to be perfectly authentic. (*See Illustration.*)

1497-1498.

A marble statue of BACCHUS for Jacopo Galli was Michael Angelo's work of these years. It is now in the Uffizj Gallery at Florence.

1498-1499.

A PIETÀ in marble, executed for Jean de la Groslaye de Villiers, abbé de St.-Denis, ambassador of Charles VIII. of France to Pope Alexander VI., was the principal work of Michael Angelo during this time; for which he received 450 gold ducats, having engaged to complete it in a year. It is now in St. Peter's at Rome.

The contract of this engagement is dated at Rome, the 28th of August, 1498, and has been published by M. Eugène Piot in his "Cabinet de l'Amateur" of the years 1861-1862 (pp. 149-150). This group was at first placed in the Chapel of Santa Petronilla, which belonged especially to France. Afterwards, on the reconstruction of St. Peter's, it was removed to the Chapel of Santa Maria della Febbre; but, as M. Piot justly remarks, this change of place did not destroy the right of France to the possession of the work. The chapel in which it is now placed is called the Cappella della Pietà.

On the girdle of the Virgin the sculptor has carved "Michaelangelus Buonarotus Floren." in Roman characters. The figures are life-size.[1] There are two good copies of this group, both by Nanni di Baccio Bigio, the one at Santa Maria d'Anima at Rome, the other in the church of San Spirito at Florence. Michael Angelo also, about the same time, is said to have made another Pietà in marble bas-relief of circular form, with the figures half-length, but of natural size, which is now in the Albergo dei Poveri, at Genoa; but its authenticity is extremely doubtful.

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[1] A cast of this Pietà may be seen at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham.

1501.

On the 5th of June in this year Michael Angelo was commissioned by Francesco Piccolomini to make fifteen statues for the adornment of his chapel in the Cathedral at Sienna, stipulating that they should be finished within three years, and carved in Carrara marble; the size to vary from three to four feet in height, as arranged in the contract; and the price to be fixed at 500 gold ducats.[1]

This contract, signed like that relative to the Pietà by Jacopo Galli, the intelligent admirer and adviser of Michael Angelo while in Rome, is reprinted in the work of M. Gaetano Milanesi.[2]

In October, 1504, four of the statues were finished and delivered; these are missing, with the exception of one which was commenced by Torrigiano and completed by Michael Angelo, which may be found in the Piccolomini Chapel in the Cathedral; and perhaps the statue of CHRIST, which is placed at its side. There is no evidence that the eleven other figures contracted for were ever executed.

The DYING ADONIS, a marble statue of life-size, is referable to this time; it is now in the Uffizj at Florence.

On the 2nd of July, in this year, a council of the building committee of Santa Maria del Fiore met, to deliberate on the subject of a block of marble which they had up to that time vainly and often sought to turn to account; in accordance with the decision then arrived at, Michael Angelo was charged to carve a statue of DAVID from it within the space of two years, to commence on the 1st of the following September, for which he agreed to receive six florins in gold per month.[3]

1502.

On the 12th of August in this year the Signory of Florence ordered Michael Angelo to make a bronze statue of DAVID, destined in the first instance for Marshal de Gié, but sent later to Robertet,[4] who received it

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[1] Vasari, "Prospetto Cronologico," pp. 340-341.

[2] "Documenti per la storia dell' Arte Senese," Siena, 1856, vol. iii. p. 19.

[3] Gaye, "Carteggio," vol. ii. p. 454.

[4] Gaye, "Carteggio," vol. ii. p. 54; also Vasari, "Prospetto Cronologico," p. 342.

towards the end of 1508, and gave it a place in his country-house near Blois, where it was still remaining so late as the seventeenth century. Although cast by Michael Angelo, this figure was completed by Benedetto da Rovezzano; all traces of it are now lost; it was said to be of small dimensions. The South Kensington Museum possesses a wax model for a statue of David, which is, in all probability, a study for that which was sent to Robertet. M. Reiset supposes that one of the sketches he saw on the back of a beautiful drawing in the Louvre (No. 123) may be a study for this figure.

1503.

On the 24th of April, the Company of Wool-spinners and the members of the building committee of Santa Maria del Fiore charged Michael Angelo to make marble statues of the TWELVE APOSTLES, to adorn the interior of this church. The sculptor agreed to execute this order at the rate of one per year, and the committee undertook to defray all the expenses of the extraction of the marble, those incurred in the necessary sojourn at Carrara, and for board for himself and assistant, besides the two florins in gold per month which was to be the price of the work; and ordered Simone del Pollajuolo to construct a house expressly for his use during the time of his residence there; this was to have become his own property for a twelfth of each year, according to the rate at which he advanced with his work, but by the 18th of December, 1505, he had abandoned the scheme, after having designed the figure of St. Matthew only; this has since 1834 been placed in the court of the Academy at Florence. It is engraved in Cicognara's "Storia della Scultura," pl. 56.

A VIRGIN in bronze, a bas-relief, made for some Flemish merchants, was also a production of this time, but is now lost.

Another was a VIRGIN seated, with the HOLY CHILD before her, about to step down from a little stool on which he stands. This is in marble, the figures are life-size. It is, no doubt, the beautiful work which Albert Dürer saw and admired in the same place which it still occupies in the Church of Notre-Dame at Bruges, and if not from the hand of Michael Angelo himself, is at least the production of his studio. It is probable that the bas-relief in bronze mentioned in the preceding

paragraph represents the same group, as, according to Vasari (who was so incompletely acquainted with all that relates to the early part of the life of Michael Angelo), the bas-relief had been purchased by some Flemish merchants of the name of Moscheroni, in whose family-chapel in Notre-Dame at Bruges the marble Madonna and Child now stands. A cast may be seen in the South Kensington Museum. (*See Illustration.*)

HEAD OF A WOMAN in white marble, of natural size, bought for the South Kensington Museum[1] in 1864. The features alone are finished, the hair is sketched out, and the drapery which covers part of the head is but slightly indicated; the expression is admirable, and the great sculptor has never, we think, more nearly approached the ideal of beauty as existing in the tender and delicate sentiments of the highest feminine types. The cast of the features presents a striking resemblance to that of the Virgin at Bruges. When this last work was requested from Michael Angelo, he, already celebrated, was overburdened with orders for work, and it is probable that he did not execute it with his own hand; the appearance of the marble composing the group at Bruges, its softness and roundness of outline, and the absence of that kind of mighty pride with which Michael Angelo impressed even his least important works, seem all to bear evidence that one of his pupils in this case worked out his design by his own guidance. On the other hand, the composition bears clear indications of Michael Angelo's having made a model for this lovely group. Baron Triqueti, who is an excellent judge of such matters, suggests, with much show of reason, that it was by way of aiding and directing his pupil that Michael Angelo modelled the head of the Virgin in clay, and that, having met with the admirable type which we now see in the South Kensington Museum, he rapidly transferred it to the marble, abandoning his work so soon as he had expressed his thoughts in the features of this head.[2]

THE VIRGIN WITH ST. JOSEPH, THE TWO HOLY CHILDREN, and some nude figures in the background, is a circular picture in tempera executed for Agnolo Doni about this time. It is impossible to assign

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[1] In the South Kensington Museum, this Head is "attributed" to Michael Angelo.

[2] See an article on this subject in the "Fine Arts Quarterly Review," No. 4, by M. de Triqueti.

any precise date to this picture; but there are many indications of its belonging to this part of the artist's life. It is now in the Uffizj Gallery, at Florence. (*See Illustration.*)

1503-1504.

THE VIRGIN HOLDING THE INFANT JESUS IN HER ARMS; behind her appears the head of the little St. John. This is a bas-relief in marble of oval shape; figures a little less than natural size. It was made for Bartolemmeo Pitti, and was presented to Luigi Guicciardini by Fra Miniato Pitti. It is now in the Uffizj, having been placed there in 1823. The head of the Virgin is highly finished; the rest of the work is but slightly sketched.

THE VIRGIN AND THE INFANT JESUS. A bas-relief of marble, round in form. Figures less than life-size. The heads alone are complete. This was made for Taddeo Taddei, and was once in the possession of the painter Wicar. It is now in the Royal Academy of London.

1504.

On the 25th of January a meeting of twenty-eight artists selected to give their opinion on the question of the placing the statue of DAVID was held at Florence. Some, among these Leonardo da Vinci, declared in favour of the Loggia dei Lanzi d' Orgagna; others proposed to erect it in the position it long occupied, on the left of the entrance of the Palazzo Vecchio,[1] and on the motion of Salvestro, a jeweller, and Filippino Lippi, also demanded the advice of Michael Angelo himself, "as it was he who had made the statue."[2] On the 30th of April, Simone del Pollajuolo and Micheangiolo, a goldsmith, were ordered to superintend the removal of the statue of David from the sculptor's workshop to the place it was to occupy.

On the 14th of May the statue was transported from the studio or workshop in Santa Maria, where the doorway had to be enlarged to admit its passing out. A few miscreants sought to break it with stones,

[1] It is now in the Accademia delle Belle Arti.

[2] Gaye, "Carteggio," vol. 2, pp. 455 following.

and thus occasioned the necessity for a guard of safety around it all night. The process of removal occupied four days, and the statue thus arrived on the 18th of May at its destined place. On the 11th of June the signory charged Simone del Pollajuolo and Antonio da San Gallo to make a pedestal for the statue, and on the 8th of September the work was entirely complete.

The wax model for this statue of David is preserved in the Buonarroti collection, and in the South Kensington Museum there are some anatomical studies, also in wax, for the drooping arm and both the legs.

A bronze statuette, which from the cabinet of M. Piot has passed to that belonging to M. Thiers, presents an interesting variety of the subject, and is, without doubt, one of the numerous designs which Michael Angelo made for his great statue.

In the autumn of this year he commenced his work on the large cartoon of the "Battle of Pisa."

1505.

In the spring of this year Michael Angelo was summoned to Rome by Julius II., who desired him to design and construct his tomb. In August the great cartoon was finished. According to the evidence of a document published by Gaye,[1] the painting was begun on a wall of the hall in the Palazzo Vecchio, but the work altogether disappeared during the troublous times of 1512. In 1575 the Strozzi, of Mantua, possessed at least a few fragments of it, which they offered for sale to the Grand Duke of Tuscany.[2] A certain number of the figures could be recognized as engraved by Marc-Antonio and Agostino Veneziano, under the name of "*Les Grimpeurs.*" It is probable that we have an almost exact reproduction of the cartoon in the painting in black and white which is in the possession of the Earl of Leicester, at Holkham Hall, and which has been well engraved by Schiavonetti.

Vasari informs us that Bastiano da San Gallo[3] made a much-reduced

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[1] "Carteggio," vol. 2, p. 93.

[2] Bottari, "Lettere Pittoriche," vol. 3, p. 315; Milan, 1825.

[3] Vasari, vol. 11, p. 201.

XVI.

SOLDIERS BATHING IN THE ARNO.

(THE CARTOON OF PISA.)

FROM THE ENGRAVING BY SCHIAVONETTI.

drawing of the Battle of Pisa, and, at his express desire, finally executed a painting in black and white after this drawing, in 1542, which he further states, was sent by a certain prelate named Giovio to Francis I. This story may throw some doubt upon the authenticity of the picture at Holkham, which, until 1808, had remained in the Palazzo Barberini, and there is no evidence of its having ever been seen in France.

On the 12th of November Michael Angelo was at Carrara to make arrangements with two sailors whom he engaged to take to Rome the marbles which he had selected for the tomb of Julius II. They undertook the carriage for sixty-two ducats, together with the marble for two figures, perhaps the "Captives" of the Louvre, which appear to belong to this epoch, and were most likely executed at the same time. When he had abandoned his first plans for the tomb of Julius, these figures, being no longer wanted as parts of the design, were presented by Michael Angelo to Roberto Strozzi, who had nursed him during an illness; they were afterwards sold to Francis I., and given by him to the Constable Montmorency, who placed them in his castle at Ecouen, where they remained in Vasari's time. Afterwards they became the property of Cardinal Richelieu, who placed them in his house at Poitou; after his death they became the property of his sister, who removed them to her residence in the faubourg du Roule; and, lastly, Lenoir bought them for the "Musée des Monuments Français," whence they passed to their present position in the Louvre.

1506.

On the 27th of January Michael Angelo bought a small estate at Settignano. On the 20th of May he went, for the second time, to Carrara, about the marbles for the tomb of Julius. Before the 8th of July Michael Angelo had fled from Rome. Vasari speaks of three warrants or orders sent from Julius to demand his return, but we know of one only, dated the 8th of July.[1] For information concerning this affair, see a letter from Soderini (without either date or address), and another from him to Cardinal de la Volterra (28th July, 1506); one from

[1] Bottari, "Lettere Pittoriche," vol. 3, p. 472.

the Signory of Florence to Cardinal de Pavia, from Cardinal de Pavia to the Signory (Bologna, 21st November, 1506), demanding that Michael Angelo should be urged to proceed to Bologna, where the Pope then was; and others from Soderini to Cardinal Volterra (Florence, 27th November, 1506), recommending Michael Angelo to him, and the reply of the Signory to Cardinal de Pavia (Florence, 27th November, 1506).[1]

1507.

On the 21st of August Michael Angelo was at Bologna, and the STATUE of JULIUS was nearly finished. The correspondence of the great sculptor proves that he twice founded this statue; first at the end of June or the commencement of July, then in the October of the same year. The repairing of the bronze work kept him at Bologna, it seems, until the following December.[2]

On the 21st of the February after, the statue of Julius was placed behind the great door of San Petronio, and there uncovered. This famous statue was afterwards destroyed by the partizans of Giovanni II. (Bentivoglio), on the 30th of December, 1511. According to Condivi it was three times the natural size, but the Bolognese chroniclers do not allow it to be more than nine feet in height; its weight was, as some reported, 17,500 pounds, as others, 20,000; and the cost, something between 1,000 and 3,000 gold ducats.[3] Duke Alphonso di Ferrara had a few of the fragments left by its barbarous despoilers cast as a piece of artillery, which he named the "Giulia." The head, which alone weighed 600 pounds, was preserved for some time, but it has long disappeared. As far as we know there are no existing designs for this work.

On the 10th of May, Soderini commissioned Michael Angelo to execute a group of "HERCULES KILLING CACUS," which was to serve as a companion piece to the "David," near the door of the Palazzo Vecchio. This order, the execution of which Michael Angelo was, by stress of

[1] Gaye, "Carteggio," vol. 2, pp. 91, 92, 93.

[2] Eugène Piot, "Le Cabinet de l'Amateur," of the years 1861 and 1862, pp. 139, 323, 331.

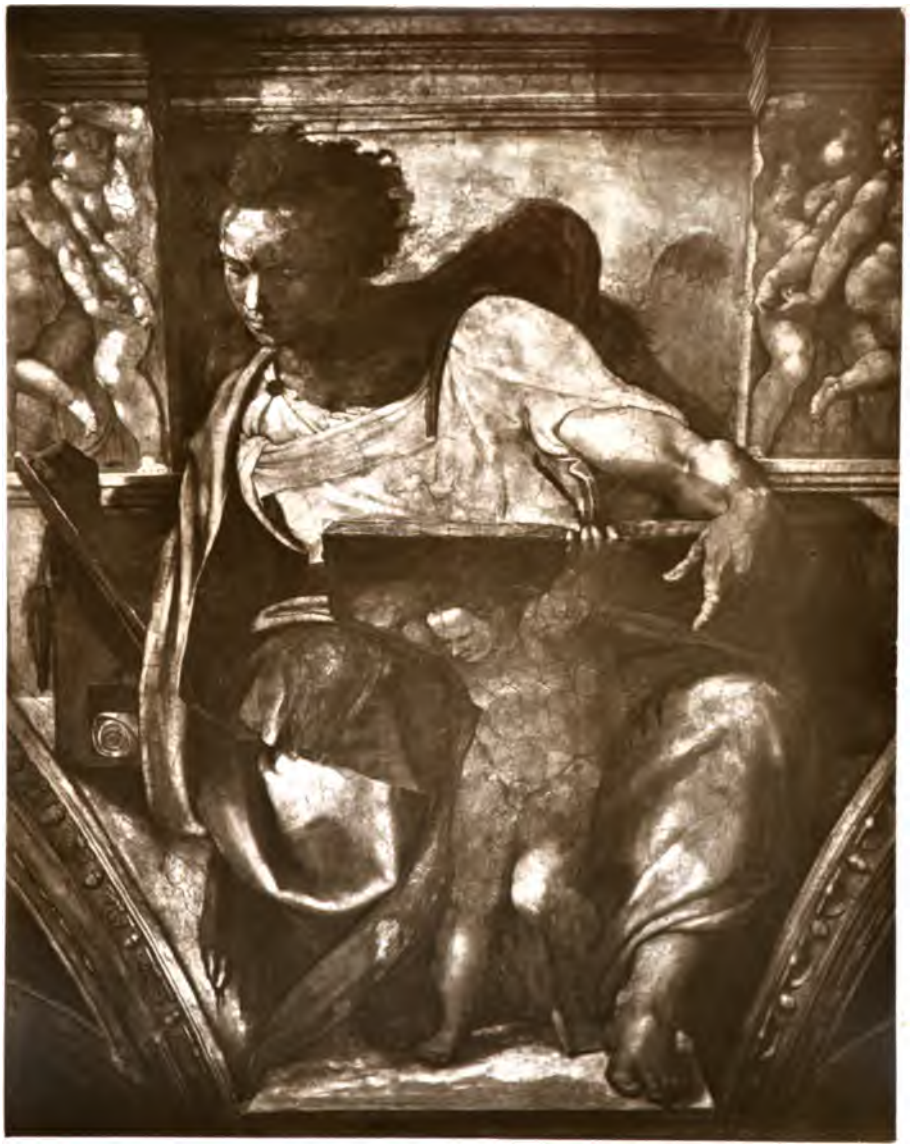
[3] Vasari, vol. 12, p. 187.

XI.

THE PROPHET DANIEL.

ON THE CEILING OF THE SISTINE CHAPEL, ROME.

FROM THE ORIGINAL FRESCO.



important business, obliged to defer, was withdrawn by Soderini after the siege of Florence, and transferred from Michael Angelo to Bandinelli. But Michael Angelo had already made a model of the group in wax, which was purchased by the South Kensington Museum from the Gherardini Collection. It appears to represent "Samson fighting the Philistines," and perhaps intentionally so, for Vasari says that there was a design for such a subject, the model of which is lost.

At this time also Michael Angelo commenced the frescoes on the vault of the Sistine Chapel (see the receipt from his own hand in Gualandi's "Memorie di Belle Arti," vol. 2, p. 176).

1509.

On the 1st of November in this year the first instalment of the PAINTINGS IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL were finished and displayed. However, in the "Notizie intorno Rafaelo Sanzio," by C. Fea, there is a letter from Albertino to Julius II., dated 3rd of June, 1509, which mentions these paintings in a manner that implies that they were even then finished. There is no information as to the precise epoch at which the second part (probably by far the more considerable) was achieved, but most likely it was either in the year 1512 or 1513; it is certain that at this time the scaffolds were again set up, while in the following year the chapel was opened to the public. The upper part of the vault, which is nearly flat, is decorated with nine subjects taken from the Book of Genesis, and represented in eight divisions. They are:—first, "God the Father supported by Angels;" second, "The Creation of Light;" third, "The Creation of Man;" fourth, "The Creation of Woman;" fifth, "The Temptation of Adam and Eve;" sixth, "Noah's Sacrifice;" seventh, "The Deluge;" and eighth, "Noah's Drunken Sleep." In the spaces beneath the arches are seven figures of the Prophets:—Zacharias, Jeremiah, Joel, Daniel, Isaiah, Ezekiel, and Jonah; and five sibyls:—the Persian, the Libean, the Delphic, the Erythræan, and the Cumæan. In the angles of the building are four compositions, thus:—David, the conqueror of Goliath; The Brazen Serpent; The Punishment of Haman; and Judith with the head of Holofernes. (This last design recalls the design on a cornelian antique, now preserved in the "Cabinet des Médailles" at

Paris, which is said to have been in the possession of Michael Angelo, and to have been used by him as a seal; it is still known as the seal of Michael Angelo.)

The figures of certain of the Pontiffs on each side of the windows, those on the archivolts, and more than sixty small studies of children forming caryatids, &c., which harmonise with the ornamentation of the architecture of the vault, complete this magnificent decoration. The cost of this had, it appears, been fixed by Julius, according to the estimate of his chief architect, Giuliano di San Gallo, at 15,000 ducats; but Vasari implies that Michael Angelo received but 3,000 crowns or less, in silver. It may be, however, that Vasari is in error about this, for there is a receipt for 500 ducats paid on account for the paintings in the Sistine Chapel, signed by Michael Angelo, and dated the 10th of May, 1508.

On the 28th of May and the 20th of June, Michael Angelo bought two estates at San Stefano.

VENUS CARESSED BY CUPID. The sketch for this fine composition (which Varchi compares to the Venus of Praxiteles) was given by Michael Angelo to his friend Bartolommeo Bettini, and was afterwards lent by him to Pontormo, who, on the recommendation of Michael Angelo, had already been commissioned to paint from one of his designs the picture of Christ appearing to Mary Magdalene, and who afterwards sold it, contrary to an agreement between Bettini and himself. This unhandsome conduct is said by Vasari to have exceedingly vexed Michael Angelo, and to have created a coolness between him and Pontormo. The original study now forms part of the old Farnesean Collection in the Naples Museum, and appears by its style to be contemporary with the paintings of the vault of the Sistine Chapel. As for the picture which was executed by Pontormo, according to the editors of Vasari it was discovered in 1858 in a lumber-room at Florence, but is now hung in the President's Hall of the Academy in that city. At the same time and place two replicas of this work were found, the one a very feeble copy, and the other, although attributed to Bronzino, has but little more value. Another copy (engraved by Duppa in his "Life of Michael Angelo Buonarroti") was taken to England in 1734, and there created much enthusiasm, though it was satirized by Hogarth in his Analysis of Beauty.

The Berlin Museum also contains a *replica* of the same picture on canvas, bought of Professor Alton of Bonn in 1841. A fifth copy is still in the possession of the heirs of the Biccieri family at Florence, and a sixth was recently sold in Tuscany;[1] lastly, an example (which may be identical with the last-named) is now the property of M. Blanc, at Paris; it is painted in oil on wood, and is apparently smaller than the copy by Pontormo; its possessor believes it to be a genuine work of Michael Angelo. It is not improbable that the great master, offended or hurt by the wrong that Pontormo had done his friend Bettini, actually executed with his own hand one of the many examples of this so oft-repeated painting, or at least directed the execution.

1512.

On the 15th of October Michael Angelo was at Florence, where he received a long letter from Sebastian del Piombo, who wrote from Rome relative to an interview he had had with the Pope.[2]

A COLOSSAL HEAD drawn in chalk by Michael Angelo in one of the lunettes of the "Galatea" gallery in the Farnese Palace; with this exception, which was executed by Michael Angelo one day when he was waiting for the Venetian painter whom he had come to see, all the paintings in the lunettes of this chamber are by Sebastian del Piombo, who finished his work there in 1512. This determines the date of Michael Angelo's Colossal Head, for it is obvious it must have been done while the scaffold remained.

Towards this time, also, Michael Angelo commenced his figure of WISDOM.

1513.

On the 24th of February the second contract for the execution of the Tomb of Julius II. was made between Michael Angelo and the executors of the Pope,—Cardinals Santi Quattro and Aginense; and it was agreed

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[1] Vasari, vol. ii., pp. 56-58, and the "Commentary on the Life of Pontormo," at p. 68.
[2] Gaye, "Carteggio," vol. ii., Appendix, pp. 487-489.

to abandon the original project, and make the monument on a reduced scale, according to the desire of Julius himself.

1515.

Towards the end of this year Michael Angelo prepared a model for the façade of San Lorenzo at Florence. From what may be gathered from a very important letter written by Michael Angelo on the subject, it would appear that it was not until 1516, when he was at Carrara, for the purpose of selecting marbles for the tomb of Julius, that he received an order from his successor, Pope Leo X., to make a design and superintend the construction of this façade.[1]

In this year also he purchased a property at Settignano.

1516.

Michael Angelo was at Carrara, where he made an arrangement for the transport of nine statues, all in marble. These figures were certainly destined for the adornment of the tomb of Julius. Apparently they are all lost.

1516-1521.

During this period Michael Angelo was almost continually at Carrara or Pietra Santa for the purpose of selecting marbles intended for the construction of the façade of San Lorenzo;[2] but paid one visit to Rome, probably in 1517. On the 14th of July, 1518, he was at Florence, where he bought some land for building purposes in the Via Mozza; and he seems to have returned to Rome for a little while in December of that year.

1519.

On the 28th of October Michael Angelo was at Florence, where he was one of those who signed the petition, addressed to Leo X. by the

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[1] Eugène Piot, "Cabinet de l'Amateur" for 1861 and 1862, pp. 333-336.

[2] Frediani, "Ragionamento," Documento 5.

Accademia Medicea, for the removal of the remains of Dante to his native city; he also offered to make a monument to the "divine poet." This important document is preserved in the archives of Florence, and has been published by Gori in his annotations to Condivi.[1]

To this petition each signatter added to his name a few words of supplication, and by a singular exception, Michael Angelo, while all the others expressed themselves in Latin, wrote in Italian the following request: "Io Michelagniolo Schultore il medesimo a Vostra Santità supplicho, offerendomi al divin poeta fare la sepultura sua chondecente e in locho onorevole in questa cictà." Michael Angelo attended the meetings of the Academy of Florence, of which he was a member, very regularly and assiduously, and there is still existing the text of a lecture which he delivered before the Academy on the subject of Petrarch's sonnet,—

"Amor che nel pensier mio vive e regna,"

which is given in the Bagioli edition of Michael Angelo's Poems (pp. 293-327).

On the 27th of October, Michael Angelo bought some property at Rovezzano; and on the 29th of December he received a letter from Sebastian del Piombo, referring to the success which his picture, "The Raising of Lazarus," had achieved, and begging him to solicit the payment due to him from Cardinal Giulio de' Medici.

1520.

At the end of March in this year, Michael Angelo commenced the building of the Sacristy of San Lorenzo, at the command of Pope Leo X., who desired to make it the burial-place of his brother Giulio, and his nephew Lorenzo.[2]

On the 11th of April he fell ill at Florence; later in the year he bought more land at Settignano, and after this time he appears to have entirely remained at Florence.

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[1] Ascanio Condivi, "Vita di Michaelagnolo Buonarroti," Florence, Albizzini, 1746, pp. 112-114.

[2] Giovanni Cambi, "Storie Fiorentine," in the "Delizie degli eruditi toscani," v. xxii. pp. 161, 162; and Vasari, "Prospetto Cronologico," p. 358.

1521.

On the 26th of October he commissioned a certain Lionardo to pay Federigo Frizzi, a Florentine sculptor in Rome, four ducats in gold, which he owed to him for having finished and put in its place in the Church of the Minerva, his STATUE OF CHRIST.

1522-1523.

Michael Angelo, after the death of Leo X., resumed, without leaving Florence, his work for the tomb of Julius II. (For the particulars of the conferences relative to this and the chapel or sacristy of San Lorenzo, see the notes by Michael Angelo, preserved in the British Museum.)

It was probably at this time that he made the figure of VICTORY,[1] now in the Palazzo Vecchio, representing a young man throwing another to the ground; and also the four captives of the grotto Buontalenti in the Boboli Gardens, which were given to the Duke Cosmo by Lionardo, the nephew of Michael Angelo.

1523.

In this year he made a design for a house and garden for the Marquis of Mantua.[2]

1524.

It was about this time that Vasari, who had accompanied Cardinal Silvio di Cortona, was introduced to Michael Angelo, who at once took an interest in him, and procured him a place in Andrea del Sarto's studio. Vasari, born in 1512, was only twelve years of age at this time, which, perhaps, explains the reason of the inaccuracy of his information, particularly that relating to the early part of the life of Michael Angelo. The publication of his "Lives of the Painters" was continued up till 1550 (the latter part, containing the life of Michael Angelo, was printed in the March of this year by Torrentino). The biography of the

[1] Engraved in Cicognara's "Storia della Scultura," pl. 57.
[2] Gaye, "Carteggio," ii. p. 154.

great sculptor and artist by Ascanio Condivi of Ripa Transone, a friend and pupil of Michael Angelo, is much more trustworthy and exact; but being published in 1553, nine years before the death of Michael Angelo, it is necessarily incomplete. Vasari, in his second edition (of 1568), has made corrections, according to the text of Condivi, of a great part of his erroneous statements of the first edition, and has given some very important details concerning the last years of the sculptor, with whom he was in constant relation, that may be regarded as authentic.

1522 to 1526.

Michael Angelo was at work on the library of San Lorenzo.

1527.

There is a receipt signed by Michael Angelo on the 19th of October in this year, which shows that he had then been at work for eight months on the TOMBS in San Lorenzo.

1528.

In this year the Signory consigned to Michael Angelo a block of Carrara marble, and thus confirmed the order which had been given him by Soderini on the 10th of May, 1508. He had intended to convert this block into a group of "SAMSON FIGHTING THE PHILISTINES," and M. Piot formerly possessed a very fine bronze of this subject, which is now the property of Madame de Rothschild, and seems a proof that Michael Angelo really did put his intention into some form. It is known that after the return of the Medici, the marble was given to Bandinelli, who made from it a group of "HERCULES AND CACUS," which now stands near the door of the Palazzo Vecchio, and for many years formed a companion to the "DAVID" of Michael Angelo.

1529.

On the 6th of April Michael Angelo was appointed Commissioner-General of the Florentine fortifications, and on the 28th of the same month, and the 6th of the following, he was at Pisa and at Livorno

directing the work of that nature; on the 5th of June he was at Pisa again superintending the erection of the citadel; and on the 17th he decided on the nature of the works he had been requested to make for the defence of the Arno at Pisa.

On the 28th of July the Signory of Florence sent him to Ferrara to study the fortifications of that place, where a new system invented by the duke was adopted, and on the 8th of September he was at Arezzo.

Whilst he was thus engaged he made, however, time to paint the picture of LEDA, which he had promised to the Duke of Ferrara, and also to work secretly at the Mausoleum in San Lorenzo. The LEDA given by Michael Angelo to his pupil Antonio Mini, together with a number of sketches, studies, and models, was taken by the latter to France, where he sold it to Francis I., who placed it in his palace at Fontainebleau, where it remained until the reign of Louis XIV. It is said that Desnoyers not only mutilated it shamefully, but even gave an order for it to be burnt, which order it seems was happily never executed, as Mariette reports having seen the picture in the eighteenth century. According to Vasari, it was painted *in tempera*, which is probable; but from what M. Mariette says it would appear that the picture he saw was on canvas, and if this was the case, it was more likely to have been in oils.[1] The recent visit of Michael Angelo to Ferrara, where he had seen some of Titian's works, which had made a great impression upon him, would further confirm this probability. The picture in question seems to be irreparably lost. M. Waagen has failed to find it in England, and I have, equally in vain, searched for it in France, Italy, and Germany. A sketch for it is preserved in the Royal Academy of London, but M. Waagen is of opinion that this is not the original, but an early copy of it.[2] However, in the time of Bottari, the original sketch was purchased in Florence by an Englishman named Lock, and by him taken to London.

Judging from its style, and the nature of the subject, it may be supposed that the bust of BRUTUS, a fine, though unfinished, work, belongs to this period of Michael Angelo's genius: it was sculptured,

[1] "Observations de Mariette," p. 94.

[2] "Waagen; Treasures of Art in Great Britain," vol. i. p. 191.

after an antique cornelian seal, for Cardinal Ridolfi, in marble, and is of natural size. It is now in the Sala degl' Inscrizione of the Uffizj Gallery at Florence. A cast may be seen in the South Kensington Museum.

In September, 1529, Michael Angelo left Florence, as is proved by a letter written from Venice to his friend, Della Palla; a part of this letter has been published by M. Piot, in his "Cabinet de l'Amateur."

On the 30th of this month Michael Angelo was declared a rebel.

In October he was at Venice, where, according to the entries in his account-book, preserved in the Buonarroti Collection, he remained fourteen days, and spent £20. From the correspondence of Lasare de Baïf, French ambassador at Venice, with his master Francis I., and Michael Angelo's own letter to Della Palla it appears that he contemplated a visit to France at this time.[1] For treaties concerning the return of Michael Angelo to Florence, see note.[2]

On the 20th of October, Michael Angelo received a safe conduct for his return to Florence. On the 9th of November he left Venice; and on the 23rd of the same month, the charge of rebellion was withdrawn.

1530.

After the taking of Florence, the Pope made public his pardon of Michael Angelo, who forthwith resumed work for him, and continued to make the statue of the Virgin and other figures for the chapel of San Lorenzo.

1530-1531.

Clement VII., in some letters written to his brother at Florence, in 1530 and 1531, gave instructions through him to the prior of San Lorenzo to treat Michael Angelo with kindness and respect, and pay him the sum of 50 crowns per month; he also expressed his lively satisfaction with the diligence that the great sculptor employed in advancing the work at San Lorenzo.

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[1] Eugène Piot, "Cabinet de l'Amateur," p. 146.

[2] Varchi, "Storia Fiorentina." Gaye, "Carteggio," vol. ii. p. 209.

An unfinished marble statue of APOLLO of natural size, by Michael Angelo, is now in the Uffizj, at Florence.

1531.

In this year Michael Angelo refused an offer made to him by the Duke of Mantua, in order that he might not interrupt his work at San Lorenzo. There exists a letter dated 29th of September, from Antonio Mini, from which it appears that at that time the female figures of the chapel were finished, and those of the men sketched out. Michael Angelo was at this time in bad health, and suffering from fatigue. On the 21st of November, Pope Clement wrote an order by which he directed that Michael Angelo should spare himself as much as possible, and do no other work at all besides that in the San Lorenzo Chapel.

It is probable that the restoration of the "Dancing Faun," in the Uffizj, of which Michael Angelo undertook the head and arm, was accomplished at this time.

1531 to 1532.

Between these two dates Michael Angelo entered into the third contract relating to the TOMB of JULIUS II., and engaged to erect the monument in San Pietro in Vincoli, undertaking to make six statues with his own hand, and to superintend all the remainder of the work. To this period also belongs an oil picture of "THE FATES," which is now in the Pitti Palace, at Florence, and which was certainly designed by Michael Angelo, though the painting appears to have been the work of Rosso.

THE DREAM of Michael Angelo, "The Revelation of Vice in the Day of Judgment," is a very important composition by this master, of which there are several copies by his pupils,—that in the Museum at Madrid being considered the best; that in the National Gallery is attributed to Marcello Venusti.

THE FLIGHT OF GANYMEDE: there is a copy of this at St. Petersburg, executed by Battisto Franca, and others at Vienna, London, Berlin, and Paris.

VICE CONTENDING WITH INNOCENCE, a fresco at the Villa Raphael.

It has been removed, and now hangs in the Borghese Gallery, where it is assigned to Raphael. The Brera Museum possesses a very fine washed-in sketch of this picture; and in the Royal Collection at Windsor there is a drawing in red chalk of the same subject; both these are attributed to Sanzio, but they are evidently the genuine production of Michael Angelo, and are exceedingly valuable. The subject is certainly obscure and mysterious, but an old engraving from a missing drawing seems to convey its meaning clearly. In the engraving the head of him against whom Vice is fighting, is said to be a portrait of Michael Angelo himself.[1]

The dates of these four important compositions are absolutely unattainable, but their style inclines one to the opinion that they belong to the second part of Michael Angelo's artistic career,—that is, after the siege of Florence.

The following pictures are believed to have been the productions of various epochs in his life, but copied, or worked out from his designs, by his pupils.

THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS, by Daniel da Volterra, in the Church of Trinità di Monti, at Rome.

THE VIRGIN AND DEAD CHRIST, by Sebastian del Piombo, in San Francisco, at Viterbo.

THE SCOURGING OF CHRIST, by Sebastian del Piombo, at San Pietro in Montorio.

THE RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS, in the National Gallery of London; a part of which is supposed to be the work of Michael Angelo himself, the rest by Sebastian del Piombo. The drawing for the figure of Christ in this picture was once in the possession of Mr. Woodburn.

ST. FRANCIS WITH THE STIGMATA, by Palma Vecchio, in San Pietro in Montorio.

CHRIST IN THE GARDEN OF OLIVES, in the Pinacothek, at Munich.

CHRIST ON THE CROSS, at Lucca.

CHRIST ON THE CROSS, in the Doria Palace.

TWO APOSTLES, in the Borghèse Palace.

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[1] Duppa, "Life of Michael Angelo," p. 335.

CHRIST AT THE COLUMN, at Madrid.

THE VIRGIN WITH THE SLEEPING CHILD, by Sebastian del Piombo, in the collection at Blaise Castle. This, according to M. Waagen,[1] is the most beautiful example of this subject, which was so often repeated by the pupils of Michael Angelo.

CHRIST ON THE MOUNTAIN, another favourite subject with his followers. One of the finest examples of this, attributed to Marcello Venusti, is now in the Camuccini Collection at Rome.

THE FLAGELLATION OF CHRIST, a reduced copy of the fresco in San Pietro in Montorio, by Marcello Venusti, is at Blaise Castle.

THE ANNUNCIATION, by Marcello Venusti, in the Corsini Palace at Rome; a replica of this in the sacristy of San Giovanni di Lateran, and another at Apsley House.

THE FALL OF PHAETON, engraved after a drawing which is lost, but which was certainly by Michael Angelo, who made it for his friend Tommaso de' Cavalieri.[2]

A CRUCIFIXION, by Sebastian del Piombo, in the Berlin Museum.

DAVID AND GOLIATH, by Daniel da Volterra, in the Louvre.

SAINT SEBASTIAN, by Sebastian del Piombo (?) at Longfort Castle.

THE VIRGIN, WITH SEVEN SAINTS AND THE TWO HOLY CHILDREN. Figures life-size, painted in oils on wood, in the Buonarroti Collection, at Florence. This picture, engraved in "Etruria Pittrice," plate 34, is certainly not the work of Michael Angelo, though the design and composition are thoroughly in his style; the sketch, which is undoubtedly his, and the same size as the painting, passed from the collection of Mr. Woodburn to that of Mr. Robinson.

1532-1533.

At the request of Clement VII. Michael Angelo commenced painting THE LAST JUDGMENT at this time; also probably at the same epoch the fresco of THE FALL OF THE REBEL ANGELS, which was destined to occupy the opposite extremity of the Sistine Chapel.

During the latter year Michael Angelo returned to Florence, as

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[1] "Treasures of Art in Great Britain," vol. 3, p. 188. [2] Vasari, vol. 12, 272.

is proved by a curious note written by him, and now contained in the British Museum. It runs thus: "Mem. On the 12th of August, 1533, I found myself at Florence, where I went to see my niece at Boldrone, and took her twenty yards of linen for chemises, which had cost me 10 pence the yard."

1534.

On the death of Clement VII. (on the 25th of September) Michael Angelo ceased his work at San Lorenzo.

1535.

An order from Pope Paul III., appointing Michael Angelo architect, painter, and sculptor to the Vatican, at a salary of 1,200 gold crowns per year.[1]

On the 7th of September Vasari wrote to Aretino telling him he sent him a head in wax, and a drawing of St. Catherine, both by Michael Angelo.[2]

1537.

On the 4th of July in this year Michael Angelo made a design for a silver SALT-CELLAR for the Duke of Urbino.

A model, in wax, of a horse is mentioned in a letter of the 12th of October.[3]

On the 18th of December Paul III. issued an order on the subjects of the TOMB of JULIUS II. and the SISTINE CHAPEL, giving Michael Angelo a right of way on the river Po, and at the same time securing to him a pension of 1,200 crowns in gold for life.[4]

TWO BUSTS OF PAUL III. in marble, and life-size, but only roughly carved, are now in the Naples Museum, in the Farnese Collection.

1538.

In this year Michael Angelo first made the acquaintance of Vittoria

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[1] Vasari. [2] Bottari. [3] Vasari. [4] Vasari.

Colonna, who was born at Marino in 1490, and married the Marquis de Pescara in 1507. In 1525 her husband died at Milan from the effects of the wounds he had received at the battle of Pavia. Vittoria, who was then at Naples, on hearing of his state, set out to join him at Milan, but she had gone no further than Viterbo when she received the news of his death; she ceased to pursue her journey, and soon after returned to Naples by way of Rome, where she did not remain many days, and probably saw nothing of Michael Angelo at that time. Ten years later, when passing through the capital on her way to Ferrara, she spent some days in the Palazzo Colonna with her sister-in-law, Jeanne d'Aragon. In 1537 she again visited Ferrara; and in 1538 she went to Rome, and then met with Michael Angelo.[1] She was then forty-eight, and Michael sixty-four.

It is to this or to the immediately following years that the three beautiful drawings, which, according to his biographers, Michael Angelo made for Vittoria Colonna, must be ascribed. They are, THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS, known by the picture by Sebastian del Piombo, which was formerly in the Barberini Collection, and is now at Blaise Castle;[2] CHRIST AND THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA, of which there is an ancient engraving, and a copy by an unknown painter in the Liverpool Collection; and THE CRUCIFIXION, a copy of which, by Marcello Venusti, is in the gallery formed by Prince Lucien Buonaparte, at Rome.

1540?

PORTRAIT OF VITTORIA COLONNA (exhibited in 1852 at the Palazzo Colonna). The composition is certainly Michael Angelo's own; but it is apparently painted by Angiolo Bronzino. It is now in the possession of M. Campanari, of London.

1541.

On the 23rd of November Cardinal Parisani wrote to the Duke of

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[1] Giambattista Rota, "Vita di Vittoria Colonna." Paulus Jovius, "Vita d'Avalos." Harford, "Life of Michael Angelo," vol. 2, p. 252.

[2] Waagen.

Urbino, consenting that the TOMB of JULIUS II. should be finished by some other artists than Michael Angelo, provided they received the aid of his advice, and that he furnished them with designs.[1]

On the 25th of December, Christmas Day, THE LAST JUDGMENT was finished and uncovered. This magnificent work contains more than three hundred figures.

1542.

During this year Michael Angelo was occupied with the paintings in the Pauline Chapel (see his communication to Paul III. on the subject of the tomb of Julius).

On the 20th of August Michael Angelo entered upon his last agreement with the envoy of the Duke d' Urbino, respecting the tomb of Julius II.; this contract did not unfortunately receive the signature of the duke; however the monument was finished in 1550. Three only of the statues which compose it are by Michael Angelo; these are Moses, Active Life, and Contemplative Life, the first alone being entirely his own work, the two last partly with the help of Montelupo; the remaining three, The Virgin, a Prophet, and a Sibyl, though designed by Michael Angelo, were executed by Montelupo. The recumbent figure of Julius is by Maso del Bosco.[2]

In the Capitoline Museum there is a bust of GABRIELLE FAERNO, said to be by Michael Angelo, but not by any means authentically.

In the Uffizj, at Florence, there is a lid of a coffer or strong chest in bronze, ornamented with an oval bas-relief representing PEACE SEATED BETWEEN TWO SAVAGES IN CHAINS. This is engraved by Cicognara in his "Storia della Scultura," plate 56.

1543.

Before the end of this year Michael Angelo wrote a very important letter in which he refuted all the accusations brought against him with regard to the TOMB of JULIUS II.[3]

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[1] Gaye. [2] Harford, "Life of Michael Angelo," vol. 2, p. 39. [3] Vasari.

1544.

Michael Angelo was engaged upon the construction of the Capitol.

1540-1545.

In these years Michael Angelo made a design for a MONUMENT to CECCHINO BRACCI, which, however, was never put in execution, perhaps because he fell ill (while at the house of Luigi del Riccio).

1546.

There is in the Wicar Museum at Lille a letter from Francis I. to Michael Angelo, dated the 8th of February in this year.

At this time Duke Cosimo de' Medici sought to attract Michael Angelo to Florence.

There is a small figure, in marble, of St. Sebastian, purchased for the South Kensington Museum, from the Gigli Collection; it is unfinished, but is said to be an authentic work of the later days of the great sculptor.

1547.

After the death of Antonio da San Gallo, Michael Angelo was appointed architect of St. Peter's by a warrant of Paul III., who authorized him to charge to his account the plan for the building of the edifice. Michael Angelo made a new MODEL FOR ST. PETER'S.[1]

At the end of February in this year Vittoria Colonna died.

About the same time Michael Angelo made the cornice of the Palazzo Farnese, and restored the figures of the DYING GLADIATOR at the Capitol, and the RIVER GOD of the Vatican.

1549-1550.

Michael Angelo finished the frescoes of the Pauline Chapel.

1550.

On August 1st and October 13th in this year, Michael Angelo wrote

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[1] Vasari, vol. 12, p. 226.

to Vasari mentioning the works in San Pietro in Montorio, and San Giovanni de' Fiorentini.

At this time also he was at work on his marble group of THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS, representing Christ held up by the Virgin, accompanied by Nicodemus and one of the other Maries; the figures are larger than life-size. The group is now behind the chief altar of Santa Maria del Fiore. The South Kensington Museum contains an anatomical study for the left leg of the Christ.

The small PIETÀ which occupied him, together with the above, until the end of his life, is supposed to be identical with the unfinished work now in the court of the Palazzo Bolognetti, at Rome: but as the figures of this are life-size, there is some difficulty in recognizing it for the work before named, which Vasari distinctly calls the *Little Pietà.*

1552.

An order dated 23rd of January in this year, and signed by Julius III., renews Michael Angelo's appointment as architect of St. Peter's.

1554.

On the 23rd of January in this year he gave a dowry to the daughter of a certain Michele, a pork-butcher. In April he wrote to Vasari on the subject of the birth of his nephew.

1555.

In September of this year Vasari, on the part of the Duke Cosimo de' Medici, pressed his return to Florence, in order that he might finish the SACRISTY and the STAIRCASE OF THE LIBRARY OF SAN LORENZO.

1556.

Before the month of September Michael Angelo wrote to Vasari on the death of Urbino, who was his servant.[1]

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[1] Vasari, vol. 12, p. 245, note 3.

On the 18th of September he was in the mountains of Spoleto, having retired there to escape from the approach of the Spanish army under the Duke of Alba.

1558.

On the 28th March, Michael Angelo wrote to Cornelia the widow of Urbino. In this year he was again solicited to go to Florence, but as he persistently refused, the duke went to Rome to see him.

At this time also he made a model for the cupola of St. Peter's; this is now in the chamber of San Gregorio at St. Peter's.

1559.

He was engaged upon the Church of San Giovanni de' Fiorentini. A letter on this subject from Michael Angelo to Duke Cosimo may be seen in Bottari's "Lettere Pittoriche," vol. i, No. 10, p. 10.

In this year he made a design for a MAUSOLEUM for the Marquis of Marignan, brother of Pope Pius IV.; also plans for the PORTA PIA and other gates of the city of Rome.

1560.

In Bottari's "Lettere Pittoriche," vol. 6, No. 11, p. 43, there is a letter from Michael Angelo, dated 11th of September in this year, to Cardinal de' Carpi, expressing his intention to resign his office of architect of St. Peter's.

At about the same time he converted one of the halls of the Baths of Diocletian into a church, which took the name of Santa Maria degli Angeli.

1562.

In this year Baccio Bigio intrigued to supplant Michael Angelo.

1563.

On the 31st of January Michael Angelo was appointed vice-president of the Academy of Drawing.[1]

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[1] See letter from Vasari to the Duke of Tuscany, Gaye, "Carteggio," vol. 3, p. 82.

1564.

On the 18th of February Michael Angelo departed this life in his house at the foot of the Capitol, *Via delle tre pile, No.* 62.[1] At his funeral Varchi was selected to deliver a eulogistic oration. A monument, erected to his memory, is in the Church of Santa Croce.

THE POEMS OF MICHAEL ANGELO were published for the first time by his nephew under the title of "Le rime di Michelagnolo il vecchio, raccolte da Michelagnolo suo nipote" (Florence, 1623). This work was reprinted under the superintendence of Giovanni Bottari, by Manni, of Florence, in 1726, "Con una lezione di Ben. Varchi e due di Mario Guiducci sopra di esse."

The edition printed in Rome (*Rime e prosa*, 1817) contains some unedited poetry taken from a manuscript in the Vatican; this was reproduced by Silvestri, at Milan, in 1822.

M. Biagioli published at Paris, in 1821, an edition of the same work with all the best commentaries, and the lecture which Michael Angelo delivered before the academy of Florence on the sonnet, "*Amor, che nel pensier mio vive e regna*," by Petrarch.

M. Varcollier has made a translation of a part of Michael Angelo's poems, and printed it side by side with the original text, with notes. M. Lanneau Rolland issued in Paris (Didier, 1860) a very complete, and in general very correct, translation of the poetical works of the great Florentine artist.

Mr. John Edward Taylor published, in 1840, a volume entitled "Michael Angelo considered as a Philosophic Poet," in which he gave translations of many of the sonnets.

The MANUSCRIPTS of Michael Angelo are numerous, and there yet remain many unpublished. The Buonarroti Collection is rich in these,

[1] See letter from Gherado Fidelissimi, Gaye, "Carteggio," vol. iii. p. 126.

and possesses some of great importance; and the British Museum acquired, in 1859 and 1860, a number of letters and other documents
* which, so far as I know, have not yet been made use of; they comprise about a hundred and fifty letters from Michael Angelo to his father, brother, and nephew, with memoranda, written between 1505 and 1561; letters addressed to him by Vittoria Colonna, Sebastian del Piombo, Benvenuto Cellini; and four letters from Galileo to Michael Angelo the younger. It is much to be desired that the publication of documents possessing so large an amount of interest should not be long deferred.

* Partially by Grimm in his Life of M. A.

A CLASSIFIED CATALOGUE OF THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF MICHAEL ANGELO BUONARROTI.

A CLASSIFIED CATALOGUE OF THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF MICHAEL ANGELO BUONARROTI.

PART I.

SCULPTURE.

I.

HEAD OF A FAUN, *from the Antique* (1489).

In the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

THIS, the earliest work of the great master, was executed by him while a lad, studying under the sculptor Bertaldo, in the Garden of Lorenzo de' Medici at Florence. Vasari relates that Michael Angelo was introduced to the notice of Lorenzo by Domenico Ghirlandaio; and that, anxious to emulate the productions of a youth of the Torrigiani family, a fellow-student in the same garden, who was executing some terra-cotta figures in relief, Michael took a piece of marble and set himself to copy the head of an Old Faun from the antique. This he did so successfully as to elicit much praise from Lorenzo, who further perceiving that the youth had departed in some measure from the original, and had opened the mouth according to his own fancy, remarked somewhat jestingly, "Thou shouldst have remembered that old folks never retain all their teeth, some are

always wanting." Michael Angelo, believing that the Signor had spoken in earnest, no sooner saw his back turned than he broke off one of the teeth and filed the gum in such a way as to make it appear that the tooth had dropped out. When Lorenzo saw what had been done (says Vasari) he was much amazed, and often laughed at the circumstance with his friends, to whom he related it as a marvel, resolving meanwhile to assist Michael Angelo and put him forward.

II.

BATTLE OF HERCULES WITH THE CENTAURS. (1490-1492.)

Bas-relief. In the Casa Buonarroti, Florence.

Michael Angelo executed this work from a block of marble given to him by Lorenzo de' Medici. Vasari states that it was undertaken by the advice of Politiano, and that it proved so beautiful that those who regard it would scarcely believe it to have been the work of a youth, but rather that of an experienced master.

In the South Kensington Museum there is a model in wax, fourteen inches high, which was formerly in the Gherardini Collection, and which is doubtless a first thought for this group.

III.

COLOSSAL STATUE OF HERCULES. (1492.)

This statue is now lost. It was executed shortly after the death of Lorenzo in 1492, and remained for some years in the Palazzo Strozzi in Florence, but was afterwards sold to Charles VIII. of France; beyond this there is no trace of it.

IV.

A CRUCIFIX.

In the Church of Santo Spirito, Florence.

Michael Angelo made a Crucifix of wood, which was placed over the lunette of the High Altar of the Church of Santo Spirito. The original is

now lost, but a copy occupies the same position. Vasari says that Michael Angelo executed this Crucifix to please the prior of the church, who was a friend of his, and had lent him a room in which to study anatomy.

V.

KNEELING FIGURE OF AN ANGEL BEARING A CANDELABRUM:

On the Tomb of San Domenico, at Bologna.

This statue, with a San Petronio, was completed during Michael Angelo's stay at Bologna, where he was the guest of one Signor Giovan Francesco Aldovrandi, a member of the Bolognese government. It is related that Aldovrandi one day took the artist to see the tomb of San Domenico, upon which these two figures were wanting. Aldovrandi asked Michael Angelo if he would undertake them, and the latter, having agreed to do so, selected a piece of marble, and completed them in such a way that they were the best figures on the tomb. Michael Angelo is said to have received thirty ducats for his work.

A cast of this figure is at South Kensington.

VI.

A STATUE OF SAN GIOVANNI.

Vasari states that this was executed in marble for Lorenzo di Pier Francesco de' Medici, but nothing more is known respecting it.

VII.

A SLEEPING CUPID. (1495.)

The whereabouts of this statue is not known. It was in marble, the size of life, and Michael Angelo is said to have buried it for a time at the suggestion of Baldassare del Milanese, and afterwards to have sent it to Rome, where it was sold as an antique to the Cardinal Riario of San Giorgio for two hundred crowns. On the other hand, it is also stated that Milanese himself buried the statue and then sold it to the Cardinal and afterwards wrote to Lorenzo di Pier Francesco, begging him to pay Michael Angelo thirty crowns, declaring that sum to have been all he had received for it, thus deceiving both Francesco and Michael Angelo. Meanwhile Cardinal Riario had discovered that the Cupid had been

made in Florence, and having ascertained the whole truth, he compelled Milanese to return the money and take back the statue. It afterwards passed into the possession of the Duke Valentino, who presented it to the Duchess of Mantua, in which city it remained for some years.

VIII.

THE DRUNKEN BACCHUS. (1497-1498.)

In the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

Michael Angelo executed this figure during his first visit to Rome, for Signor Jacopo Galli, a Roman gentleman of much artistic judgment. The statue is the size of life, and is represented in an attitude of languor, which admirably expresses the effects of drunkenness, the apparent difficulty in remaining standing; the smiling mouth and sleepy eyes are marvellous in their truthfulness. The god is crowned with ivy and vine leaves, in his right hand he holds a tazza into which he is pressing some grapes, from which a little satyr, wrapped in goat skin, is trying to drink unobserved.

This is probably Michael Angelo's most delicate and highly finished work. Instead of the passion and stern pride of the Moses, the Bacchus is full of force and tenderness.

The Duke of Northumberland has a copy of this statue in marble, at Sion House.

IX.

CUPID KNEELING. (1497-1498.)

In the South Kensington Museum.

This also was a commission executed for Signor Jacopo Galli. The god is represented as a youth of sixteen or seventeen years, kneeling on one knee, in an animated attitude; the head is turned to the right, the right arm extended downwards, whilst the other, holding a bow, is raised in the air. The drapery and the hair of the head is left unfinished, and many portions of the figure bear marks of pistol bullets, which were wantonly fired at it whilst placed in the Gualfonda Gardens, in Florence.

The upraised arm is a skilful restoration by Signor Santarelli, Pro-

fessor of Sculpture in the Academy of Florence, the original arm having perished either from long exposure to the weather, or from having been wantonly destroyed. It was formerly in the Gigli-Campana Collection. (*See Photograph.*)

X.

THE MADONNA DELLA PIETÀ. (1498-1499.)

In the Cappella della Pietà, St. Peter's, Rome.

Vasari relates that, during Michael Angelo's stay in Rome, he made so much progress in his art, that the elevation of thought which he displayed in his compositions, and the facility with which he worked, was considered extraordinary. His fame caused the Cardinal of St. Denis, a Frenchman named Rovano, ambassador from Charles VIII., to form the desire of leaving in Rome some memorial of himself, by the hand of so famous an artist. He therefore commissioned Michael Angelo to execute a Pietà of marble in full relief, which was placed in the Chapel of Santa Maria della Febbre, in St. Peter's. It is now, however, in the chapel which stands opposite to the baptismal font.

The group represents the dead Christ reclining in the lap of the Virgin Mary, and is justly considered to be one of Michael Angelo's masterpieces. The pose of the body exhibits the very perfection of anatomical exactness, every muscle, vein, and nerve being displayed. There is a most exquisite expression in the countenance, and the limbs are affixed to the trunk in a manner that is faultless. The love and care which Michael Angelo had given to this group were such that he left his name—the only instance in which he is known to have done so—engraved upon the band which girdles the robe of the Virgin. The circumstances which led to this act are thus related by Vasari: "One day Michael Angelo, entering the place where it was erected, found a large assemblage of strangers from Lombardy there, who were praising it highly; one of them, asking who had done it, was told, 'Our Hunchback of Milan,' meaning Solari; hearing which, Michael Angelo remained silent, although surprised that his work should be attributed to another. But one night he repaired to St. Peter's with a light

and his chisels, and engraved his name upon the cincture, as has been stated." (*See Photograph.*)

A Cast of this group may be seen in the Italian Court, at the Crystal Palace.

XI.

THE DYING ADONIS. (1501.)

Recumbent marble Statue in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

A description of this statue will be found on pp. 9 and 10 of this volume. It was formerly in the Boboli Gardens.

XII.

A COLOSSAL STATUE OF DAVID. (1503-1504.)

In the Accademia delle Belle Arti, Florence. Formerly in the Piazza del Palazzo Vecchio.

Michael Angelo returned to Florence about the year 1500, and shortly afterwards commenced the statue of David, which, until recently, stood in the Piazza del Palazzo Vecchio, in Florence, but which, for its better preservation, is now placed in the Academy of Fine Arts. The block of marble out of which this colossal figure was fashioned was originally intended by the Gonfaloniere Pier Soderini for Leonardo da Vinci. It was difficult to get a statue out of it without the addition of several pieces, and no one, Michael Angelo excepted, had the courage to attempt it. A certain Maestro Simone da Fiesole had commenced a colossal figure upon it, but the work had been so grievously injured, that the superintendents of the House of Works of Santa Maria del Fiore had allowed it to remain unfinished for many years. Michael Angelo now measured the mass anew, to see what kind of a figure could be drawn from it, and accommodating himself to the attitude demanded by the injuries inflicted upon the mass by Maestro Simone, he begged the block of the superintendent and Soderini, by whom it was given to him as a useless thing, they thinking that whatever he might make of it, it must needs be preferable to the state in which it then lay. Michael Angelo commenced his labours forthwith, and the statue was completed and erected upon the site selected for it in June, 1504. Michael Angelo

received the sum of four hundred crowns from the Soderini for this work.

In the South Kensington Museum is a small model in wax, 3¾ in. high, formerly in the Gherardini Collection, which is, doubtless, the first idea for this celebrated statue. The Museum also contains a Cast from the original, presented, in 1857, by the Grand Duke of Tuscany. (*See Photograph.*)

XIII.

A STATUE OF THE MADONNA AND CHILD. (1500-1501.)

In the Cathedral of Bruges.

The Virgin is seated with the Holy Child standing before her. The attitude of this group is very charming. The Child is about to step down from a small stool on which His mother's left foot rests, while He fondly clasps one of His little hands in hers for help.

Until recently the authenticity of this group was somewhat doubtful. Vasari makes no mention of it, although he speaks of a Madonna in *bronze*, which Michael Angelo "cast for certain Flemish merchants, who paid him a hundred crowns for his work, which, when completed, was sent to Flanders." A drawing, however, in the possession of Mr. Henry Vaughan, containing studies evidently intended for the figure of the Saviour in this composition, would seem to prove that the work was executed by Michael Angelo himself; in addition to this there is an inscription, "Chossi di Bruges," twice repeated on the drawing, though apparently not in Michael Angelo's handwriting; there is also the name "Lessandro Manecti," which is clearly in the autograph of the master, from which it is fair to assume that the former inscription ("Chossi di Bruges") may have been written by some Florentine, who had either seen the work before it left Florence, or after its transfer to Bruges. This statue was taken to Paris with other spoil by the French, but ultimately restored to its present position.

Cast in the South Kensington Museum. (*See Photograph.*)

XIV.

A STATUE OF DAVID, IN BRONZE.

Michael Angelo executed about this time (1505), for the Gonfaloniere

Pier Soderini, a David in bronze, which was intended as a present to the Mareschal de Gies, a favourite of Francis I., whom the Florentines wished to conciliate. This personage, however, fell into disgrace before the work was finished, and it was ultimately sent to a certain Florimand Robert, of Blois, one of the successors in the royal favour. It is now lost.

XV.

A MEDALLION (*Bas-relief*) OF THE HOLY FAMILY. (1503-1504.)

In the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

XVI.

ALSO A MEDALLION (*Bas-relief*) OF THE VIRGIN AND CHILD, AND ST. JOHN.

In the Royal Academy, London.

These probably belong to the same period as the marble Madonna at Bruges. They were originally executed, one for Bartolommeo Pitti, and the other for Taddeo Taddei; the former was subsequently presented to Guicciardini, by Fra Miniato Pitti, and is now in the Uffizi Gallery; the latter afterwards came into the possession of Sir George Beaumont, and is now in the Royal Academy. The Virgin, seen in profile, is a lovely, delicate figure, while the Infant, with all the vivacity of childhood, is pressing close to the Mother's person. The Baptist is reaching upwards to the Saviour. Both are unfinished.

A Cast of the latter is in the South Kensington Museum.

XVII.

A MARBLE STATUE OF ST. MATTHEW (*unfinished*). (1503.)

In the Cortile of the Accademia in Florence.

This statue was one of twelve which Michael Angelo received a commission for from the Superintendent of Works to Santa Maria del Fiore. This was the only one of the series commenced, but slight sketch though it be, it gives clear evidence of the perfection to which the finished work would have attained.

XVIII.

THE TOMB OF POPE JULIUS II. (1505-1542.)

In the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli, Rome.

Early in the year 1505 Michael Angelo was called to Rome by Pope Julius II., who had succeeded Alexander VI. on the papal throne. His Holiness received him with great consideration, and commissioned him to prepare his sepulchral monument, but he had been several months in Rome before he was directed to make any commencement. Finally, it was determined that a design which he had submitted should be adopted, and the grandeur of this bore ample testimony to the genius of the master. It was intended that the work should have been enriched by numerous statues, and of these Michael Angelo finished four and commenced eight others; but it was destined that the tomb should never be completed as originally designed. Michael Angelo was engaged upon it, at intervals, for thirty-seven years, viz., from 1505 to 1542, when it was finally settled in its present form, and arranged to be completed by other masters under Michael Angelo's direction.

XIX.

TWO CAPTIVES, CHAINED. (1505.)

In the Gallery of the Louvre.

It was originally intended that these statues should have adorned the Tomb of Julius II., but this plan was afterwards abandoned, and Michael Angelo gave them to Signor Roberto Strozzi, in whose house he lay sick, and by him they were sent to Francis I. of France, who in turn gave them to the Constable de Montmorency, who placed them in his château at Ecouen. They afterwards became the property of Cardinal Richelieu, and finally, in 1793, they were bought by Lenoir, through whom they passed to the Louvre.

Vasari states that these figures are intended to represent the provinces subjugated by Julius II., and brought by him under the obedience of the Apostolic Church.

Casts of these statues are in the South Kensington Museum.

XX.

THE BRONZE STATUE OF POPE JULIUS II. (1506-1508.)

Formerly erected over the Door of the Cathedral of San Petronio at Bologna.

This colossal statue was the first commission executed by Michael Angelo after his reconciliation with his Holiness at Bologna in 1506. It was finished in February, 1508, and erected over the entrance door of San Petronio, but destroyed by the rebellious Bolognese three years later, and the bronze sold to the Duke Alfonso of Ferrara, who caused a piece of artillery to be made from the fragments, which was called the Giulia. The head only was preserved; it remained for some years in the possession of Duke Alfonso, but is now lost.

It is related of this work, that when Julius came to inspect the clay model which Michael Angelo had prepared, he, finding that he was represented with the right arm raised in an attitude of great dignity, and not knowing what was to be placed in the left, enquired of the master whether he was anathematizing the people, or giving them his benediction. Michael Angelo replied that he was admonishing the Bolognese to behave themselves discreetly, and asked his Holiness to decide whether it were not well to put a book into the left hand. "Put a sword into it," said the Pontiff, "for of letters I know but little."

It is interesting to record that while this statue was in progress Michael Angelo received a visit from the artist and goldsmith Francia, who was much struck by the knowledge of art displayed in the work.

XXI.

A COLOSSAL STATUE OF MOSES.

In the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli, Rome.

It is supposed that Michael Angelo commenced this work about the year 1513, but it was not completed until many years afterwards.

The Lawgiver is represented seated in an attitude of imposing dignity, with the right arm resting on the Tables, while with the left he restrains the flowing beard which descends almost to the knees. The

countenance is of a sublime beauty, and the head bears the traditional horns of light which usually accompany representations of the Prophet. The draperies are also most effectively rendered, the muscles of the arms, with the anatomical development of the nerves of the hands, are exhibited to the utmost perfection; the same may be said of the lower limbs, which are clad in admirably appropriate vestments.

A Cast of this statue is in the South Kensington Museum. (*See Photograph.*)

XXII.

The statues of RELIGION AND VIRTUE, or, as they are called by Vasari, LEAH AND REBECCA, the former representing Active Life, and the latter Life in Contemplation, which are placed on either side of the MOSES, are also the work of Michael Angelo, and were completed by him within a year.

XXIII.

THE TOMB OF GIULIANO DE' MEDICI. (1520-1534.)

THE TOMB OF LORENZO DE' MEDICI.

In the Church of San Lorenzo at Florence.

These monuments, which are situated on either side of the Medici Chapel (which is also the work of Michael Angelo) were commenced by him in 1520, and occupied him, with many intervals, down to 1534, when he finally left the work unfinished.

It is a strange fact that Michael Angelo was working at this Funeral Chapel when he was called upon to defend republican Florence against the Medicis.

In the Mausoleum of *Giuliano de' Medici*, Duke of Nemours, the Duke is placed over the figures of *Day* and *Night*. In that of *Lorenzo de' Medici*, Duke of Urbino, the figures are those of *Early Dawn* and *Evening*. The Statue of Duke Lorenzo is one of the masterpieces of modern sculpture, and is famous under the name of *Penseroso*, on account of the melancholy and thoughtful attitude in which Michael Angelo has represented the tyrant. Of the four allegorical figures the *Evening* and *Night* are most admired. (*See Photographs.*)

Casts of these monuments may be seen in the Italian Court of the Crystal Palace.

XXIV.

A Colossal Statue of Christ. (1521.)

In the Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva, in Rome.

This statue is not wholly the work of Michael Angelo. It was designed and partly executed by him, but finished under his direction by the Florentine sculptor, Federigo Frizzi. The Saviour is represented standing by His Cross in an angry and avenging attitude.

Vasari states that this statue was finished by Pietro Urbano of Pistoia.

A Cast of this statue is in the Italian Court of the Crystal Palace.

XXV.

The Madonna and Child.

In the Sacristy of San Lorenzo, Florence.

This group stands between the statues of St. Cosimo and St. Damiano. The Infant Saviour is represented turning towards His Divine Mother, who is regarding Him with an expression of much tenderness.

A Cast of this group is in the Italian Court of the Crystal Palace.

XXVI.

A Group of the Dead Christ, the Two Maries, and Joseph of Arimathea. (1549-1550.)

In the Cathedral at Florence.

The Virgin Mary supports the body of her Divine Son, who is being taken from the Cross, assisted by Joseph of Arimathea, while the other Mary, perceiving that the powers of the Virgin are about to fail, comes also to her aid.

Vasari states that this work was taken in hand by Michael Angelo shortly after the completion of the fresco of the "Last Judgment," "because the use of the hammer kept him in health." It remained for many years in the sculpture-room of the Chapel of St. Lorenzo, but in the year 1722 it was placed behind the High Altar of the Cathedral of Florence.

An excellent photograph of this work, of a large size, may be seen at South Kensington.

XXVII.

A PIETÀ. (*Unfinished.*)

In the Courtyard of a Palace in Rome.

This interesting marble is probably the last work taken in hand by Michael Angelo, as an inscription on the pedestal sets forth. It is little more than a first blocking out of a group of two disciples carrying off the dead body of our Saviour. It stands in the courtyard of a palace in the Corso, a building occupied by the Russian Legation.

This is, doubtless, the group mentioned by Vasari, when, after describing the "Deposition" of four figures alluded to in the foregoing, he states that Michael Angelo found it "necessary for him to take in hand some other work in marble, in order that he might, for his health's sake, every day pass some of his time working with his chisel."

In the Oxford collection is a sketch which bears a strong resemblance to this work.

XXVIII.

BRUTUS. (*Unfinished.*)

Colossal marble bust in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

Michael Angelo is said to have commenced this work for the Cardinal Ridolfi, from a carnelian of great antiquity belonging to Signor Giuliano Cesarino.

A cast of this bust is in the South Kensington Museum.

XXIX.

A FIGURE OF VICTORY.

A marble group in the Palazzo Vecchio, Florence.

Victory is represented with a captive beneath her feet—the latter only faintly indicated by the chisel.

XXX.

THE HOLY FAMILY.

Marble bas-relief in the Casa Buonarroti, Florence.

This bas-relief is always included in the lists of the principal works of Michael Angelo. The date of its execution is very uncertain.

XXXI.

THE YOUNG APOLLO. (*Unfinished.*) (1530.)

In the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

Michael Angelo commenced this figure for Baccio Valori, the commissioner of Pope Clement, who, after the siege and capitulation of Florence, had orders to arrest Michael Angelo for participation in the outbreak against the Medicis. Reassured, however, by the Pope's subsequent clemency, and wishing to conciliate the good offices of Valori, Michael Angelo undertook this statue. It does not appear, however, to have passed into Valori's possession. Apollo is represented drawing an arrow from his quiver. It was formerly in a niche in the theatre of the Boboli Gardens.

XXXII.

FOUR STATUES OF CAPTIVES. (*Unfinished.*)

In the Gardens of the Pitti Palace, Florence.

These were, doubtless, intended for the embellishment of the tomb of Julius II. They remained for some years in the Boboli Gardens.

XXXIII.

POPE PAUL III.

Colossal marble bust in the Museum of Naples.

This bust is placed in the Cinque-cento Gallery of the Museum at Naples.

PART II.

PAINTING.

I.

THE HOLY FAMILY.

In the Tribune of the Uffizi, Florence.

MICHAEL ANGELO executed this painting for the Florentine citizen Angelo Doni. It is circular in form, and is painted in tempera. The Virgin Mary is represented in a kneeling position, holding in her arms the Divine Child, whom she presents to Joseph. The background of the picture is filled in with numerous undraped figures in a variety of attitudes. The expression on the face of the Virgin is finely conceived. She regards the beauty of her Son with a delight which is admirably expressed upon her features, and she seems to desire that her joy shall be shared by Joseph, who receives the Babe with infinite tenderness and reverence. (*See Photograph.*)

II.

THE ENTOMBMENT OF OUR LORD. (*Unfinished.*)

In the National Gallery, London.

A composition of seven figures, representing St. John (or Nicodemus), Joseph of Arimathæa, and Mary Magdalene, who are carrying the body of Christ up a winding flight of steps to the tomb prepared by Joseph in

the background. On the left is a female figure seated on the ground, apparently examining something in her hand; and on the opposite side are two other female figures, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and the Virgin, the latter in obscure outline only, and kneeling on the ground.

This work was formerly in the collection of Cardinal Fesch, and was stored, with a vast number of other paintings, in the basement of the Falconieri Palace at Rome, whence it was removed with others to the Villa Paolina. In 1845 it was sold to a Roman picture-dealer, from whom it was bought by Mr. Robert Macpherson, with some other pictures, for a small sum: the surface being so obscured by dirt that its qualities were not apparent. When washed, it was inspected by several Roman connoisseurs and artists, and pronounced a work of great value.

Condivi and Vasari both mention that Michael Angelo left several unfinished works in painting and sculpture, and among such unrecorded labours may be accounted the present "Entombment." Peter von Cornelius, the eminent German painter, in evidence in an action brought against the purchaser by the Roman dealer for its recovery, declared it to be "una cosa preziosa—un vero originale di Michael Angelo."

It was purchased for the nation from Mr. Robert Macpherson in 1868.

III.

THE MADONNA, INFANT SAVIOUR, AND ST. JOHN. (*Unfinished.*)

In the National Gallery, London.

This composition, painted in tempera, was formerly in the possession of the Right Hon. H. Labouchere, M.P., afterwards Lord Taunton, at Stoke Park, when it was ascribed to Domenico Ghirlandajo; but Waagen, who saw it there, had no hesitation in pronouncing it a genuine Michael Angelo, though evidently belonging to the early period of the Master.

The Virgin is represented seated, holding a book in her right hand; standing at her feet is the Infant Saviour, who is pointing upwards to the book in the hands of His Divine Mother. Behind Him is the little St. John, while on either side, filling up the picture, are four figures of

XV.

THE MADONNA AND INFANT CHRIST.

(SAINT JOHN THE BAPTIST, AND ANGELS.)

FROM THE PAINTING

IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.

ENGRAVED BY ALPHONSE FRANÇOIS.

angels, two of whom are reading from a scroll; those on the left hand are in bare outline only.

Exhibited at the British Institution in 1847 by Mrs. Bonar, who sold it to Mr. Labouchere, from whose executors it was purchased for the National Gallery in 1870.

It was exhibited at the Manchester Exhibition in 1857. Engraved in the "Gazette des Beaux-Arts." (*See Photograph.*)

IV.

SOLDIERS BATHING IN THE ARNO.

The Cartoon of Pisa.

This celebrated cartoon, prepared for the purpose of disputing the palm with that of Leonardo da Vinci in the Great Hall of the Council in Florence, is said to have been a marvel of art. The work exhibited a vast number of nude figures bathing in the river Arno at the moment that intelligence arrives that the enemy is making an attack upon the camp. The soldiers who are bathing spring forth in haste to seize their arms; some are fixing their cuirasses or other portions of their armour, while others are already mounted and hurrying off to the point of attack. Among the figures in this work is that of an old man, who, to shelter himself from the heat, has wreathed a garland of ivy round his head and, seated upon the ground, is labouring to draw on his hose, but is impeded by the humidity of his limbs. Hearing the sound of the drums and the cries of his comrades, he is struggling violently, and the action of the muscles and distortion of the mouth evince the zeal of his efforts. There were numerous groups besides, all sketched in different manners, and displaying that knowledge of the human form for which Michael Angelo stands pre-eminent.

It is much to be deplored that this incomparable cartoon is lost. Baccio Bandinelli was charged with having destroyed it, either that no one else might profit by the study of it, or because, out of partiality to Da Vinci and enmity to Michael Angelo, he was anxious to withdraw from the public gaze a subject of comparison which established the reputation of the latter above that of the former. This charge, however,

has never been satisfactorily proved. Portions of the composition are preserved to us by the old engravers, Marc Antonio, Agostino Veneziano, &c.; and a Group consisting of nineteen figures, from a fragment of the original, or a copy, preserved at the Earl of Leicester's, at Holkham, was engraved and published by Schiavonetti in 1808. (*See Photograph.*)

V.

THE SISTINE CHAPEL, ROME. (1508-1511.)

Michael Angelo returned to Rome from Florence in 1508, when the Pope (Julius II.) requested him to undertake the decoration of the Sistine Chapel. It is recorded that the master was somewhat reluctant to undertake the commission, being wholly unacquainted with fresco, and that he wished to transfer the task to Raphael. Constrained, however, to accept it, he invited some of the more distinguished fresco painters from Florence to assist, or rather to instruct him, and having gained the information he wanted, he defaced what they had done, and set about the work alone.

The whole ceiling of the chapel is one hundred and thirty-two feet in length by forty-four feet in breadth, and its height from the floor is sixty-eight feet. On the end wall of the chapel, opposite the entrance, is the painting of the Last Judgment; this was not completed until thirty years later than the ceiling; on the opposite wall it was the intention of the painter to have embodied the Fall of Lucifer and the Rebel Angels.

The subjects on the ceiling may be divided into five classes, viz.: First—The purely architectural divisions into panels and lunettes, divided from each other by painted mouldings and ornamental details. Secondly—The series of human figures which form part of this purely architectural section of the ceiling. Thirdly—The series, nine in number, in oblong panels, which represent the Genesis of Creation and the story of the Fall of Man, together with the ten small circular panels, which help to illustrate that story, and which, with the four lunettes in the corner of the ceiling, complete this division of the work. Fourthly—The series, twelve in number, of the great Prophets and Sibyls, with their attendant genii, who ponder on the past and future of human existence. And lastly—The long series of Holy Families which record the genealogy of Christ.

XII.

THE DELPHIC SIBYL.

ON THE CEILING OF THE SISTINE CHAPEL, ROME.

FROM THE ORIGINAL FRESCO.

The more important compositions are as follows:—

The Separation of Light from Darkness.
The Creation of the Sun and Moon, and the Flight of Chaos.
The Brooding over the Face of the Waters.
The Creation of Adam.
The Creation of Eve.
The Temptation and Expulsion from Eden.
The Sacrifice of Noah.
The Deluge.
The Drunkenness of Noah.
The Brazen Serpent.
The Death of Haman.
Judith bearing the Head of Holofernes. } In the four corners.
David and Goliath.
The Prophet Daniel.
The Cumæan Sibyl.
The Prophet Isaiah.
The Lybean Sibyl.
The Prophet Ezekiel.
The Delphic Sibyl.
The Prophet Joel.
The Prophet Zechariah.
The Prophet Jeremiah.
The Persian Sibyl.
The Prophet Jonah, and
The Erythræan Sibyl.

The remaining subjects illustrated the genealogy of Christ from Abraham to Joseph. They consist of groups of figures and of single figures, which but obscurely realize the meaning of the texts which they are meant to illustrate. They commence with:—

Aminadab, the father of Naason.
Naason, as a youth, reading from an open book.
Salmon. Indicated by a family group.
Booz, his son. Indicated by a mother and child.

Obed, the Father of Jesse. A patriarchal figure leaning on a staff.

Jesse. Obscurely indicated by a family group.

David, the sweet singer of Israel.

Solomon. Indicated by a woman plying a distaff.

Roboam, his son. Indicated by a mother and child.

Abias. Indicated by a mother and child.

Asa. Also indicated by a mother and child.

Josephat. As a man writing on a scroll.

Joram. Represented by a mother and children.

Joatham. Indicated by a mother and child pointing to some object out of the picture.

Achaz. Indicated by a mother and nude children.

Manasses. Shown by a mother and her two children.

Amon. The child in the lap of the mother.

Josias. A beautiful composition: a father, mother, and child.

Jeconias. Indicated by a mother and child.

Salathiel, his son. A father and son.

Zorobabel. A family group.

Abiud, his son. Indicated by a mother and child.

Eliakim. By a father and child.

Azor. A woman and child.

Achim. A father and child.

Eliud. A mother and child.

Mathan. A magnificent composition. The head of the man cannot be surpassed.

Jacob. Indicated by a patriarchal figure of a man and his wife and child.

It should be borne in mind that these compositions follow each other alternately on either side of the chapel, and not round it, till the series is concluded by two at the other end of the chapel over the entrance doorway.

When Michael Angelo had completed about half the work, he exhibited it for a short time to the public. He then set about the remainder, but not getting on quick enough for the impatient Pontiff, threats were held out to induce him to use more despatch, in consequence of which he contrived in the short space of twenty months to complete

XIII.

THE ERYTHRÆAN SIBYL.

ON THE CEILING OF THE SISTINE CHAPEL, ROME.

FROM THE ORIGINAL FRESCO.

the vast portion which was still left. The scaffolding was removed, and the chapel thrown open to the public on All Saints' Day, 1511, on which occasion the Pope attended mass in it.

Vasari records that Michael Angelo suffered much inconvenience from having to work so long in such a constrained attitude, his face constantly turned upwards; and that he injured his eyes so much that for months afterwards he could neither read letters nor examine drawings except in the same attitude of looking upwards.

Many of the original sketches for these frescoes are preserved at the British Museum and at Chatsworth and Oxford.

Admirable photographs of most of these figures have been taken, on a large scale, by M. Braun, of Dornach. They may be seen in the South Kensington Museum. (*See Illustrations.*)

VI.

LEDA.

Cartoon in the Royal Academy, London.

This work, which was also in tempera, was originally undertaken for the Duke Alfonso of Ferrara, but, owing to the stupidity of the Duke's messenger, who was sent to obtain it from the painter, it did not pass into his possession. Vasari tells us that Michael Angelo presented it to his pupil Antonio Mini, who took it into France, where it was purchased by Francis I. It was afterwards burnt, by order of a confessor of the queen.

Leda is represented with her arms thrown round the neck of the swan, with Castor and Pollux emerging from the egg.

A cartoon from this painting remained for some time in the possession of Bernardo Vecchietti, but was afterwards purchased by a Mr. Lock, who brought it to England, and presented it to the Royal Academy, where it now is.

A copy of the painting, by a Flemish artist, probably Rubens himself, is in the Dresden Gallery.

VII.

THE LAST JUDGMENT. (1533-1541.)

Fresco in the Sistine Chapel, Rome.

This marvellous conception of the painter's genius does not belong to the same period as the other frescoes in the Sistine Chapel. It was not commenced until more than twenty years later, when Michael Angelo was in his sixtieth year. It occupies the end wall of the chapel, opposite the entrance, and represents the Final Judgment of the World in its actual accomplishment. The centre of the composition is occupied with the figure of Christ, as the Judge of the World, surrounded by angels and apostles. At the feet of Christ is the figure of St. Bartolommeo, holding forth the skin of which he has been deprived, with a nude figure of San Lorenzo and numerous other saints, male and female. Lower down are the Seven Angels with the seven trumpets, described by Saint John the Evangelist, who summon all to judgment; while above these, in the semi-circular arches of the picture, are companies of angels and seraphic beings bearing the instruments of the Passion. The whole of the upper portion of the picture embodies the idea of the final acceptance of the Blessed into glory and unending happiness.

But it is in the lower portions of the composition that the master's stern genius is perhaps best displayed. On either side of the recording angels, and immediately beneath them, in the corners of the picture, are the lost and fallen of the race of men. In the left-hand corner are the rent rocks and opening graves. The ministering angels are aiding the elect and chosen, while the unrighteous are being dragged down by the avenging demons—the proud by the hair of their heads, and others in such ways as best express the nature of their mortal sins. Grief, despair, and terror are depicted in the faces and forms of the reprobate and lost; while Charon, of demoniac form and expression, in his boat, is crossing the fabled river Styx, between earth and hell, and the crowds of evil-doers are being received into the ranks of those condemned to outer darkness. They pass into the presence of Minos, who apportions the doom of each one of them, and the final and irrevocable sentence is executed by the attendant and avenging demons.

XIV.

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL, ROME.

FROM THE ENGRAVING BY RICCARDO LA VOLPE.

Such, briefly described, is the composition of this great work. Michael Angelo laboured at it for eight years, and it was finally presented to the public gaze on Christmas Day, in the year 1541, to the amazement and delight of all beholders.

A copy in oil of this work was made by Marcello Venusti for the Cardinal Alessandro Farnese, which ultimately passed into the possession of the King of Naples. It has been repeatedly engraved. (*See Illustration.*)

A large photograph from the fresco, by M. Braun, of Dornach, may be seen at the South Kensington Museum.

VIII.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL. (1549-1550.)

In the Pauline Chapel in the Vatican, Rome.

Michael Angelo executed this and the following fresco, at the request of Pope Paul III., for the decoration of the Cappella Paolina, a chapel erected for that Pontiff by Antonio da Sangallo. The figure of our Saviour is seen in the air with a multitude of angels and nude figures, all of surpassing grace and beauty. On the earth beneath lies Paul, who has fallen from his horse, stunned and bewildered; some of the soldiers who accompany him are about to raise him from the ground, while others, terrified by the voice and majesty of Christ, betake themselves to flight. The whole story, indeed, offers evidence of extraordinary power and design.

IX.

THE CRUCIFIXION OF ST. PETER. (1549-1550.)

In the Pauline Chapel in the Vatican, Rome.

In this the Saint is represented bound, naked, to a cross. The executioners have made a hole in the earth wherein they are about to fix the cross, that the martyr may remain crucified with his feet in the air.

We have Vasari's authority for stating that these were the last paintings executed by Michael Angelo. They were done by him when in his seventy-fifth year.

PART III.

ARCHITECTURE.

I.

FAÇADE OF THE CHURCH OF SAN LORENZO AT FLORENCE.

THIS work was apparently the first of an architectural nature taken in hand by Michael Angelo. On the death of Julius II., in 1513, Leo X., who succeeded him on the Papal throne, was desirous of "leaving, in his native city of Florence, of which he was the first Pope, some great memorial of himself and of that divine artist who was his fellow citizen;" he therefore commissioned Michael Angelo to execute the façade of the Church of San Lorenzo, which building had been commenced by Brunelleschi. This appointment gave rise to much jealousy, it being considered that a work of such importance should have been divided among many persons, and several artists, among them Baccio d' Agnolo, Giuliano da San Gallo, Andrea and Jacopo Sansovino, and even Raphael, all repaired to Rome and solicited the Pope to give them employment upon it. Michael Angelo, however, set about preparing the model alone, being determined to accept no guide in the matter; but this refusal of all assistance led to many vexatious delays, and on the death of Leo, in 1521, no more had been accomplished than the foundations. During the reign of the succeeding Pope, Adrian VI., no progress was made with the façade, but under Clement VII. the works were resumed: they were, however, ultimately left unfinished by Michael Angelo.

II.

SACRISTY AND LIBRARY OF SAN LORENZO, FLORENCE.

This building was commenced by Michael Angelo under the pontificate of Pope Clement, who proposed to erect therein the tombs of his ancestors, which design was ultimately carried out by the completion of the monuments of Lorenzo and Giuliano de' Medici. Vasari says that the sacristy was intended to contain four tombs, but only two of these were completed by Michael Angelo.

THE LAURENTIAN LIBRARY, with its admirable distribution of windows, its ceiling, and the fine entrance to the vestibule, is looked upon as the best specimen of Michael Angelo's architectural skill. "Boldness and grace," says Vasari, "are conspicuous in every part." The statues which were intended to adorn this structure were ultimately confided to other hands. On the death of Pope Clement, in 1534, the works proceeding both at the library and the sacristy were abandoned for a time, but were resumed in 1555, and ultimately completed by Vasari.

III.

FORTIFICATIONS OF SAN MINIATO, FLORENCE.

During the time that the republic existed in Florence, those who governed the city resolved upon rebuilding the fortifications, and appointed Michael Angelo commissary-general of the works. In this capacity he prepared numerous designs, adding much to the defence of the city, more especially surrounding the hill of San Miniato with strong bastions, which during the subsequent siege by the forces of the Medici did good service.

IV.

WINDOWS OF THE PALAZZO RICCARDI, AT FLORENCE.

Michael Angelo designed these windows shortly after his return from Carrara, where he had been for the purpose of superintending the excavating of marble for the façade of San Lorenzo. Vasari tells us that he also caused blinds of perforated copper to be made by the goldsmith, Piloto, but these are not now to be found.

V.

THE CAPITOL. ROME.

The principal buildings of the modern capitol consist of three palaces each forming one side of a square; these, together with a noble front in travertine, approached by a double flight of steps, were all the work of Michael Angelo. In the centre of the courtyard was erected the bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, and the structure was further embellished by the placing of antique figures of river-gods, the Tiber, and the Nile, and also a statue of Jupiter; these latter have, however, since been removed to the Vatican.

VI.

CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DEGLI ANGELI.

In the ancient baths of Diocletian, Rome.

These extensive and spacious ruins had been adapted to the purposes of a monastery, and Michael Angelo transformed a portion of the ancient structure into a church, "the design for which," says Vasari, "surpassed those of many other excellent architects" who had submitted plans. On a portion of the site of the baths Michael Angelo also constructed a spacious and elegant cloister.

VII.

THE FARNESE PALACE, ROME.

This imposing structure was completed in great part by Antonio da San Gallo, but Vasari states that on his death, in 1546, much remained to be done, and accordingly Michael Angelo was appointed to complete the building. This he did by erecting the upper cornice of the edifice, and by completing the great window above the principal entrance, and also the courtyard.

VIII.

PORTA PIA, ROME.

Pope Pius IV. substituted the present structure for that built by Honorius in the thirteenth century. He applied to Michael Angelo for

a design, and that master prepared three, the least costly of which was selected, and the work commenced, but the gate has never been finished.

IX.

PORTA DEL POPOLO, ROME.

Michael Angelo is said to have prepared designs for the restoration of this structure which were ultimately carried out by the architect, Vignola.

X.

CHURCH OF SAN GIOVANNI DE' FIORENTINI, ROME.

Michael Angelo prepared designs for this Church at the request of the Florentine community then resident in Rome. He accordingly submitted five drawings, one of which was adopted, and the works commenced under the superintendence of Tiberio Calcagni, who was a pupil of Michael Angelo's. However, after five thousand crowns had been expended upon it the works languished for want of funds, to Michael Angelo's infinite vexation. Ultimately the church was finished by Giacomo della Porta.

XI.

PORTICO OF THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DELLA NAVICELLA.

A design for this portico, by Michael Angelo, is mentioned by Vasari, but it is difficult to say whether it was ever carried out.

XII.

THE FAÇADE OF THE VILLA MEDICI, at Rome, is generally attributed to Michael Angelo. Probably parts of it are from his designs.

XIII.

FORTIFICATIONS OF THE BORGO, ROME.

Under the pontificate of Paul III. much was done in the way of fortifying the Borgo, and that pontiff, remembering that Michael Angelo had directed the works at San Miniato, at Florence, invited the latter to offer any suggestions in the matter; in this he was opposed by San Gallo; but Michael Angelo ultimately made some designs, the result of

which was that the great gate of Santo Spirito, which had been designed by San Gallo, and was then being erected, was ordered to be discontinued, and eventually remained unfinished.

XIV.

St. Peter's, Rome.

The first stone of the modern church of St. Peter's was laid by Pope Julius II., on April 18th, 1506. Bramante was the architect, and his plan was that of a Latin cross, surmounted by a lofty dome; but he did little more than raise the ponderous pillars which support the cupola. After the death of Pope Julius, in 1513, followed by that of Bramante, in 1514, the work was entrusted first to Giuliano da San Gallo and Raphael, and afterwards to Peruzzi, who altered Bramante's plan into that of a Greek cross, but did little towards its execution. Peruzzi died in 1536, when Paul III. sent for Michael Angelo, and requested him to undertake the direction of the works; this post the latter was very reluctantly compelled to accept, and, during his lifetime, the building was carried forward with his accustomed energy. He raised the drum of the vast cupola, covered over the body of the church, and cased the interior with stone. During the greater portion of Michael Angelo's tenure of office he was subjected to repeated annoyance by the San Gallo faction, who never ceased to intrigue for his removal. Pope Paul, however, issued a *motu proprio*, giving Michael Angelo full authority to appoint his own assistants in the work, and he was thus enabled to rid himself of his obnoxious rivals: this *motu proprio* was subsequently confirmed by Julius III. and Paul IV. Michael Angelo continued for eighteen years to be architect of St. Peter's, and on his death, in 1546, his pupils Barozzi or Vignola continued the building: from them it passed to other hands, until its completion in 1614. Michael Angelo refused all payment for his services in connexion with this fabric, declaring that he worked only to the glory of God, and the advancement of art.

A CATALOGUE OF PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS, AND MODELS BY MICHAEL ANGELO IN ENGLAND.[1]

ENGLAND is fortunate in possessing, in the various public and private collections, probably a greater number of original paintings, drawings, and models by Michael Angelo, than any other country. These are contained in the British Museum, the National Gallery, the South Kensington Museum, the Royal Academy, the University Galleries Oxford, the Royal Collection at Windsor, the Chatsworth Collection, and in the portfolios of various private amateurs.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

Possesses fifteen original drawings, viz.:

A Holy Family; the figures in the nude.

Full-length figure of a man, with a book in his left hand.

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[1] From Waagen's "*Treasures of Art in Great Britain*," translated by Lady Eastlake; Passavant's "*Tour of a German Artist in England*;" Robinson's "*Critical Account of the Drawings by Michael Angelo at Oxford*," and other sources.

Study for the Prophet Jonah, in the Sistine Chapel.

The torso of a male figure, leaning forward.

Academical study of a male figure, seated.

Sketch of a female, seated, from the collection of the Chevalier Buonarroti.

The Virgin, Infant Saviour, and St. John.

The Three Crosses: Christ between the two thieves.

The crosses are represented much higher than they are usually drawn by other artists.

Studies of figures descending; probably a study for the Last Judgment.

Group of the Virgin and the Maries lamenting at the foot of the Cross.

The Saviour ascending from the Tomb, surrounded by a group of affrighted soldiers.

Study for the figure of Lazarus in the picture of the raising of Lazarus, by Sebastian del Piombo; now in the National Gallery.

Another study for the same.

A sheet of studies of three grotesque heads, and the subject of Hercules and Antæus.

Two studies of the Virgin and Child.

This collection also comprises an engraving, by Agostino Veneziano, of the Three Maries going to the Sepulchre, from a design by Michael Angelo; and a female head, in profile, with a fantastic head-dress.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY

Possesses two original unfinished paintings, in tempera, by Michael Angelo, viz.:

The Entombment of our Lord, and

The Madonna, Infant Saviour and St. John, with Angels,

Both of which are described at pp. 195 and 196. In addition to these is a picture, evidently from a design of Michael Angelo's, by one of his scholars, entitled, *A Dream of Human Life:* a nude figure, seated, is reclining against a globe; he appears to be roused by the sound of a

trumpet which an angel is blowing immediately above him. Beneath his seat is a collection of masks illustrating the insincerity and duplicity of human dealings, and around him are visions of the many vices and depravities of mankind.

This picture was formerly in the Barberini Palace, Rome; and was bequeathed to the National Gallery in 1831, by the Rev. W. H. Carr.

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM

Contains two original statues, viz.:—

Cupid kneeling. Statue in marble. (*See p.* 184.)

St. Sebastian. A small statue in marble. Height 3 feet.

The saint is represented standing erect with his hands tied behind his back. It is an uncompleted sketch, the most highly finished parts being merely rough-hewn. Formerly in the Gigli-Campana collection.

And the following thirteen models, viz.:—

1. A skeleton or anatomical model, in red wax. Height 16 inches.
2. A right arm. Length 9 inches.
3. A right leg. Length 9½ inches.
4. A left leg. Length 9½ inches.
5. A right arm. Length 8 inches.
6. A left leg, bended. Length 6½ inches.

Nos. 2, 3 and 4 are evidently studies for the arms and legs of the colossal statue of David, whilst No. 6 is, doubtless, one of the legs of the dead Christ, in St. Peter's.

7. David. Original model in wax. Height 3¾ inches.

Unfortunately both arms of this figure have perished, but, from the position of the portions which remain, they appear to have been raised, and bodily detached in front of the body, as though in the act of hurling the stone at his adversary, thus differing from the marble statue, which is that of a figure in repose.

8. Small sketch for a Slave. Model in wax. Height 6 inches.

This is undoubtedly a first thought for one of the statues intended for the tomb of Pope Julius II.

9. Hercules flaying Cacus. Model in wax. Height 14 inches.

This also is a first thought for this colossal group, projected by Michael Angelo as a pendant to his David, the execution of which ultimately fell to Baccio Bandinelli.

10. A Mask, sketch in terra-cotta. Height 3 inches.

This is believed to be a first sketch for the mask, on which rests the arm of the celebrated allegorical figure of *Night*, in the Medici tomb in San Lorenzo.

11. The Young Apollo. Model in red wax. Height 9 inches.

Probably the first sketch for the marble statue in the Gallery of the Uffizi, Florence.

12. Torso of a Female. Model in black wax. Height 13¼ inches.

A slight unfinished sketch, literally from the *hand* of Michael Angelo, being rapidly blocked out (like No. 8) with his thumb and fingers.

13. A colossal left-hand. Highly finished model in terra-cotta. Height 9 inches.

The plaster cast of this hand has been, for ages, celebrated as a study for artists in the studios of Italy, being commonly known as "Michael Angelo's hand;" but nothing was known of the original until this terra-cotta came to light in the Gherardini collection.

The whole of the foregoing models were formerly contained in the Gherardini collection, but were purchased, in 1854, for £2,110, for the South Kensington Museum.

The Museum also contains plaster casts of
The Colossal David,
The Colossal Moses,
The Madonna of Bruges,
The Captives of the Louvre,
The Head of Brutus,
A small bas-relief of the Holy Family, at Florence.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.

The Virgin and Child. Medallion bas-relief. (See ante, p. 188.)
Leda. Cartoon from the original picture. (See ante, p. 201.)

THE UNIVERSITY GALLERIES, OXFORD,

Contain by far the most important series of drawings by Michael Angelo now extant. It was purchased of the Messrs. Woodburn, in 1845,

for £7,000. The collection comprises no less than seventy original drawings, chiefly from the Richardson, Spencer, Ottley, Reynolds, and Lawrence collections.

1. A group of three standing figures engaged in animated discussion.

2. Two standing draped figures, and on the reverse a head of a man wearing a cloth turban or cap.

3. Three studies from an antique Venus, seen to the knees. On the reverse a slight sketch of a youth kneeling.

4. A sheet of studies of hands, and of a seated figure.

5. A sheet of studies of the human figure.

6. A recumbent male figure.

7. A recumbent male figure, torso and thighs only.

8. A sheet of studies of the human figure.

9. A man's head in profile. On the reverse a standing figure of a man carrying a hog.

10. Head of a woman in profile, wearing a turban.

11. Profile head of a man wearing a tall cap.

12. Two studies of a naked sitting figure, and a man's head in profile.

13. Sheet of studies of a dragon and heads, in profile, &c.

14. The Virgin seated with the Infant Saviour; in the background are three singing angels; a replica of a drawing in the Accademia in Venice.

15. A male torso and three studies of amorini. An ancient tracing from original sketches, by the master. (The original drawing is in the possession of Mr. Henry Vaughan.)

16. A battle subject; a study probably for the Cartoon of Pisa.

17. Similar to the foregoing.

18. Sheet of studies of horses, and a slight sketch of a combat. On the reverse are several sonnets.

19. A man mounting on horseback, assisted by another holding the stirrup.

20. A horse, trophy of arms, profile head, &c.

21. Sheet of studies of a nude figure, a seated female figure, &c.

22. The Virgin with the Infant Saviour seated on the lap of St. Elizabeth, and other studies of heads, &c.

23. A sheet of studies and sketches for the tomb of Julius II.

24. Four leaves of a small sketch-book, containing first sketches for the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.

25. Four more leaves similar to the foregoing.

26. Study for one of the Sibyls in the Sistine Chapel.

27. Study for the King Joram, of the Sistine Chapel.

28. Study for one of the groups in the Sistine Chapel.

29. Two studies for the composition of the Brazen Serpent.

30. A draped female figure resembling the Delphic Sibyl.

31. Standing figure of an aged woman clad in a voluminous cloak.

32. A sheet of studies of heads.

33. Draped figure of an aged female or Sibyl.

34. The Descent from the Cross—a group of the disciples bearing away the dead body of Christ.

35. Study for a composition of the Crucifixion.

36. Head of a laughing Faun; a study from the antique.

37. A sheet of architectural studies for the Medici tombs.

38. Design for a portion of a wall façade of one of the Medici tombs.

39. A sheet of studies of amorini, and of one of the Medici tombs.

40. A sheet of studies for the Medici tombs.

41. Anatomical studies of a right leg; probably for one of the Medici tombs.

42. A sheet of studies of Hercules and Antæus, and other sketches.

43. A slight sketch of a "Pietà," an architectural study of a nude figure.

44. Architectural drawings, and a ground plan.

45. Two men engaged in dissecting a dead body. The figure at the head of the corpse is evidently intended for Michael Angelo himself.

46. A sheet of various sketches, anatomical legs, caricature heads, &c.

47. Sheet of studies of Bacchanalian children.

48. Study of a couchant dragon, also a study of a female head; a copy, by another hand, of the drawing, No. 10.

49. Designs for a chimney-piece, and study of the upper part of a female figure.

50. Sampson and Delilah—the former represented as a giant.

51. Finished study of a female head, probably for the Virgin.

XVII.

HEAD OF A WOMAN.

IN THE UNIVERSITY GALLERY, OXFORD.

FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING.

52. Jupiter and Ganymede, a sketch. (These two latter drawings are somewhat doubtful.)

53. Study for a fore-shortened figure in the Last Judgment.

54. Fragment of a cartoon. The head and shoulders of a figure.

55. Five separate studies of single figures, &c., for the Last Judgment.

56. Torso of a male figure resembling the "Torso Belvedere."

57. Sheet of studies of arms and legs.

58. An anatomical study of a right leg, and the head of a female (ascribed to Michael Angelo).

59. Sampson slaying a Philistine, &c.

60. Sketch from a "Pietà," and other studies.

61. Slight sketch of a group of three figures, probably for the composition of Christ driving out the money changers.

62. The Crucifixion; Christ on the Cross, with the Virgin and St. John.

63. The Salutation of the Virgin.

64. Slight study of a head; on the reverse architectural details.

65. "The Return from Egypt." *Bistre drawing on a wood panel.*

66. Four nude figures of soldiers holding lances, perhaps studies for the crucifixion of St. Peter in the Cappella Paolina.

67. Nude figure of a drunken faun, and another figure.

68. Design for a window.

69. Another design for a window.

70. Architectural studies, apparently of details for the wooden model of the dome of St. Peter's.

The collection also comprises twenty other drawings, &c., which were formerly ascribed to Michael Angelo, but which are evidently copies after him, or original studies by some other hand.

THE GUISE COLLECTION.

At Christ Church, Oxford.

A sheet of studies of legs and an arm, from nature; pen drawing in bistre.

One of the legs resembles one of those in the dead Christ, in St. Peter's, while the

arm is in the same position as the left arm of the David. Unfortunately the drawing has suffered much from having been coarsely retouched at some period by a feeble hand.

A study of a domestic subject, probably a Holy Family.

No other rendering of this beautiful composition is known. The design represents a female figure, probably the Virgin, seated on the ground with a distaff and spindle, and, opposite to her, Joseph asleep, his head resting on a pedestal or table; between them are standing figures of the Infant Saviour and another child, probably St. John, while lower down in the foreground is another child lying asleep on a small bed or cradle, with a cat near it in a playful attitude. The general aspect of the composition bears some resemblance to the Holy Families in the triangular spaces in the Sistine Chapel, and it doubtless belongs to that period.

Study for a Christ on the cross. Black chalk with bistre-wash.

The Christ is represented with the head upturned, as if still alive; the arms are not completed. Above the head of Christ are some lines in the handwriting of Michael Angelo.

Architectural design for the general arrangement of one of the Medici tomb façades. (Evidently a copy.)

THE ROYAL COLLECTION, WINDSOR,

Comprises about thirty original drawings by the master, the principal of which are the following:—

A study for the figure of Haman in the Sistine Chapel.

A sheet containing Hercules strangling the Nemean lion, the death of the Centaur Nessus, and the destruction of the Hydra.

The Vices shooting at a mark.

A Children's Bacchanalian feast.

The Fall of Phaeton.

The Resurrection of Christ. Drawing in red chalk.

A Holy Family—the Virgin seated with the infant Christ upon her knees, the child John leaning against her on the right.

A sheet containing various groups; studies for the lower portion of the Last Judgment.

Prometheus chained to the rock. In black chalk.

XVIII.

HEAD OF A FAUN.

IN THE POSSESSION OF M. GATTEAUX.

FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING.

Sketch of a male figure in patriarchal robes.

Sketch of a child seated, with a large globe; also two men and a woman.

Three figures of aged men, representing either prophets or patriarchs, one holding a book in which he is writing.

A sheet of studies containing a nude faun, and a kneeling figure.

A sheet containing six heads, one of a female of a pleasing countenance, another of a woman with a fantastic head-dress, and a male head with a demoniacal expression.

Study of the figure of Christ for a "Deposition."

A torso of a grotesque figure, and a helmeted head.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S COLLECTION AT CHATSWORTH.

Female figure with a child behind her, who is stretching out its arms.

Doubtless a sketch for one of the domestic groups in the Sistine Chapel.

An unfinished sketch of a female figure.

This has some resemblance to the fresco of the mother with two children in the lunette beneath the Cumæan Sibyl in the Sistine Chapel.[1]

A study of a male figure. In red chalk.

A slight sketch for a Madonna and Child.

A slight sketch of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.

DEVONSHIRE HOUSE.

A portion of the well-known composition of the Samaritan woman at the Well; a copy, not unworthy of Sebastian del Piombo.

A small picture of the Annunciation; probably that mentioned by Vasari as executed by Marcello Venusti.

THE EARL OF LEICESTER'S COLLECTION, HOLKHAM HALL.

Cartoon of Soldiers Bathing in the Arno.

This is, doubtless, a copy of a portion of the original composition; it is in excellent

[1] Mentioned by Passavant, but not by Waagen.

preservation. The painting measures 4 ft. 3 in. by 2 ft. 6 in. It was formerly in the Barberini Palace, and is the original of Schiavonetti's engraving executed in 1808. (See pp. 197-198.)

COLLECTION OF MR. MALCOLM OF POLTALLOCK.

Study of a head in black chalk, a celebrated drawing formerly known as "Il Conte di Canossa." (*See Illustration.*)

An Ideal Female Head, in black chalk. A well-known drawing, formerly known as "La Marchesa di Pescara." (*See Illustration.*)

The Flagellation of our Saviour. A preliminary study for the picture painted after Michael Angelo's design by Sebastiano del Piombo for the Church of San Pietro in Montorio, Rome.

Study for the Head of St. Bartholomew in the Last Judgment.

Sheet of sketches of the Medici Tombs.

Study for the fresco of the Last Judgment.

Study for a figure in the Crucifixion of St. Peter.

Study for the Statue of St. Matthew, and sketch for a part of the background of the Cartoon of Pisa.

Two studies of a Crucifixion.

Study for a figure of Haman on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.

A study of soldiers with arquebuses.

Study for a figure, probably intended for the Last Judgment.

COLLECTION OF THE EARL OF WARWICK.

"A Pietà." The Dead Christ supported in the lap of the sorrowing Virgin. Drawing in black chalk.

COLLECTION OF MR. FREDERICK LOCKER.

Study for the figure of Adam in the fresco of the Almighty creating man, in the Sistine Chapel. Drawing in red chalk.

COLLECTION OF MR. HENRY VAUGHAN.

Sheet of studies for the Infant Saviour in the Bruges Holy Family, and a figure in the Cartoon of Pisa.

The original of the *tracing* (No. 15) in the Oxford Collection.

XIX.

HEAD OF A WARRIOR.

IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. MALCOLM OF POLTALLOCH.

FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING.

Study for the fresco of Isaiah.
Study for the fresco of David.
A study of drapery.
A study for a figure of Christ; for a composition of the Resurrection.

LIVERPOOL ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Christ and the Woman of Samaria.

A copy, evidently, by one of Michael Angelo's best scholars. It was formerly in the Collection of the King of Naples, but was brought to England by Mr. Ottley.

LORD METHUEN'S COLLECTION, CORSHAM COURT.

Ganymede borne aloft by the Eagle.

A very careful and good specimen of this bold and frequently repeated composition, but it is doubtful if it be by the hand of Michael Angelo.

LORD KINNAIRD'S COLLECTION, ROSSIE PRIORY.

The Crucifixion, a carefully executed little picture, ascribed to Michael Angelo. (Probably by Marcello Venusti.)

A CATALOGUE OF DRAWINGS BY MICHAEL ANGELO IN THE PRINCIPAL FOREIGN GALLERIES.

UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE.

DESIGN for a tomb.
Head of a woman, in profile.
A sketch similar to foregoing.
An architectural design.
Head of a woman, full face.
Prudence.
A Demon, probably a study for the Last Judgment.
A Sibyl.
A sheet of studies, with handwriting.
Head of a man weeping.
Various studies of legs.
A standing draped figure.
Various studies of children.
Three sheets containing nude figures.
Sheet containing various female heads.
Four sheets containing various sketches.

XX

A FEMALE HEAD.

IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. MALCOLM OF POLTALLOCH.

FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING.

ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, VENICE.

(*Bossi Collection.*)

Study for a Pietà.

Study for the back of a male figure.

A Sibyl, probably a sketch for the Sistine Chapel.

Head of an old man.

Study of an arm.

The Virgin and Infant Saviour, a *replica* of a drawing at Oxford.

Design for the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.

Two nude figures, half length.

Study for the Last Judgment.

The Infant Christ with St. John. The last four drawings are attributed to Michael Angelo.

ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, MILAN.

Archers shooting at a mark.

AMBROSIAN LIBRARY, MILAN.

Sketch for a Pietà.

Study for the Last Judgment.

Study for a dead Christ.

An Allegory.

Study for the figures of Adam and Eve (attributed.)

COLLECTION OF THE ARCHDUKE ALBRECHT, VIENNA.

A design for the Medici Chapel.

Sheet containing two nude figures.

Two nude figures, with two heads and an arm.

Study for the Moses on the tomb of Pope Julius.

Study for the composition of the Brazen Serpent in the Sistine Chapel.

Studies of an arm of the Laocoon.

A nude study.

Study of the back of a nude figure.

A standing nude figure.

Sketch of a female suckling a child.
Two figures and a right hand.
Two figures, back view, running.
A nude male figure.
A sheet containing studies of animals.
A sheet of various sketches.
A sheet similar to foregoing.
Study for a dead Christ.
A sheet containing five figures.

THE LOUVRE.

A study for Christ rising from the tomb.
The Virgin and the Infant Saviour.
The Virgin and St. Anne.
Study for the torso of a male figure.
A draped figure.
The Virgin with the sleeping Infant.
Study of three male figures.
Study for the statue of David.
Head of a Faun.
St. John.
The Virgin, Infant Saviour, and St. John.
Study of a male figure, full face.
Study of a male figure, in profile.
Standing nude male figure.
The Virgin and Infant Saviour. A study for the marble.
A woman and child standing, seen to the knees.
Three male figures with a dead body.
A woman with a sleeping child.
Study for the back of a male figure.
Two male figures wrestling.
Three sheets containing nude studies.
Salomé.
The Circumcision. } Attributed.
A sketch for a tomb. }

THE WICAR COLLECTION, AT LILLE,

Contains one hundred and eighty studies of architectural details, fourteen studies of the human figure, and four drawings of artillery by Michael Angelo, and an important letter to him from Francis the First.

COLLECTION OF M. THIERS.

A Virgin and Child in bronze.

MICHAEL ANGELO AS A POET.

MICHAEL ANGELO AS A POET.

NO record, however slight, of the career of Michael Angelo can lay any claim to completeness which omits to touch upon his poetry. It is true that the fashion of the age, and the unusual facilities of the Italian language, made every man of letters at that period a sonneteer, but Michael Angelo was more than a mere rhymester. The stern, concentrated nature of the man shows itself in every line of his works, and the fullness of thought which characterizes them cannot be better proved than by the confession of Wordsworth of the great difficulty he experienced in satisfying himself in his attempts to render some of the sonnets. It has been thought advisable therefore to offer to the reader some translations by authors whose efforts have been most successful in rendering visible to the English student some of the mental phases of this many-minded man.

C. C. B.

The Poems of Michael Angelo were first published by his great-nephew in the year 1623.[1] On this occasion Mario Guiducci delivered a discourse before the Florentine Academy, in which he thus speaks :—

[1] "Rime, raccolte da Michelangelo suo Nipote." 4to. *Firenze*, 1623.

"Nor alone do the statues and pictures executed by his hand contain such depth and comprehension of these two noble arts, as to become the true study of the pupil and the good idea of the master, but his poetry likewise contains the same property of presenting, according to the capacity and learning of him who considers it, more or less sublime matter for discussion and speculation. Whence, in the same manner as beginners learn and recognize in the pictures and sculptures of this artist all the rules and precepts of good design, whilst the learned, penetrating more deeply, are quickened and elevated to loftier conceptions than their own imagination would of itself suggest; so too in the study of these *Rime*, some readers relish the more superficial sense, whilst others feed their mind and thoughts with the deeper and more exquisite meanings. Ample evidence of the noble thoughts, of the learned and sublime speculations, suggested by these *Rime*, is found in the lectures and discourses held in our Academy, by celebrated and learned men."

"Michael Angelo," says John Edward Taylor, "was from an early age devoted to the study of the poetry of Dante and Petrarca: it is said that he knew by heart at one time nearly all the sonnets of the latter. Much however as he admired and imitated the imagery of Petrarca, the boldness of Dante's genius was more congenial to his own. The refinement of taste in the age of Michael Angelo preferred the elegance of style, the harmonious flow of the muse of Petrarca, who became the model of all succeeding poets. The wide difference between those great masters of the Italian language has been well defined by Foscolo in his parallel of the two. But what is most admirable in the *Rime* of Michael Angelo is, that he so harmonizes the elegance of the one with the grandeur and solidity of the other, as to obliterate their discrepancies and to form a perfect unity of character. Out of the differing elements he creates, rather than remodels, a style of poetry, and stamps it with originality; and his frequent imitation of passages both from Dante and Petrarca gives us more the impression of his perfect conversance with their productions, than of transcription and paraphrase. But in his poetry, as in his designs, Dante was the text-book of his thoughts, and innumerable instances in either might be cited to illustrate this. In the 'Last Judgment' Dante has furnished the artist with many thoughts from the

Inferno of the 'Divina Commedia;' and one of the most interesting monuments of the genius of one artist illustrated by the kindred spirit of another, was the copy of Dante's great poem which Michael Angelo had enriched with marginal designs. This inestimable treasure perished, it is well known, in a shipwreck."[1]

His well-known sonnets on Dante have been thus admirably translated by Southey:

"HE from the world into the blind abyss
Descended and beheld the realms of woe;
Then to the seat of everlasting bliss,
And God's own throne, led by his thought sublime,
Alive he soar'd, and to our nether clime
Bringing a steady life, to us below
Reveal'd the secrets of eternity.
Ill did his thankless countrymen repay
The fine desire; that which the good and great
So often from the insensate many meet,
That evil guerdon did our Dante find.
But gladly would I, to be such as he,
For his hard exile and calamity
Forego the happiest fortunes of mankind."

"HOW shall we speak of him, for our blind eyes
Are all unequal to his dazzling rays?
Easier it is to blame his enemies
Than for the tongue to tell his lightest praise.
For us did he explore the realms of woe;
And at his coming did high heaven expand
Her lofty gates, to whom his native land

[1] This book was possessed by Antonio Montauti, a sculptor and architect in Florence, who, being appointed architect to St. Peter's, removed to Rome, and shipped his marbles, bronzes, studies and other effects at Leghorn for Civita Vecchia, among which was this edition of Dante. In the voyage the vessel foundered at sea, and the Dante was unfortunately lost in the general wreck.

Refused to open hers. Yet shalt thou know,
Ungrateful city, in thine own despite,
That thou hast foster'd best thy Dante's fame;
For virtue when oppress'd appears more bright
And brighter therefore shall his glory be,
Suffering of all mankind most wrongfully,
Since in the world there lives no greater name."[1]

A madrigal addressed to his friend Luigi del Ricco shows us his resentment of the world's injustice and some of the reasons of his "solitary ways:"—

"ILL hath he chosen his part who seeks to please
The worthless world,—ill hath he chosen his part,
For often must he wear the look of ease
When grief is at his heart;
And often in his hours of happier feeling
With sorrow must his countenance be hung,
And ever his own better thoughts concealing
Must he in stupid Grandeur's praise be loud,
And to the errors of the ignorant crowd
Assent with lying tongue.
Thus much would I conceal that none should know
What secret cause I have for silent woe;
And taught by many a melancholy proof
That those whom fortune favours it pollutes,
I from the blind and faithless world aloof,

[1] Dante Alighieri was born at Florence in May, 1265, of an ancient and honourable family. In the early part of his life he gained some credit in a military character, distinguishing himself by his bravery in an action where the Florentines obtained a signal victory over the citizens of Arezzo. He became still more eminent by the acquisition of civil honours, and at the age of thirty-five he rose to be one of the chief magistrates of Florence, where that dignity was conferred by the suffrages of the people. From this exaltation, the poet himself dated his principal misfortunes. Italy was at that time distracted by the contending factions of the Ghibellines and Guelphs; among the latter, Dante took an active part. In one of the proscriptions he was banished, his possessions confiscated, and he died in exile on the 14th of September, 1321.

Nor fear its envy nor desire its praise,
But choose my path through solitary ways."

SOUTHEY.

And the following translations of other poems will be acceptable :—

"NOT all unworthy of the boundless grace
Which thou, most noble lady, had bestow'd,
I fain at first would pay the debt I owed
And some small gift for thy acceptance place.
But soon I felt 'tis not alone desire
That opes the way to reach an aim so high ;
My rash pretensions their success deny,
And I grow wise while failing to aspire.
And well I see how false it were to think
That any effort, poor and frail as mine,
Could emulate the perfect grace of thine !
Genius and art and daring backward shrink,
A thousand works from mortals like to me
Can ne'er repay what Heaven has given to thee !"

"NOW on the one foot, on the other now,
'Twixt vice and virtue balancing below ;
Wearied and anxious in my troubled mind,
Seeking where'er I may salvation find ;
Like one to whom the stars by clouds are cross'd,
Who, turn which way he will, errs and is lost,
Therefore take thou my heart's unwritten page,
And write thou on it what is wanted there !
And hold before it in life's daily stage
The line of action which it craves in prayer !
So that amid the errors of my youth
My own shortcomings may not hide the truth,
If humble sinners lower in heaven stood
Than the proud doers of superfluous good."

"As when, O lady mine,
With chisell'd touch
The stone unhewn and cold
Becomes a living mould,
The more the marble wastes
The more the statue grows;
So, if the working of my soul be such
That good is but evolved
By Time's dread blows,
The vile shell, day by day,
Falls like superfluous flesh away.
Oh! take whatever bonds my spirit knows,
And reason, virtue, power, within me lay."

MRS. HENRY ROSCOE.

"ALAS! alas! the mirror which tells truth to all,
Tells me that I am old,
And warns me of my fleeting days:
Thus it comes to him, who loves delay,
As now 'tis come to me, whose time is flown,
And like me, finds himself in years.
Although Death tread upon my steps,
I neither can prepare, repent, nor counsel take,
Enemy to myself,
Nor is there solace to be found in sighs or lamentation:
He who loses time can know no greater loss.
In retrospect, alas! alas!
I do not find in all the time that's past,
A single day that I can call mine own.
Fallacious hopes and vain desires,
With every varying passion,
Have made me sensible to every change,
And taught me how to know the human heart,
From whence, may come what may, and be no longer new.

Far from the truth I've been,
And what of life remains is now o'ercast
With ills, that wait on life's decline.
  Tired I go, alas! but do not well know where.
Fear appals me, for my sand is run,
And winter's frost I feel through all my limbs:
Daily I see my frame decay,
Nor would it aught avail to see it not.
On my hereafter state, Death and the soul hourly dispute;
And if I am not deceived,
One wills that I should go, one that I should stay.
Eternal punishment is mine
If aught I have perverted, or misused the truth;
But in thee, O Lord, I feel my hope is sure.
  He who knows not how his WILL is free
Has no excuse to render, and no gifts to share."

DUPPA.

FRAGMENT.

* * * * * *

" And sweet it is to see in summer time
  The daring goats, upon a rocky hill,
Climb here and there, still browsing as they climb,
  While, far below, on rugged pipe and shrill
The master vents his pain; or homely rhyme
  He chaunts; now changing place, now standing still;
While his belovèd, cold of heart and stern!
Looks from the shade in sober unconcern.
Nor less another sight do I admire,
  The rural family round their hut of clay,
Some spread the table, and some light the fire

Beneath the household rock,[1] in open day;
The ass's colt with panniers some attire;
Some tend the bristly hogs with fondling play;
This with delighted heart the old man sees,
Sits out of doors, and suns himself at ease.

The outward image speaks the inner mind,
Peace without hatred, which no care can fret;
Entire contentment in their plough they find,
Nor home return until the sun be set:
No bolts they have, their houses are resign'd
To Fortune—let her take what she can get.
A hearty meal then crowns the happy day,
And sound sleep follows on a bed of hay.

In that condition Envy is unknown,
And Haughtiness was never there a guest.
They only crave some meadow overgrown
With herbage that is greener than the rest;
The plough's a sovereign treasure of their own;
The glittering share, the gem they deem the best;
A pair of panniers serves them for buffette;
Trenchers and porringers for golden plate.

O Avarice blind, O mean and base desires
Of those who pass the gifts of Nature by!
For gold alone your wretched pride aspires,
Restless for gold from land to land ye fly;
And what shall quench your never-sated fires,
Ye slaves of Envy, Sloth, and Luxury,
Who think not, while ye plot another's wrong,
'Man wants but little, nor that little long?'

[1] "Masso," in the original poem, is a large stone, set up on the outside of a cottage door for the purpose of making a fire against it; a common practice in Italy.

They in old time who drank the streamlet clear,
And fed upon the fruits which Nature sent,
They should be your example, should appear
Beacons on which your eyes should still be bent:
O listen to my voice with willing ear!
The peasant with his herds enjoys content,
While he who rules the world, himself unblest,
Still wants, and wishes, and is not at rest.

Wealth, sad at heart the while, and full of dread,
Goes all adorn'd with gems and gay with gold;
And every cloud which passeth overhead
As ominous of change doth she behold;
But Poverty her happy days hath led,
Vex'd with no hope to have, nor fear to hold;
Amid the woods in homely weeds bedight
She knows no cares, no quarrels, no affright.

Milk, herbs, and water, always at command,
The peasant recks not of superfluous stores;
He counts his gains upon his callous hand,
No other book is needed for his scores:
Troubled with no accounts of ships or land,
No usurer's guiles he suffers and deplores;
He knows not in the world that such things be,
Nor vainly strives with fortune, no, not he!

If the cow calved, and if the yearling grew,
Enough for all his wishes fortune yields:
He honours God, and fears and loves Him too;
His prayers are for his flocks and herds and fields;
The doubt, the how, the why, that fearful crew,—
Disturb not him, whom his low station shields,
And favour'd for his simple truth by Heaven,
The little that he humbly asks, is given."

"YES! hope may with my strong desire keep pace,
And I be undeluded, unbetray'd;
For, if of our affections none find grace
In sight of Heaven, then wherefore hath God made
The world which we inhabit? Better plea
Love cannot have, than that in loving thee
Glory to that eternal peace is paid,
Who such divinity to thee imparts
As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.
His hope is treacherous only, whose love dies
With beauty, which is varying every hour:
But in chaste hearts, uninfluenced by the power
Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower
That breathes on earth the air of Paradise."

WORDSWORTH.

"NO mortal object did these eyes behold
When first they met the placid light of thine,
And my soul felt her destiny divine,
And hope of endless peace in me grew bold.
Heaven-born the soul a heavenward course must hold.
Beyond the visible world she soars to seek
(For what delights the sense is false and weak),
Ideal form, the universal mould.
The wise man, I affirm, can find no rest
In that which perishes; nor will he lend
His heart to aught which doth on time depend.
'Tis sense, unbridled will—and not true love,
That kills the soul. Love betters what is best
Even here below—but more in heaven above."

WORDSWORTH.

"THE might of one fair face sublimes my love,
For it hath wean'd my heart from low desires,

Nor death I heed, nor purgatorial fires.
Thy beauty, antepart of joys above,
Instructs me in the bliss that saints approve,
For oh! how good, how beautiful must be
The God who made so good a thing as thee,
So fair an image of the heavenly Dove.
Forgive me if I cannot turn away
From those sweet eyes that are my earthly heaven,
For they are guiding stars benignly given
To tempt my footsteps to the upward way;
And if I dwell too fondly in thy sight,
I live and love in God's peculiar light."

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

No one has appreciated the poetry of Michael Angelo more fully than John Edward Taylor, who in his work, "Michael Angelo considered as a Philosophic Poet," has given translations of some of the great man's love sonnets, written, when far past middle life, to Vittoria Colonna.

"The productions of Michael Angelo are but the secret communings of his own thoughts with eternal truths, and it is in their revelations of the mind of the poet that we must seek for delight and instruction. 'Impassioned poetry is an emanation of the moral and intellectual part of our nature, as well as of the sensitive;' and the moral and intellectual greatness which here gives expression to its own feelings, can affect those minds alone which have corresponding sympathies at least to feel and appreciate, however far removed from attaining, such greatness. The strings must be attuned, or they cannot sound to the touch."

S'egli è che d' uom mortal giusto desio.

"IF it be true that any beauteous thing
Raises the pure and just desire of man
From earth to God, the eternal fount of all,
Such I believe my love: for as in her

So fair, in whom I all besides forget,
I view the gentle work of her Creator,
I have no care for any other thing
Whilst thus I love. Nor is it marvellous,
Since the effect is not of my own power,
If the soul doth by nature, tempted forth,
  Enamour'd through the eyes,
Repose upon the eyes, which it resembleth,
And through them riseth to the primal love,
As to its end, and honours in admiring:
For who adores the Maker needs must love His work."

Ogni cosa ch' io veggio mi consiglia.

"EACH thing I see brings argument and force,
And counsels me to follow you and love:
For all that is not you, is not my good.
Love, which all other marvels disregards,
Wills for my good that you alone I seek,
My single sun; and thus it holds the soul
Void of all other hope, and all desire,
  Desiring I should burn, and live,
Not for you only, but for that which bears
The light reflected from your looks, your eyes;
  And he who separates from you,
  Ye eyes, my life, has afterwards no light;
For where ye' are absent, Heaven indeed is not."

Veggio co' bei vostri occhi un dolce lume.

"THROUGH your clear eyes I view a beauteous light,
That my dark sight would ever seek in vain;
With your firm steps a burden I support,
Which my weak power was never used to bear.
I soar aloft, unplumed, upon your wings,

By your intelligence to Heaven am raised;
Your smile or frown maketh me pale or red,
Cold in the sun, warm 'mid severest chills:
In your will is mine own will ever fix'd,
My thoughts find growth and birth within your heart;
My words are from your spirit only drawn;
And like the moon, alone in heaven, I seem,
That to our eyes were indiscernible,
Save by that light which from the sun proceeds."

S' un casto amor, s' una pietà superna.

"IF a chaste love, exalted piety,
If equal fortune between two who love,
Whose every joy and sorrow are the same,
One spirit only governing two hearts,—
If one soul in two bodies made eterne,
Raising them both to Heaven on equal wings,—
If the same flame, one undivided ray,
Shine forth to each, from inward unity,—
If mutual love, for neither's self reserved,
Desiring only the return of love,—
If that which one desires the other swift
Anticipates, impell'd by an unconscious power,—
Are signs of an indissoluble faith,
Shall aught have power to loosen such a bond?"

Già vecchio, e d' anni grave.

"ALREADY full of years and heaviness,
I turn to former thoughts of young desires,
As weight that to its centre gravitates,
Which ere it reach, it findeth no repose.
Heaven holdeth out the key;
Love turns it, and unlocks to virtuous minds

The sanctuary of the Beautiful.
He chaseth from me every wrong desire,
And leads me on, feeble and weak with age,
And all unworthy, midst the good and great.
For from this Beauty there doth grace proceed
So strange, so sweet, and of such influence,
That he who dies through her, through her doth live."

The following were written after Vittoria Colonna's death :—

Quando il principio dei sospir miei tanti.

"WHEN she who was the source of all my sighs
By Heaven was ta'en away from earth in death,
Nature, who never form'd so fair a face,
Stood by abash'd, and he who saw it wept.
O cruel fortune of my cherish'd love,
O ye deceitful hopes! and thou fair spirit,
Where art thou fled? The earth has back received
Thy beauteous frame, and Heaven thy pious thoughts.
Vainly did cruel Death believe it had
Power to silence here thy virtue's fame,
O'er which oblivion is impotent.
For when thou'rt gone, thy memory shall survive
In many a page; and thus alone through death
Couldst thou regain thy resting-place in Heaven."

Per non si avere a ripigliar da tanti.

"PURE and unsullied beauty Heaven lent
Unto one noble, lofty fair alone,
Beneath a spotless veil, that when through death
Reclaim'd, it should not have to leave so many.
If Heaven indeed had shared it among all
That mortal are, it scarce could have withdrawn

It back, and re-enrich'd its treasury.
Heaven has re-ta'en it from this mortal goddess
(To call her so), and borne it from our eyes;
Yet the sweet, beautiful, and holy verse
Cannot so soon into oblivion pass,
Although the mortal be removed by death.
But Pity, merciless, appears to us
To show that, if to each one Heaven had given
The beauty of this fair one to partake,
We should be all obliged to suffer death,
That Heaven might repossess it of its own."

At an advanced period of his life, when the architect Pirro Ligorio began to alter his plans for the great works at St. Peter's, Michael Angelo wrote to the Pope (Paul IV.) complaining of the insult, and Ligorio was dismissed. At this time he wrote the following letter and sonnet to Vasari:—

"TO VASARI.

"It is the will of God that I still continue to exist; and I know that I shall be justly called foolish and out of my mind for making sonnets; but as many say I am in my second childhood, I am willing to employ myself agreeably to my state. By yours I feel conscious of the love you bear me, therefore I wish you to know that it is my filial desire to rest these my feeble bones by the side of those of my father, and I pray you to see that it be done.

"For me to leave this place would be the cause of ruin to the church of St. Peter's, which would be a great pity, and a greater sin; as I hope to establish it beyond the possibility of changing the design, I could wish first to accomplish that end; if I do not already commit a crime by disappointing the many cormorants who are in daily expectation of getting rid of me.

"MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI."

"WELL nigh the voyage now is overpast,
And my frail bark, through troubled seas and rude,
Draws near that common haven where at last

Of every action, be it evil or good,
Must due account be render'd. Well I know
How vain will then appear that favour'd art,
Sole idol long, and monarch of my heart,
For all is vain that man desires below.
And now remorseful thoughts the past upbraid,
And fear of twofold death my soul alarms,
That which must come, and that beyond the grave;
Picture and sculpture lose their feeble charms,
And to that Love Divine I turn for aid
Who from the cross extends His arms to save."

As evidence of the deeply religious feeling of Michael Angelo's mind three of his sonnets are given; the first translated into English prose, that it may be more fully understood:—

"TO THE SUPREME BEING.

"My prayers will be sweet if Thou lendest me virtue to make them worthy to be heard: my unfruitful soil cannot produce virtue of itself. Thou knowest the seed, and how to sow it, that will spring up in the mind to produce just and pious works: if Thou showest him not the hallowed path, no one by his own knowledge can follow Thee. Pour Thou into my mind the thoughts that may conduct me in Thy holy steps, and endue me with a fervent tongue, that I may alway praise, exalt, and sing Thy glory."

And the following:—

"ETERNAL Lord! eased of a cumbrous load,
And loosen'd from the world, I turn to Thee;
Shun, like a shatter'd bark, the storm, and flee
To Thy protection for a safe abode.
The crown of thorns, hands pierced upon the tree,
The meek, benign, and lacerated face,
To a sincere repentance promise grace,
To the sad soul give hope of pardon free.
With justice mark not Thou, O Light divine,

My fault, nor hear it with Thy sacred ear;
Neither put forth that way Thy hand severe;
Wash with Thy blood my sins; thereto incline
More readily the more my years require
Help, and forgiveness speedy and entire."

WORDSWORTH.

"NOT that my hand could make of stubborn stone
Whate'er of Gods the shaping thought conceives;
Not that my skill by pictured lines hath shown
All terrors that the guilty soul believes;
Not that my art by blended light and shade
Express'd the world as it was newly made;
Not that my verse profoundest truth could teach
In the soft accents of a lover's speech;
Not that I rear'd a temple for mankind
To meet and pray in, borne by every wind,
Affords me peace! I count my gain but loss,
For that vast love that hangs upon the Cross.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

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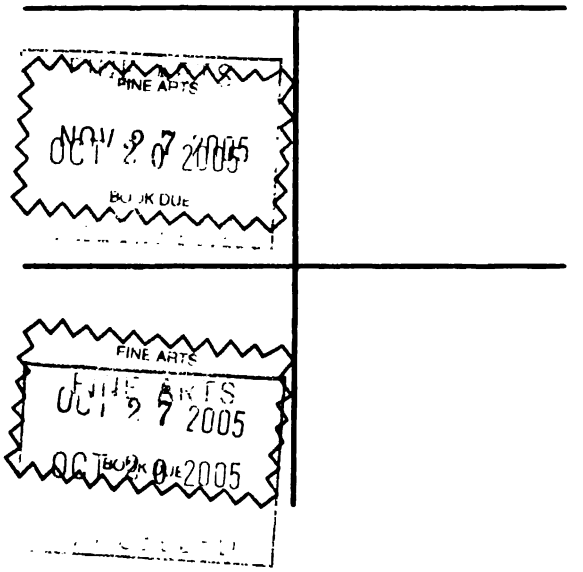

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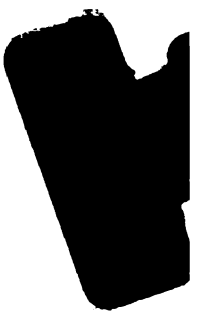

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